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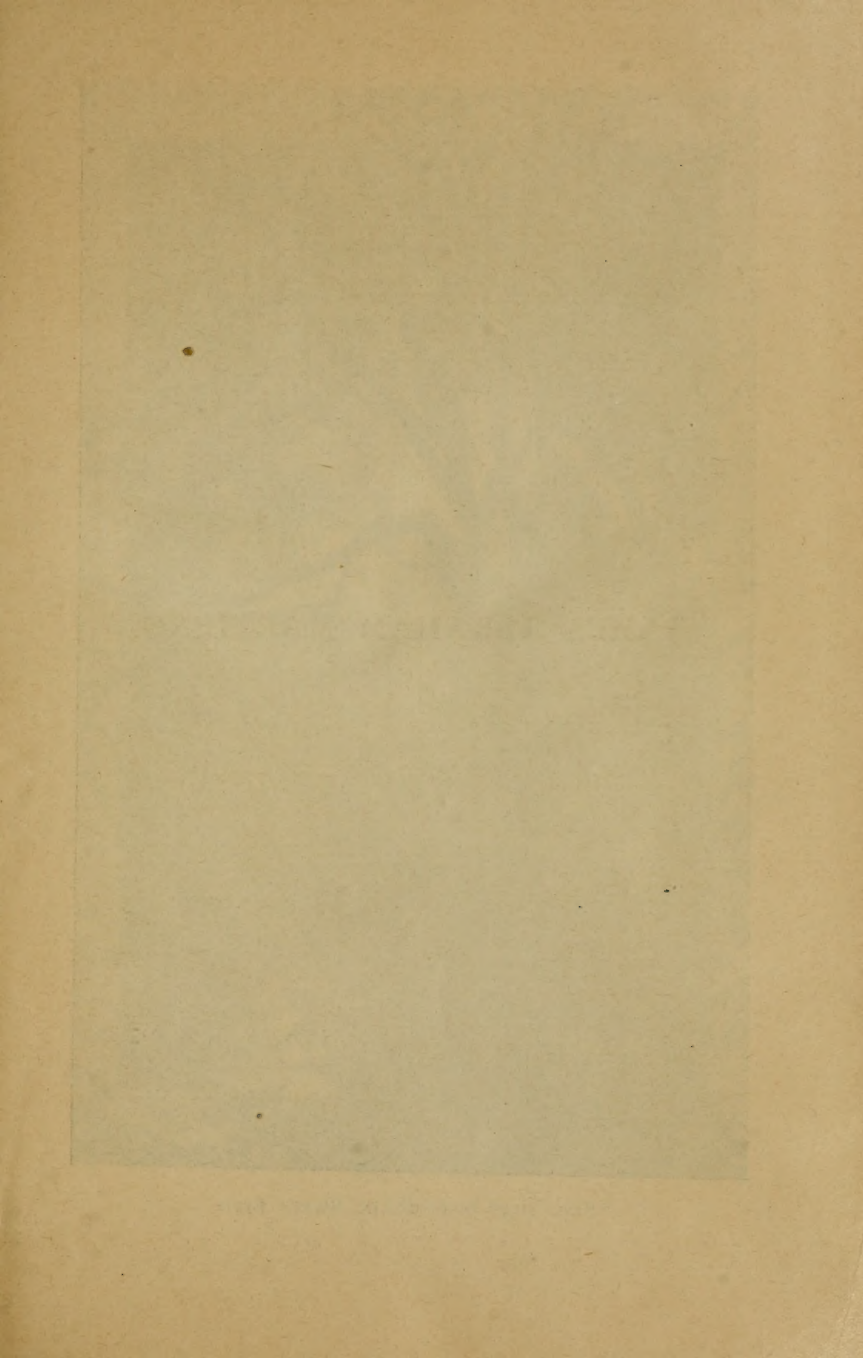








JAMES ABRAHAM MARTLING.







"SING THAT SONG AGAIN, SWEET BIRD."



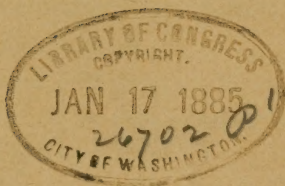
POEMS  
OF  
HOME AND COUNTRY

BY

✓  
*Boston*  
PROFESSOR JAMES A. MARTLING

AUTHOR OF "LONDON BRIDGE," ETC.

Illustrated



BOSTON  
JAMES H. EARLE, PUBLISHER  
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**By JAMES H. EARLE.**

## PREFATORY NOTE.

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IN compiling a complete collection of the poems of JAMES A. MARTLING, it has seemed best to include some written in college days, and at a still earlier period, which, I am confident, the author neither valued nor intended to republish; but they have not been excluded from this volume, — first, because of his early friends, by whom they were prized, and also for the reason that so many want to see what a poet wrote in his youthful days.

Two or three of his later poems were unfinished, yet were too good to leave out. Some of his published poems have been pronounced “Modern Classics;” and the manner in which “London Bridge” has been received, — the grateful messages which have reached us from cultured critics like the following: —

“How delightfully he sang! And with what moral uplift in his singing he occasionally smites some great note forth from the harpstrings.

“ ‘Turbulent our passions roll,  
Separating soul from soul.’

“That is the storm-voice from the seas!

“ ‘But the common bond will break,  
If the strong forsake the weak.’

“The old, old plaint from weary centuried time.”

Such as these leave no room for a doubt about the reception of *this* volume and of its intrinsic value to all thinking people, after the poems have been "*kept and used*," as Dr. Holmes tells us all genuine poetry must be. A sketch of the author's life appears here by request.

In this note I wish to tender my most grateful acknowledgments to all of those who have so kindly cheered and aided me in my work.

EMILY L. MARTLING.



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SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.





## JAMES ABRAHAM MARTLING.

---

THE Martlings of this country are all descended from one family, who came over from Holland and helped settle New Amsterdam (New York) city. The great grandfather of James was killed during the revolutionary war by refugees; and was buried in the old Dutch churchyard at Tarrytown, N. Y.: his grandfather was also buried there, and was Washington Irving's "Diedrich Knickerbocker," as the following quotation from a letter written by James A. Martling will show:—

"Yes, the Tarrytown Martlings are our own very folks, and there is no other family in the country. How could you have forgotten? My grandfather, Abraham Martling, the companion of Williams, Paulding and Vanert in revolutionary times, and the oracle of Washington Irving—Diedrich Knickerbocker himself—lived and died at Tarrytown: lived there with his aged wife Fanny—Francis Rower—and there I saw them both, and heard them talk Dutch together,

and ate of grandmother's Dutch cheese, and spelled wife for them, but could not spell knife, a suggestive fact at so tender an age, foretokening how to the end the affections should in me predominate over bread-and-butter caseknives, and whittling-out-a-living jackknives, and all other knives soever, especially those that are suggestive of labor and mischief. Didn't I tell you of grandfather's house and of the tree which grew through it after his death, because nobody would claim the property, the quarrel among the heirs being not *to get it*, but *not to get it*? Have you forgotten that historic Tammany Hall stands on Martling property, or that your whilom husband was born in New York city? What sleepy influences float from the Enchanted Valleys of San Bernardino to make you so oblivious of the past?"

The father of the poet, John Martling, although a mason by trade, was also a Methodist minister in New York city, but, after going to Indiana to live, stopped preaching, because the Methodists in that section thought his doctrine too liberal and called a council to give him a trial; but after the meeting was opened he arose and told them that the matter in dispute lay between them and the Bible, he had nothing to do with it! He then took his hat and walked out.

In early life he married Maria Lockwood, who was descended from the Scotch and English, and by this

union was blessed with fourteen children. James Abraham, the fifth child, who was named for his two grandfathers, was born in New York city, June 22, 1825. When he was six years old, his father moved to Buffalo, N. Y. ; but in 1837 settled on the St. Joseph river, in Mishawaka, northern Indiana, where the house that he then built still stands.

James was sickly when a child. His school life commenced in an "infant school," in the city of his birth. His teachers, even at that tender age, considered him a boy of unusual promise and used to call him out to "speak" for the entertainment of chance visitors.

Before their removal from New York an incident occurred which illustrates the early development of a strong will which, in after life, carried him successfully through many a battle against oppression and wrong, and also sustained life through much severe physical suffering.

A fire broke out at night near their home, the bright light of which awakened James and his brother Warren, and, thinking themselves in danger, they sprang out of bed but could not wait to dress, and each little boy grabbed what he supposed to be *his* pants, — one catching hold of one leg and the other of the other leg, of one and the same pair of pants, they started for the hall stairs — each little Titan pulling with a

might and main that would have pulled the pair in twain, but for the stout thread and stitches the good mother had so carefully placed there. So absorbed were they in the struggle for justice that they neither noticed the open hall door or the faces peering in ; nor did the struggle cease till they found themselves on the side walk, clad in nothing but their shirts, and surrounded by a crowd of amused spectators. Who got the pants, of course, in after years remained a disputed point !

While very small he eagerly read whatever came in his way, which was generally limited to the Bible and a few other religious books. He often wrote verses but usually destroyed them before other eyes saw them.

After their removal to Mishawaka, he and a brother ran away one day to earn some money, but getting tired and hungry, gladly accepted the offer of a ride back, from a passing neighbor, and reached home before their absence had excited alarm. When he arrived at the age of fourteen, his father said, " James, you are fond of your books, I can't give you an education, for I have a large family, but I will give you your time and you can educate yourself." And so at that tender age he started out on foot, with his worldly possessions tied up in a pockethandkerchief. As to his first stopping-place it is uncertain, and we only

know that, being small of his age and rather frail, he found difficulty in obtaining employment, when once out in the big world where he had supposed there was an abundance of work to be had for the asking ; however, he at length stopped at a country hotel, in northern Indiana, I think, where the host asked if he could "tend bar?" "Yes, sir!" the discouraged boy replied, with the mental reservation,— "Till I can do better." He was promised board and clothes, and to work he went. Men came who urged him to "have a drink," but he always refused, nor did he taste the stuff excepting on two occasions, when some men disputed about the *kind* of liquor and then he only tasted it to settle the quarrel. In after years, when asked if he was not afraid of acquiring a drinking habit at this time, he said — "No, I had been taught better at home, and felt sure that I could keep from it." He often had small sums of money given him by the patrons of the bar, which he at once invested in books that he studied in leisure hours. But soon an accident occurred which frightened him not a little. Every morning he had the bar-room to put in order, and one morning he broke a lamp chimney, which he supposed was quite expensive, and knowing the landlord to be high-tempered, he ran out and hid down under a bridge close by ; and, while wondering when he could get money enough to pay for it, heard the



loud, angry tones of the man calling him and saying — “If I catch the careless” — James didn’t wait to hear the rest, but climbed up from his hiding place and ran away as fast as he could, without his precious books!

With but a few small pieces of money in his pockets, and not even a bundle this time, he started toward Cleveland, Ohio; sleeping in hay-lofts, and buying milk or a few crackers to eat by the way, he went on till overtaken by a Cleveland gentleman who asked him to ride, and after kindly inquiring where he was bound and what were his plans, asked how he would like to “tend store?” Finding him more than willing for such work, when they arrived in Cleveland, he secured him a position in a “West India goods store.” In a short time, however, the proprietor failed because of the hard times, and, after making fruitless inquiries for work in other stores, the persevering boy started afoot and alone again, but this time toward Chicago. It was at this time that he *learned to walk*, although the experience was severe, and in after life he enjoyed this exercise better than many stronger men, and, from choice, walked nearly all over the state of Ohio and over a large part of Illinois. The new Western Emporium was then talked of as having a marvellous future destiny, so he thought it a good place for him to earn money in; but the then long journey from



Cleveland to Chicago could not be accomplished, as now, in a few hours ; so, making his way slowly, he stopped at farm houses for work, and at one place a doctor engaged him to cut "the winter's wood," but, after working two or three days, the doctor found him one morning sick in bed. "You are not strong enough for such work !" said he. "I see you know a good bit about books" (he had previously drawn him out in this direction, and had expressed surprise at his knowledge, especially of Latin, which he was studying without a teacher). "How would you like school-teaching? The teacher here can't manage our school ; I am one of the committee and can give it to you." "I should like to try it," said James, "but am afraid I don't know enough." "I'll risk that !" replied the doctor, and he soon had him established as teacher over boys some of whom were older and larger than himself. And thus began the life work of the "*Teacher of teachers.*" Some stouter man cut the wood, while the teacher had a pleasant home in a good family with the privilege of using the doctor's library. After the winter school closed, he finished his journey to Chicago, where he learned the printer's trade, and, becoming a rapid worker, earned money enough to take him to college : though a most self-denying life he led, studying in his room at night without a fire ; and, in the daily practice of economy, he was often dressed

in a linsey-woolsey frock, yet it was then that the Chicago girls first gave him the name of "The handsome Hoosier."

His mind had long been on Yale for his college course, but, becoming strong in his antislavery feelings, he decided that it was his duty to go to a college which had avowed antislavery principles; and so he was educated at Oberlin.

To please the lady of his early choice, he went through the theological course also, after graduating from college, but always said that he would never settle as the pastor of any church, nor did he, though urged to do so. Preaching was to him agreeable work, but he was physically unfitted for pastoral labor. So, after supplying a pulpit for one year, he accepted a chair at Otterbein University, Ohio, and was afterwards professor of mathematics, I think, at Wheaton College, Ill. He taught, too, in St. Louis high school. In early life, while in college, he used to spend his vacations teaching country schools, and one winter had a bright-eyed boy, a few years younger than himself, named James A. Garfield, our late President, in whom he was much interested: and the last letter which he wrote for the press — taking up some points which had been overlooked in the campaign speeches — was to help in the election of this early pupil, who was so soon to follow him into that great un-

changing world, on the threshold of which he already stood.

He had an intense enjoyment of nature, in all of its vastness, especially of mountains, forests and streams, and often walked many miles to be alone with this *Great Teacher*.

In his thinking he embraced humanity, and his philosophical ideas were in advance of the age. So sensitive was his nervous organization that he, as it were, felt and saw everything! Enjoying life at times with an intensity seldom equalled, at other times, on account of disease, suffering so keenly from nervous depression, that none but his nearest friends could, even partially, understand it: nor did any others get at his inner life, though many thought they knew him.

He delighted in, next to the Bible, the old classic poets; and had translated Homer's Iliad in the original hexameter, but had only published the first book. The other books have been called for here and elsewhere, but are not as yet published.

His lectures were not fully written out, as he extemporized a good deal, so are not in a condition to publish. Some of his early poems will be remembered by western editors as coming out under the *nom de plume* of "Donald Bean."

He was exceedingly modest, never pushing himself

into notice, yet was ever equal to an emergency, and during the exciting campaign for the election of Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, he spoke on the platform when needed, also at different times during the war which followed : but would never accept of any political office though urged to do so.

Like "The Master," in the "Poet at the Breakfast Table," he had studied the "three learned professions," in his search for knowledge, but the teacher's work he considered second to no other in point of influence, and believed that his beloved America, in time, would accord fitting prominence and honor to *the profession* which holds such a vast moulding power !

He was twice married, and by his first wife had three children, one son and two daughters ; and was an affectionate husband and father : although very careful of his own personal expenditures, yet he was generous to all others, nor could he turn any away from his door hungry.

His first wife he buried at Webster Grove, Missouri, and that sore trouble, combined with his prior ill health, fastened upon him consumption. Suffering severely from this disease he went to Southern California for his health, and during his first years there, was so much better, at times, that his second wife, and others, learned to think that he might live many years.

He was beloved by teachers and scholars, and made many friends in this new home, as the following quotations from local papers, written at the time of his death, indicate :

“It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of Professor James A. Martling. His last illness was severe, lasting but a little more than a week, and terminating as suddenly as an earthquake shock to his numerous friends.

“He was a classical scholar of ripe erudition, a gentleman of fine presence, polite and elegant manners, and much esteemed for his rare modesty and sterling worth. He was a teacher of teachers—an educator in the broadest sense of the term. During a quarter of a century of professional life he has left his impress upon the lives of thousands who were and are to be among the best citizens of the Republic. No words of eulogy can add to his splendid record. H.”

As before intimated, his disease was pronounced consumption of the bowels, from which he had suffered severely for years ; but in Los Angeles, California, on Saturday, at six o'clock P. M. October 30, 1880, God's rest came to him.

In this last sickness he called his wife to his bedside and exacted the promise that no words of eulogy should be used at his funeral services, and that he



should be buried in the simplest possible manner, in the little burying ground under the shadow of Elephant Hill, at Spadra;—where his first California home had been. But though this request was strictly adhered to—the loving deeds—the exquisite flowers, in which he seemed to be literally buried—coming as they did from teachers, scholars and other friends, proved a most fitting and eloquent EULOGY.

Emerson's words in "Good bye" are appropriate to his quiet resting place:

" I am going to my own hearth-stone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone —  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;  
Where arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

THE EDITOR.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.



# M U S I N G S.

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S I N G.

SING,—though thy voice be the faintest that  
wakens

Melodies sleeping in forests and caves ;  
Sing,—though thy song be the weakest that beckons  
Memories blessed and hopes from their graves !

The breezes shall bear it  
To some saddened spirit,  
Who gladdened shall hear it,  
And joyful draw near it.

Shame to the poet who writes but for glory !  
Shame to the harp of the shopman whose strings,  
Mute to the finger of Passion or Story,  
Quicken to life when the gold plectrum rings !  
But honored he whose is  
The gift of the Muses,  
Who honoring uses  
And never abuses.

He from whose soul burst the fountains of feeling,  
Rising to piety, love, country, home! —  
Angel-touched pools-of-Siloam of healing  
Sunk not in sand and not wasted in foam! —  
Who cares not nor ever  
Once thinks if he's clever,  
And yet ceases never  
In worthy endeavor.

Few — few are the gifted whose thoughts like the  
mountains  
Loom grandly for aye through the dim haze of time,  
But many and happy whose fancies like fountains  
May sparkle with spirit and bubble with rhyme!  
Then all sing that can sing!  
Let woman and man sing!  
Life's pleasures enhancing,  
And all good advancing!



#### LIGHT FROM ABOVE.

**I**T was the summer and a Sabbath day;  
An open Bible on the pulpit lay;  
To aid the preacher's sight, grown dim with age  
The gaslight shone upon the holy page,  
When, like the covenant angel come again,  
A golden sunbeam fluttered through the pane,  
Flew to the book, and lit each sacred line  
And reaffirmed its origin Divine!  
Pale grew the taper, when the light from Heaven  
Shone on the word that Heaven's self had given!



The preacher's eye beamed with the holy glow,  
His white locks grew a halo on his brow,  
And some believed that lip and soul were lit  
Of Heaven that day, and won new life from it!

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## MUSING.

I SIT by the fire this cold winter morning,  
The red coal lies under, and on the top lies  
A log of green hickory, that sings in its burning,  
As a martyr might sing ere he mounts to the skies.

The red coal lies under — great lumps of bitumen,  
One cheek in the dawning and one in the night,  
From their own substance feeding the flame they consume in,  
They die, and in dying give being to light.

So — so would I perish. No matter what life is :  
Be it in the forest, be it in the mine !  
If life and if song the ripe fruit of its strife is,  
The flame-eaten heart is becoming divine.

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## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE solemn midnight, hushed and still,  
Held all the world in quiet sleep,  
Save that the shepherds on the hill  
Were watching o'er their herded sheep.

The clouds, as if by angels led  
Through the horizon's sapphire bars,  
Seemed like a whiter flock that fed  
On the blue hills, 'mid moon and stars.

When suddenly like midday shone  
A heavenly host those clouds among,  
The angels of the Holy One,  
Filling the heavens with their song!

That, from the arches of the sky  
Again re-echoed and again :  
"Glory to God — to God on high !  
Peace on the earth ! Good will to men !"



### THE ENGINEER'S RIDE.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., 1873.

I SIT in my kingly howdah  
On the back of my bonny steed,  
As through the dewy forests  
She flies with speed — with speed !  
Like a sunbeam, through the forests,  
From the bow of the morning freed !

The rise and fall of her haunches  
Rouses my blood like wine,  
While the breath of her foaming nostrils  
Curls up through cypress and vine,  
To mingle with incense of roses  
And breath of the balsamy pine !

I list to the clang of her footfalls  
As they rebound from the track,  
And their rhythmic beat is music  
That comes in echoes back,  
With the shout of the dancing shadows  
In the forests solemn and black !

But what care I for the shadows,  
Or aught we leave behind ?  
I only enjoy the pleasure  
Of riding like the wind, —  
To all but the thrilling ecstasy  
Of the present moment blind !

My darling was born in the mountain ;  
Of elfin race is she :  
The daughter of fire and fountain,  
The child of the flame and the sea ;  
And the furious thud of her passionate blood  
Tells of her pedigree !

Vulcan gave her her sinews,  
And Venus gave her her heart ;  
And both gave strength and beauty  
To blend in every part ;  
To mingle perfection of nature  
With the perfection of art.

O, never the match for my darling  
Was courser of Tartar blood !  
O, never so fleet was filly

Of Bedouin sisterhood !  
Or swiftest steed selected  
For the Soldan's royal stud !

On in thy course, my darling !  
On like the fiery star,  
That through the vaulted midnight  
Urges his blazing car ! —  
Or the flame-ensandalled angel  
Through the purer heights afar !

'Tis not thy fault, my darling —  
No ! — not thy fault nor mine,  
When ruthless wheels go craunching  
Through skull and breast and chine ! —  
And crush to a pulp unsightly  
The human form divine !

When all the ground is strown  
With corpses bleeding and grim ;  
When bone is sundered from bone,  
And limb is shredded from limb ;  
And the air is drunk with a surging  
And sulphurous devil's hymn !

When flame and blood are battling,  
And curses commingle with prayer,  
And we know when the groaning has ceased  
Who 'tis that is master there —  
And to each of his clamorous whelps  
Death tosses a greedy share !

When a mother's breast is bespattered  
With pitiful, bloody rain :—  
A trace of baby hair,  
And a splash of baby brain ;  
And a broken arm gropes out  
For a missing form in vain !

Hist ! softly, softly, darling !  
Tame down thy thews of brass  
Hist ! gently, gently, darling !  
Ere evil come to pass !  
And our eyes be appalled with strange  
And blasting dew on the grass !

Ha ! how the homes of mortals  
A flashing moment gleam !  
Ha, ha ! how fields and forests  
Rush by us in a stream !  
As if they fled from the cloudy  
Coursers of Elohim !

And now we pass my cottage !  
I see my wife at the door,  
Tossing aloft my baby —  
My gem, my Kohinoor !  
And Johnny ! Why was not Johnny  
Holding her pinafore ?

He's always there, my filly !  
Watching for you and me ;  
And he says if he can, when he is a man,



An engineer he'll be,  
And he'll have an engine like papa's  
And a Johnny there to see !

But on ! thy nerves all tension !  
Thy muscles upon the rack !  
But why dost thou pant, my filly ? —  
And why do thy sinews slack ?  
And what is the fireman shouting ? —  
“ A child ! — a child on the track ! ”

Hold ! till I clutch thy forelock !  
Hold ! till I reach me down !  
And trust thee alone for a moment —  
A little moment alone !  
There, filly ! we saved the baby !  
Great God ! 'Tis my Johnny ! — my own !



## THE COW-BOY'S VISION.

### I.

BEHIND the wolden,  
And sky all golden,  
The sun, the soldan.  
Of day, repose ;  
The clouds that over  
His 'campment hover,  
Seem fields of clover  
And beds of roses.

And all the meadow  
Is light and shadow,  
An Eldorado  
    Of richest network,  
Where every brakelet  
Along the lakelet  
Becomes a flakelet  
    Of elfin fretwork.

The kine, long vagrant  
O'er blooms conflagrant  
And pastures fragrant  
    And thymy-scented,  
Along the edges  
Of groves and hedges,  
Knee-deep in sedges,  
    Now stand contented.

Their eyes illumine  
With something human  
And kin to woman  
    In their expression,  
A misty splendor  
Suffused and tender,  
A dreamy render  
    Of adoration.

Or with their seethen  
Flanks all enwreathen  
With mists, mead-breathen,  
    They lie a-resting ;

Nor visions sombre,  
Nor cares that cumber  
Our broken slumber  
    Their dreams molesting.

The steerling weesome,  
So blithe and lissome,  
The all-day-gleesome,  
    As Mirth's own brother,  
Now nestles surely,  
Snugly, securely,  
Glumly, demurely,  
    Close to his mother.

And through the bushes  
The rabbit pushes,  
And in the rushes  
    Pauses to listen ;  
Or skips and ambles  
In antic gambols,  
While through the brambles  
    His great eyes glisten.

And to its chamber  
Where vinelets clamber,  
With cups of amber,  
    The cat-bird creepeth ;  
And from the thistle,  
The quail's shrill whistle  
Shoots like a missile,  
    And then he sleepeth,

While steer and heifer  
Drink in the zephyr,  
Along the sapphire  
    Ripple and warble  
The stars their choral,  
While all the floral  
Welkin auroral  
    Pales into marble.

## II.

The cow-boy sitting  
While day is flitting,  
Is half unwitting  
    The influences  
Serene and vernal,  
That flow supernal  
From heights eternal  
    O'er all his senses.

Nor in the dairy  
His visions tarry,  
But scenes of fairy  
    And necromancy  
Shut out the present  
With opalescent  
And iridescent  
    Creatures of fancy.

The clouds around him  
And walls that bound him  
From depths profound, dim,  
    Weird and mysterious ;

Or towers shaken  
By forms that waken  
To threat and beckon  
    With mien imperious.

Or seas, all yeasty,  
Mobile, and misty ;  
Or a sacristy  
    Solemn and holy,  
Whence o'er the crystal,  
Robed like a vestal,  
Sober and festal,  
    The moon moves slowly.

And shadows dusky,  
In garments musky,  
Walk through the bosky  
    Willows and larches ;  
And in the dingle,  
And on the shingle,  
Their forms commingle  
    In solemn marches.

From cells secluded  
In temples wooded,  
The dews gray-hooded,  
    With cheeks all ashen,  
Bring basins chrysmal  
From depths abysmal,  
For rites baptismal,  
    To the procession.



## III.

The boy still idle.  
As flows the tidal  
That marks the bridal  
Of day and starlight,  
While steer and heifer  
Drink in the zephyr,  
Watches the chafer  
Trim up its carlight,

His brain all teeming  
With fact and seeming,  
With truth and dreaming,  
He fondly lingers,  
While on his tresses  
The light wind presses  
Her soft caresses  
With gentle fingers.

One in her coffin  
Thus oft — how often! —  
His cares would soften  
With touch so breathlike!  
Her voice — how tender!  
Her form — how slender!  
Her brow — what splendor! —  
But ah! — how deathlike!

Now on her pillow,  
Beneath the willow,  
Beneath the billow  
Of grass and blossom,

She sleeps! — his mother! —  
Pressing another,  
His baby-brother,  
Close to her bosom!

Yes, sleeps she under  
The willows yonder;  
But lo! as sunder  
The cloudy masses,  
Adown the ether,  
Where stars enwreath her,  
With clouds beneath her,  
Her spirit passes!

A form drawn faintly —  
So pale and saintly,  
And smiling gently  
On him all lonely;  
In her demeanor  
As he had seen her  
In life — serener  
And calmer only.

With eyes so fawnlike,  
And brow so dawn-like; —  
Her robe so lawn-like  
All gemmed and beryled;  
No son of Aaron,  
No rose of Sharon,  
Nor Aldebaran  
E'er so apparelled.

Yet seemed she stately,  
Moved more sedately  
Than when she lately  
    Kissed and caressed him, —  
Than when she lying,  
Moaning and dying,  
With her last sighing  
    Consoled and blessed him.

Tis gone! — The vision  
That seemed Elysian  
Was a derision  
    Of expectation, —  
A thing fantastic,  
From clouds elastic  
Wrought by a plastic  
    Imagination.

Yet still a moonbeam,  
As if a throne-beam,  
Shed there its own beam,  
    Appeared to linger —  
A beatific  
Hieroglyphic  
Of the omnific  
    And unseen finger!

THE  
DUNKER'S DAUGHTER.

A PASTORAL.

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I.

FOR thee, St. Joseph, thou most beautiful  
And most unsullied of Undina's train,  
The fays and elves of Indiana cull  
The brightest dews, the clearest drops of rain ;  
For thee, the wild flowers all their goblets drain ;  
And down thine oaks gold-mailed sunbeams leap  
To dance a measure to the mad refrain  
Of sportive rills ; or in thy lucid deep,  
Through the long afternoons of summer sleep and sleep !

II.

Along thy banks are dells Arcadian ;  
There dwell blue harebells, there the bath-flower blows,  
And there the rose — the rose of Michigan,  
About the gnarled oak her graceful garland throws,  
And at her over-maiden boldness glows  
And blushes into bloom ; till from the tawn  
And rugged boles unwonted beauty shows ;  
As if enamored butterflies thereon  
Were swarmed, or there were tangled some lost cloud  
of dawn !

## III.

Over thy bosom arrowy bateaux  
Were wont to bear their freight of precious wheat ;  
Above thy voice the boatman's shout arose,  
The moonlight glancing from the naked feet  
And arm and breast of the toil-trained athlete ;  
Peer not thou through the bushes, which apart  
Thy glistening eyes reveal, O maid discreet,  
Or—thou shalt be the prey of Cupid's art !  
Alack ! sweet maid, thou hast already lost thy heart.

## IV.

Upon the river banks the highway ran,  
There the packed wagon of the pioneer  
Pressed to the west with the long caravan ;  
At night the camp fires glowed ; the startled deer  
Ventured upon the novel scene to peer,  
And the long rifle rang ; the hunter's skill  
Made sure the game and noble was the cheer !  
Beneath the trees they supped — they slept — and still  
Night with her solemn stars watched river and vale and  
hill.

## V.

O Night — unchanging mother and queen of all !  
As God is king and father ! In the wood  
And in the city, thou, imperial  
And tender, holdest all the world subdued :  
Beneath thy sceptre, Discord not nor Feud,  
Children of Day, their madness can, while thou  
Holdest them charmed, with their infernal brood !  
To thee the poorest and the kingliest bow !  
A tender mother and stern empress, Night, art thou.

## VI.

St. Joseph ! Oft at night have I beside  
Thy rayless depths been seated, and have seen  
The stars new born uprising from the tide  
Of the blue sea above ; and from the sheen  
Of dancing ripples and from depths serene  
Thou gavest them back their manifold beauty ; even  
As my own spirit, raptured and impregn  
With the bright vision, inwrought with its leaven,  
Caught and gave back again the light of higher heaven.

## VII.

Thus in the night, and through the summer day  
Beneath the shade of oak or evergreen,  
Or lime or odorous wood, I frequent lay  
And carefully my angle dropped between  
The granite boulders, where at play were seen  
The glistening perch, or cat, or hornèd dace ;  
Or chance some hungry pickerel, or the sheen  
Of silvery bass the waves would interlace !  
True silver were indeed not unmeet for the place !

## VIII.

For never crystal stream of fairy land,  
Nor mountain ripple from the glacier fed,  
Was more pellucid : I could take my stand  
Upon the bank above, and see the bed  
Far either side, with costly gems outspread,  
Sapphires, carnelians, beryls, sculptured shells —  
A princely life my favorite fishes led.  
Lobsters and turtles dwelt in jeweled cells,  
Hung with green moss, and lit with diamond spiracles.



## IX.

And on the undulating slopes were there  
Bright oaken groves and fields of tasseled maize,  
And hewn log houses, where grave Dunkers were,  
Men of long beards and woolsey warmuses,  
Not neighborly and of unchristian ways,  
If one may credit rumor — to do which  
Is an unsafe thing in common — rumor says  
They were not undefiled of sinful pitch,  
But had through falsifying silver coin grown rich.

## X.

From foulest soils the richest flowers spring,  
From darkest mines the brightest gems are wrought,  
Nor then regard it as a marvel thing  
That these grave Dunkers' daughters should be thought  
The fairest maidens nature ever wrought ;  
Nor were they fair in home esteem alone ;  
No dark-eyed damsel for the Sultan brought,  
At Newport none, at Saratoga none,  
More beautiful than many a Dunker's daughter shone.

## XI.

Oft have I, with my basket in my hand,  
Upon the Indian Reservation near,  
Wandered alone, through sunflecked openings and  
Over the grassy glades — for that was where  
The luscious strawberries, without gardener's care,  
Lay blushing 'neath the leaves — and there reclined,  
Asleep, her lips all strawberry-stained, her hair  
Tossed on the fingers of the summer wind,  
Her cheek ablush, the Dunker's daughter Rosalind.

## XII.

And yet no passion in my boyish soul :  
I looked upon her as a thing above  
All human aspiration — and I stole  
Softly away, nor had one thought of love :  
Yet could e'en now my hands the chisel move  
And win from marble a divinity —  
The maid reclining in the oaken grove,  
The type of beauty and of purity,  
The Dunker's sleeping daughter should my model be.

## XIII.

Her home a hewn log cabin, like the rest, —  
And, like the rest, for Dunkers' wives were neat,  
Was always clean — and she at home was drest  
In tidy calico, — her little feet  
Uncased in slippers, shone like roses sweet  
Where roses were, — for she the trellis trained  
With the wild rose ; she fed her pet pewee,  
Her fawn, her pigeons. Morn and eve she strained  
White milk with whiter hands. Nor needed rites dis-  
dained.

## XIV.

No brother and no sister knew the maid ;  
Yet once a brother, younger by a year,  
Was there to her, with whom a child she played,  
As bright-eyed and quick-footed as a deer,  
But with a will that could not brook a peer,  
Shrewd, self-reliant, as he older grew,  
When he his sire no longer could revere,  
The ties of home he rashly rent in two.  
And scarce fourteen, he fled, but whither no one knew.



"HAPPY CHILDHOOD DAYS."



## XV.

The maiden had a lover, was there e'er,  
Since Eve was in the garden, maid had not ?  
Her playmate and her elder by a year,  
A Creole Catholic, Pierre de Cotte —  
The heir of a three hundred acre lot,  
But loath to farm — enamored of the life  
Upon the river : — nathless it brought  
Peril and risk — he loved the toil and strife,  
Better than aught save her who was to be his wife !

## XVI.

And it was she who through the parting boughs  
Peeped on the moonlit stream, to see if he  
Were in the passing boat — and if the vows,  
Repeated oft, were in his memory.  
The kerchief waved — he knew that all was well.  
He answered — he was true ! O, ecstasy !  
Yet ere he saw her sign — he knew 'twas she :  
Whose was the form, Pierre's quick eye could tell —  
For love was pythoiness, and his own heart the oracle.

## XVII.

The Dunker liked him not — granted to him  
A fair outfit of manly qualities,  
Said he was sensible, and strong of limb,  
And stout of heart, and rich enough ; but these  
Were insufficient of themselves to please ;  
The young man's faith was not of the right sort —  
Perhaps — objections one may find with ease  
If one be swayed by prejudice — in short  
That was the lens through which all else was seen  
distort.

## XVIII.

Hudgens was richer, stouter, of their sect —  
And Hudgens had the Dunker's promise ;  
Girls were but girls, and they should not expect  
*To have their own way always* — they must recollect.  
“ Besides,” he did not say what was besides, and we  
Must for the present be content to guess it, till  
The muse shall in her own way let it be  
Unfolded to our vision. But we will  
Our sympathies give to the maiden still.

## XIX.

Alas ! alas ! for the “ besides.” The secret bond  
That bound the aged Dunker to the swine  
Whate'er it was, was strong — drawing him beyond  
The power of conscience, and beyond the line  
Guarded by statute — human and divine.  
His daughter first, a whole burnt sacrifice  
He would have bound and gagged, and at the shrine  
Of the grim idol laid ! — by some device,  
The victim, was he, of the infernal deities.

## XX.

What chance was it that the old man beheld  
A waving handkerchief — and that he saw  
His watching daughter ? and when she, impelled  
By her own heart's unconquerable law,  
Ran to her ready lover, saw him draw  
His boat from the mid current to the shore,  
And knew parental power could not awe  
Nor could restrain his truant daughter more !  
Alas ! alas ! O life, how bitter is thy lore !



## XXI.

And he was planning murder : with his gun  
He would steal on the couple — would make sure  
To kill the trespasser, which being done,  
Time with his daughter's heart would work a cure.  
As for himself, at worst they would immure  
Him for awhile, and then ? — why, he should die :  
And why not die ? For death he was mature :  
His hair was gray : no lustre lit his eye :  
And yet ! why should he do this deed ? — ah, why ?

## XXII.

O, blessed be the angels that withhold  
Our hands from the fulfillment of the deeds  
Which our thoughts compass ! and O, what untold  
Crimes, unto which Passion insanely leads,  
Their hands restrain, until or conscience pleads,  
Or the mad impulse dies, or love or fear  
Asserts a higher law, or to our needs  
Ever attent, the angel draws more near  
And on his wings uplifts us to a higher sphere !

## XXIII.

Some angel thus attend that poor old man !  
Delay his purpose bad : prevent, restrain  
The execution of his fiendish plan  
For he is not all bad, there yet remain  
The pillars of the temple, though the stain  
Of many a storm is on them, yet they are  
The traces, through the ruins of a fane,  
The splendor of whose towers shone afar  
Luminous as snow, radiant as the morning star !

## XXIV.

'Tis pitiable — how pitiable, alas !  
The sight of such a fallen human ruin is !  
We think upon it as we know it was :  
Alack ! alack ! and has it come to this ?  
Wisdom, discretion and foresightedness,  
Discrimination, prudent utterance  
Gone — all, all gone ! swept into the abyss.  
And he whose purpose ne'er was left to chance  
Is a tossed leaf — the toy of circumstance !

## XXV.

For men are not all bad at once, and they  
Whose souls are rank and foul with budding crime,  
May fear to do the worst. Upon his way  
Toward the house, the troubled sire had time  
To cool his passion, and from the sublime  
Of murderous ecstasy to the sedate  
Had passed, and so he saved his hands from crime.  
His final thought was wiser : he would state  
The thing in full, and then would ask advice of Kate.

## XXVI.

The matron sat upon the trellised porch  
Reclining in a splint-seat rocking chair,  
She mused of heaven ; she thought each starlit torch  
A glimmer of the glory which was there ;  
The fire-flies dancing on the summer air —  
Were they not spirits sent to minister  
To such as should upon their foreheads bear  
The mystic seal ? — to minister to her ?  
And sooth less saintly ones are in the calendar.

## XXVII.

Unblemished as the smoothly ironed cap  
Which was her coronal of purity —  
Unblemished as the apron on her lap,  
Complete in goodness and simplicity,  
Her heart and life were — perfect probity.  
A blotch upon her steel-rimmed spectacles  
Had shocked her less than least iniquity :  
So free from fault herself that no one else  
Could she suspect. On earth such goodness sometimes  
dwells.

## XXVIII.

Yet not obtrusive was her piety,  
It was with daily duties overgrown,  
Like some quaint country church, that one may see  
Hid in the dingle — that were all unknown  
To any passing stranger — did the tone  
Sweet-voiced, from out the belfry fail to call,  
Or spire peep from the trees. By One alone  
Is such religion aye observed, and he  
The good deed done unseen, rewardeth openly.

## XXIX.

The beauty of a raven-haired brunette,  
With eyes of liquid jet, and lips that might  
The saintliest equanimity upset —  
The beauty of a blonde with eyes as bright  
As summer's cloudless sky, and step as light  
As a young wind's, and shoulders white as snow —  
I have seen such, and am no anchorite ;  
But a good face, with kindness all aglow,  
Smiling down time and care — no lovelier thing I know.

## XXX.

O Goodness ! I revere thee ! Thou art rare  
As attar of roses or the Tyrian dye :  
The warriors', poets', statesmen's greatness are  
A common daub — a thing to be passed by  
In the world's show, with but a careless eye ;  
But men should pause at goodness, and should dwell  
As on a vision of divinity.  
Here is high art : this harder to excel  
Than carve like Phidias, or paint like Raffaele.

## XXXI.

Great were the Roman nurslings of the wolf ;  
Great, Julius, when all Rome confessed his sway ;  
Curtius was great, to leap into the gulf ;  
Great, Alfred, Charlemagne, and Hugh Capet :  
Great, to kill Robespierre, Charlotte Corday : —  
The world has teemed with such, whose mighty deeds  
Present a most magnificent array : —  
But he but ill the page of history reads,  
Who sees him great alone for whom the million bleeds.

## XXXII.

How easy were it to be great, if one  
Might, soul-concentrate, by one act upheave  
Volcanic fame ! The fame of Washington,  
Slow-built, enduring, harder to achieve !  
Yet scarce less hard is it to interweave  
Goodness into the web of common life, —  
Where'er one treads kind words and smiles to leave —  
To soothe another's sorrow when the knife  
Probes one's own heart ! — to be perfect mother and  
wife !

## XXXIII.

The perfect mother, that the long night watches  
Beside the sick couch of the petulant boy,  
That seeks no rest herself — whose glad eye catches  
Health's earliest beam with overflowing joy  
That pays her care. The perfect wife, as coy  
As simple girl, as heedful of the mood  
Of him too inconsiderate to employ  
For her the arts that won her maidenhood!  
Never in cloister nuns so saintly and so good!

## XXXIV.

The matron sat upon the trellised porch  
When came the angry sire, and with hot speech,  
Whose burning utterance seemed his tongue to scorch,  
Gave her his tale — how down upon the beach,  
Were the paired doves — each in embrace of each!  
He thought his daughter should have had more sense!  
It was moreover an ill-mannered breach  
Of positive commandment — an offence —  
A most unpardonable disobedience.

## XXXV.

As for the Frenchman, his first impulse was  
To take his life, and even now it would  
Be an ill thing to meet him! For the laws —  
He did not mean to break them — they were good  
But then he wished to have it understood  
That his own house was his — his word was law  
To be obeyed! — as he obeyed it should!  
And thence the young intruder should withdraw,  
Or there was trouble brewed for both! That thing he  
saw!

## XXXVI.

The dame removed her glasses — her mild eyes  
Calm as the moon above, and a sweet smile  
Enwreathed her lips — such smile would tranquillize  
The ocean at its maddest : “ Think awhile :  
What is the thing for which thee would defile  
Thy hands with blood : and what would thee have done,  
Had any in thy youth dared be so vile  
As to keep thee from thy beloved one ?  
And think whose eye our every act is always on.

## XXXVII.

“ The lad is not to blame that he should think  
As his own mother taught him at her knee :  
Were he immoral — did he deeply drink —  
Were he a thief — did he speak ill of thee —  
Were he a maker of false currency ” —  
Thus far the logic pleased him, but at these  
Last words his face was very pale, and he,  
Although he dared not speak, was ill at ease  
At this allusion to his own malpractices.

## XXXVIII.

Of these the good Kate had known nought at all :  
They had been done in secret : and her wit  
Was altogether unintentional :  
Yet serious mischief might have come of it ;  
For, with lip set, hands clenched and forehead knit,  
Smothering curses that were on his tongue,  
Whence blood and froth were oozing as he bit,  
Stood the graybeard ! when from the trees among  
A sharp flash shone, and thence a cracking rifle rung !



## XXXIX.

It was the signal for the coiner's band  
To gather at the usual rendezvous :  
The Dunker wearied of the business, and  
Would have been overjoyed could he undo  
The cord which bound him hand and foot thereto !  
But difficult is the escape from sin :  
The grain betwixt the millstones must grind through  
Maugre its groans ! The rapids once within  
The cataract's plunge is sure ! 'Tis fatal to begin !

## XL.

And so he could not disregard the sign,  
And so abruptly left his simple spouse :  
She questioned not — nor cared she to divine  
Whereof his frequent absence from the house.  
Wherefore they grew thus, should she ask the boughs ?  
Wherefore it blew thus, should she ask the breeze ?  
Nature to all full liberty allows :  
These grow unquestioned — blow unquestioned these :  
All she leaves free — birds, blossoms, rocks and trees !

## XLI.

Each thus ungoverned, save of the decree  
Of its own nature, freely can express  
Itself — its individuality,  
In contour, motion, posture, color, dress —  
And each become the type of perfectness  
Within the limits of its proper sphere ;  
And thus is variation limitless  
In nature's realm : no autocrat austere  
Formal submission forces : All is freedom here.

## XLII.

Were men untrammelled of their fellows thus  
An honest difference were not thought a schism ;  
Uncharity would seek an exodus,  
And Jealousy out in to the abysm :  
Then would no arbitrary criticism  
Be the destroyer — the iconoclast  
Of aught whereon True Song had placed his chrism :  
Then Tyranny were a monster of the past,  
And Liberty no more were limited by Caste !

## XLIII.

Nor is there Love where'er Mistrust abides.  
Love is so simply trustful, that suspicion  
Of him in whom the loving heart confides  
Is henceforth banished, by an inhibition  
Rigid as that which driveth to perdition,  
O'er crystal wall and battlement of azure,  
The recreant spirits of the abodes Elysian !  
Love holdeth all too dear her precious treasure,  
To suffer Mistrust to enter, by gateway or embrasure !

## XLIV.

A part of this is what the good dame thought,  
A part is necessary consequence  
Of what she thought — and so she never sought  
To know wherefore her husband's reticence,  
Nor indeed would the strongest evidence  
Scarce shake her faith in him to whom she gave  
Her heart in girlhood. Sweet the recompense  
Which guiltless hearts thus naturally have !  
Their faith in God, man, self — so much at least they  
save !

XLV.

An old log hut a mile away from thence  
Was on the margin of a great morass ;  
On three sides aspen groves and thickets dense  
Of hickory and oak, and sassafras  
Fringed with low growth : nettle-weed, prairie-grass,  
Blackberry bushes, all together grew,  
Forming a barrier difficult to pass ;  
But yet that way infrequent led thereto,  
An Indian scout would scarce have found a passage  
through.

XLVI.

Here the late chopper or the hunter lone  
Would sometimes see, or in his fancy see,  
A light within, that through some crevice shone  
Between the logs, and clicking sounds would be  
Heard from within. What midnight witchery  
Is hidden here ? What wicked deeds and foul ?  
He listens. 'Tis the creaking of a tree ;  
He calls, and answers but the hooting owl ;  
He looks. The grim monk Night o'er all has drawn  
his cowl.

XLVII.

A fallen chimney and a broken floor,  
A shattered leach, some larkspurs here and there,  
A piece of scythe-blade hung behind the door,  
A rusted hoe, some scraps of pottery ware,  
The day reveals : Else all is waste and bare.  
From the tall nettles that conceal the ground, —  
Sole denizen of the place — a startled hare  
Leaps forth, rests on his haunches, looks around,  
Trembles, and is vanished at a single bound.

## XLVIII.

The secret passage 'neath the broken plank  
That lay as if cast there by accident,  
The buried boxes, mid the trias rank,  
Or stored with coin or crafty implement,  
The stranger saw not — scarce the bloodhound's scent  
Could trace these honest artists — who the fang  
Of laggard law with ease could circumvent.  
Here yet the livelong night their hammers rang,  
And here the maudlin Dunker sought the lawless gang.

## XLIX.

The faithful shepherdess, the summer moon,  
Had led her flocks adown the hills of blue,  
The morn of night was hastening to its noon,  
Star after star into the groves withdrew,  
Yet by the river sat the impassioned two  
Nor saw river or moon, nor could regard  
The blooms and balsamy plants that near them grew, —  
Spice-wood, sassafras, pennyroyal, nard, —  
Nor mountain mint, nor sod with dewy clover starred.

## L.

The stars move over, and the ripples move  
To melody before them, but they see  
No heaven and hear no music, unless love  
Be in itself both heaven and harmony !  
O ripples, singing as ye seek the sea,  
Sing softly as ye pass ! Breathe balm, ye flowers !  
Move slow, ye stars, that long the time may be !  
Rest on your silver oars, ye gliding hours !  
And lengthen the delights of these ambrosial bowers !

## LI.

Nor do they see the boat's crew on the prow,  
With dextrous touch wield the light fisher's wand,  
Or from her side the unerring trident throw,  
Or light their hickory torches on the strand,  
Or angling wade along the shelving sand,  
O'er which the stream of liquid amber glides  
While white foam blooms, and struggle on the land  
The river kings, the monarchs of the tides,  
Irradiant rainbows flashing from their jeweled sides.

## LII.

Thus through the early eve : — at length they rest  
On their bateaux, and wreathes of odorous smoke,  
Their supper o'er, from manly lips outprest,  
Curl over them in clouds : the fumes croak  
The tale long-drawn or the good-natured joke ;  
Perhaps of him who lingers over-long  
Upon the shore, or of his Dunker folk : —  
The pipes laid down, follows the boatman's song  
Waked by whose notes each forest echo finds a tongue.

## SONG.

Merry the life of the boatman is,  
None of the land's man's cares are his,  
He of the river is king — is king !

Merrily boatmen sing !

Tralala ! Tralala ! Ha ! I-yah !

Merrily boatmen sing !

Bracing his shoulder to the pole,  
Bracing against the cleat his sole,

Moves he as light as a duck on wing!  
Merrily boatmen sing!  
Tralala! Tralala! Ha! I-yah!  
Merrily boatmen sing!

Boatman, O Boatman, no longer roam,  
Seek thee a wife and a quiet home,  
Both of the river and land be king,  
Merrily boatmen sing!  
Tralala! Tralala! Ha! I-yah!  
Merrily boatmen sing!

## LIII.

So sang the youngest, a lithe lad whose chin  
Was scarcely shaded with a delicate moss,  
Soft as the spring time leaf-down on the linn.  
Can years upon such features e'er emboss  
The lines of care, or Avarice engross  
Thereon his ledger? Yet the loss of youth,  
If it be wisely spent, is not a loss.  
Who from the wreck of years preserves his truth,  
His manliness, — his soul, may scorn of Time the tooth.

## LIV.

The voice a rich contralto, and the tune  
Rose like the warbling of a bird in spring,  
With trills that 'chance a higher art might prune,  
It hung aloft trembling and quivering,  
'Till one feared for it as a living thing:  
But down it sweetly glided, as a bird  
Glides down the air with an unwearied wing,  
To its rich close, and to its final word  
The rough uncultured men attentive, watched and heard.



## LV.

Nor they alone : the love-rapt Rosalind  
Was wakened from her ecstasy thereby ;  
No longer in the present dwelt her mind :  
No longer was her hope-dilated eye  
Gloating upon a bright futurity :  
She thought but of the past — of childhood's days,  
All mellowed with the haze of memory ;  
Of flowers of spring — of summer's tasseled maize —  
Of autumns, when with gold the woods were all ablaze !

## LVI.

But not alone — her brother then with her  
Was ever, whether she sought the robin's nest,  
Or in some hollow maple spied the fur  
Of the affrighted rabbit — or oppressed  
With heat lay on the scented hay at rest !  
She weeps to think where 'chance that brother is  
Of brothers all, the bravest, manliest, best : —  
His heart so light, his voice so like to this  
Which she now hears ! “ So like ! why this is his ! —  
'tis his !

## LVII.

“ My brother ! O my Henry ! ” Like the fawn  
That hears the cry of its long absent mate,  
Light as the wind that enters with the dawn  
The rosy portals of the orient gate,  
Swift as an arrow and precipitate  
Adown the pebbly bluff the maiden flew,  
Or like some meteor irradiate  
Which rushes midnight's lonely arches through  
Speeding to join the rising morning's retinue.

## LVIII.

And he! The fountains of affection long  
Sealed with the pressure of an iron will  
Burst forth at last! Oh, is there aught more strong  
Than these our human instincts? We may kill  
The sentiments that culture can instil:  
Man makes them, and when made obliterates,  
But nature's loves repressed, still gush and fill  
All the heart's crevices; the bound pool waits  
The hammer's shock, and then bursts through the  
shattered slates.

## LIX.

He jocund with his comrades, or at least  
With wilful occupation could suppress  
Home longings, and his lips refuse to feast  
With kisses, and his eyes and heart to bless  
With sight of home and motherly caress:  
Albeit in the night time oft he stole  
Glimpses of home, but deemed it manliness  
To smother the deep yearnings of his soul  
And what to him seemed woman's weakness to control.

## LX.

He could not brook — not he — to see his sire: —  
No! ne'er should he again bend to the hand  
Of any master! — nor shrink from his ire!  
And yet to him far more than a command  
Was mother or sister's slightest fancy, and  
Them he oft wished to meet, but could not be  
So nobly and angelically grand  
In spirit, as in true humility  
Frankly to own his fault — his filial recreancy.

## LXI.

But now he saw his sister, and he knew  
Instinctively 'twas she, and could discern  
Indeed her perfect outline as she flew  
Adown the bluff. Then melted all his stern  
And moody will to power of Love eterne.  
From the bateau he passed with one wild bound  
Sheer to the shore — o'er sand and dewy fern :  
They meet half way — his arms enclasped her round,  
And in one long, passionate embrace he held her wound.

## LXII.

Pierre, though frightened at the maid's descent,  
As like a bird she darted from his side,  
Beheld at first in mute bewilderment,  
And with a mingled jealousy and pride,  
The conduct strange of his affianced bride ;  
A jealousy that nearer to her heart  
Should any man, a brother e'en, abide, —  
Pride in the grace and beauty which no art  
Had trained, and which none ever could impart.

## LXIII.

Was this the brother of his wild gazelle,  
And he, his long-time comrade, blind thereto ?  
It was a thing almost incredible ;  
Yet, (the vile thought unwilling to pursue  
Which should Love's tapestry of dreams undo,)  
A moment only in misdoubt he stood,  
Then Love affirmed supreme its power anew,  
And gave new confidence in womanhood.  
Woman ! should she prove false, earth must despair of  
good.

## LXIV.

A moment only doubted shrewd Pierre,  
So soon should jealousy be ever spent,  
Then, with a quickened step and manly air,  
After his fugitive affianced went,  
And soon his greetings with her sobbings blent ;  
Albeit there stole upon his cheek a tear,  
The silent sign that he could not prevent  
Of a true heart within his breast, howe'er  
With his rough life his cheek and brow embronzèd were.

## LXV.

The maiden's first outbreak of passion o'er,  
She said, " This is my brother Henry, sir ; and this — "  
And then she turned to Henry, but before  
Her words were uttered, he — " No matter, sis,  
I've double reason to know who this is —  
My brother soon, I hope — nay, do not pout —  
A stout hand and an honest heart are his —  
I knew he met a maiden hereabout  
Who by some marvellous accident he had found out.

## LXVI.

" Perhaps, dear Rosy, you can partly guess  
The accident to which his coming here was due,"  
" It was your doing, then, sir, you confess ;  
So finding him a sterling friend to you,  
You thought that he might please your sister, too :  
Thank you, dear brother, for your prudent thought,  
One further kindness, brother ever true,"  
Her hands clasped his, " Be by your sister taught,  
And leave no more your home unvisited, — unsought.

## LXVII.


"In that lone home, without you, O how lonely!—  
How desolate and lonely! mother weeps!  
Your vacant seat reminds her of her only —  
Her son that still within her bosom keeps  
The dearest place, or if she wakes or sleeps!  
All day her lips are burdened with one theme,  
And that is thee, and with her tears she steeps  
Her nightly pillow, and the morning beam  
Renews her woe, for thou hast vanished with her dream.

## LXVIII.

"Come with me home, my brother, without thee,  
My roses bloom, my robin sings in vain;  
A gloomy shadow casts our favorite tree;  
The winds of spring sob through the woods in pain;  
The summer sunshine falls in sullen rain;  
All bright things wither, waiting till thou come  
And gladden with thy cheerful smile again;  
All pleasant sounds, when separated from  
Thy voice, shrink from themselves, and grow in sadness dumb."

## LXIX.

No eloquence is like a woman's voice,  
No talisman is like a woman's eye,  
Once brought within its influence — no choice,  
No will is left unto us, or to fly  
Or feel the power of its sorcery:  
The ball the fountain sports with, or the leaves  
In the wind's eddy, would more hopefully  
Essay escape. So thought Pierre. From Eve's  
Too sweet enthrallment, Adam freedom ne'er achieved.



## LXX.

“O sister ! O my sister ! who wast ne’er  
Once from my thoughts in all my wanderings,  
To thee our mother cannot be more dear  
Than I have held her, and the midnight brings  
Her to my visions oft, and rustling wings  
Of angels seem to fan me as I wake,  
And round my steps a holy presence clings,  
As if the prayers of that dear one could make  
Those unseen guardians follow whate’er course I take.

## LXXI.

“Nor am I so obdurate and incased  
In my self-will as to remain unmoved  
At thy entreaties. Were I so debased,  
By self condemned, by Heaven disapproved,  
I were indeed unworthy to be loved  
Of such a sister. Though the thing is hard,  
Yet ne’er I shrank from aught which it behoved  
To undertake ; and though the way were barred  
With flint and fire I’d go homeward and duty-ward !”

## LXXII.

So Henry spake, and thereupon they wind  
Successive to the summit of the bank,  
She foremost, Henry next, Pierre behind :  
The bushes sprinkled them with dew : the dank  
Grass kissed their passing feet : the mint-blooms sank  
Beneath them, and thereafter bloomed more sweet :  
The moisture of their breath the roses drank ;  
For Love, and Penitence, with blessed feet,  
And Hope, rose heavenward — trinity complete !



## LXXIII.

Delay we not the greeting which the son  
Soon gave his mother, and which she returned  
Most motherly — we may not pause thereon,  
Nor on the tale which from his lips she learned,  
Nor how she, gloating on his face, discerned  
With pride the bud of manhood, — to their rest  
Leave we them all — the stars above them burned  
In pureness like their own — the crown and crest  
Of that blest night, to be ere morning yet more blest.

## LXXIV.

How fare the Dunker and his bad compeers?  
The fire glows bright — the cup of cheer goes round —  
No boding conscience there to waken fears  
Of doom's dread beagles that from the profound,  
Unseen, are eager on their prey to bound:  
No dread of human law; but steeped in crime,  
All goodness in intoxication drowned,  
With ribald jest and cards they chased the time  
'Till from mid-arch throned Night beheld the morning's  
prime!

## LXXV.

No boding conscience? Could the Dunker bear  
The pressure upon his? The rest may drink  
Forgetfulness, and with a braggart air  
Mingle defiance with the bottle's clink,  
But he, for five years now upon the brink  
Of utter ruin, and that very night  
Just saved from murder — he could not but think!  
Conscience forced home the question — "Is it right  
To ruin thus your soul, and thus your household blight?"

## LXXVI.

The coiners, five in all. A dark-haired man,  
Their leader, with fine beard, and face all seamed,  
With sharp-cut features, and the hue of tan,  
With lips close set, with a forced smile that gleamed  
Forever on his cheek, whate'er there streamed  
From his keen black eyes, or avarice, anger, hate,  
Revenge, or lust, for there all passions teemed —  
A forced, sardonic, snaky smile, whose mate  
Might galvanism on a murderer's corpse create.

## LXXVII.

The other three were simple countrymen,  
Rough, coarse, but not generically bad,  
But easily ensnared : the coiner's den  
For them a certain piquant flavor had,  
They liked it most because the law forbade,  
And somewhat for its riotous excess :  
'Twas very human, though 'twas very sad :  
Though most humiliating to confess,  
Yet liberty is oft a name for lawlessness.

## LXXVIII.

The leader watched the Dunker, and he saw  
That somewhat was amiss — but, far too shrewd  
To question him directly, thought to draw  
Him on by drinking, rather than by rude  
Inquiry, furnish for suspicion food.  
And so he feigned to drink, but the old man  
Was wary, and directly understood  
And foiled, by abstinence, the captain's plan,  
Who, feigning not to see, their business thus began : —

## LXXIX.

“A boat is lying at the river side —  
She's going up the river after wheat ;  
She'll bring a raft of flatboats down beside :  
Last night I saw the captain, and a neat  
Arrangement made, but did not quite complete :  
I satisfied him that his bank-notes were  
Less like than solid silver coin to meet  
The farmer's views, while — 'twas a *ruse de guerre* —  
I said I was an eastern manufacturer.

## LXXX.

“More manufacturer than eastern though —  
However, let that pass, — I told him I  
Wished to go east, and that I'd rather go  
Without a load of coin, — the jeopardy  
Of travel was too great, but if he'd buy  
My specie from me he should have it cheap :  
He caught the bait unhesitatingly,  
I sold my coin, and see here what a heap !  
I call that going the figure pretty steep !”

## LXXXI.

“Hurra for you ! hurra ! Come, let's divide !”  
Shouted the tipsiest. “You're great ! You're prime !”  
The leader : “But some business beside  
Demands attention first — in proper time  
You'll get your equal portion to a dime.”  
The Dunker held his peace, but of a grim  
Necessity forced a smile : the wage of crime  
Should stain his palm no more — nor conscience dim —  
Wife — daughter — son, no more should be ashamed  
of him.

## LXXXII.

“He had more bills, but I had no more coin :  
And so I made arrangements to dispatch  
A messenger with more, by land, to join  
Him just above the bend — where one can catch  
A boat with ease — a team is more than match  
For a bateau up stream. Now we to-night  
Must plan — we stand with finger on the latch  
That lifted opes to us a gateway bright.  
Wealth is before us if we manage matters right.”

## LXXXIII.

With quickened ears the three caught every word,  
Their cup-dazed eyes enkindling with greed :  
Even the Dunker found his avarice stirred —  
May Heaven help us in our hour of need !  
Perchance too great temptation to misdeed  
Were his, knew he that money was Pierre's,  
The captaincy, and that the toil-stamped meed  
Of many a day. How angel-wafted prayers  
Oft guard the weak who might else yield them un-  
    awares.

## LXXXIV.

And a sweet vision came before his eye,  
A fair young girl of frank and open heart,  
Trusting, and spotless in her chastity,  
Simple, unconscious, all devoid of art ; —  
The dearest gift that woman can impart,  
Giving to him — herself : — through long, long years  
Bearing his faults — still smothering the smart  
They gave to her : whispering not her fears : —  
And, lest they should annoy, suppressing even tears.

## LXXXV.

A smile forever wearing — not a forced —  
Conventional — but sweet and natural smile,  
The truthful utterance of the loves that coursed  
Along the pulses, from a heart that guile  
Knew not, nor anything that could defile.  
There are foul things that revel as they list  
In darkness, loathsome, hideous creatures, — while  
The bright day's influence they cannot resist,  
But shun the spot that by its healthful beams is kissed.

## LXXXVI.

Be there foul things so germane to the soul  
That, when the sunlight of a loving life  
Shines on it, will not hide as does the ghoul  
When morn approaches? Courage, courage, wife!  
Angels are helping thee! O, not to strife  
And noisy battle are the victories!  
With noble conquests let the world be rife!  
Meekness, forbearance, gentleness, love, these  
Win more than swords, press, pulpits, and diplomacies.

## LXXXVII.

Wife, thou hast won thy husband! Oft, how oft,  
Has risen the image of thy purity  
Before his eye! And when his comrades scoffed  
At goodness as a thing that could not be  
Found upon earth, save in the phantasy  
Of some enthusiastic Methodist,  
He knew the thing was false — for he knew thee!  
And, so to-night! Their mouthings he must list  
But thinks of thee — nor shall he long in crime persist.

## LXXXVIII.

What chance was it that gentle Rosalind  
Somnambulant went forth into the night ?  
Upon the embowered porch she stole — the wind  
Tangling her tresses, and amid the white  
Folds of her robe ling'ring in wild delight.  
By some strange impulse led, she passed alone  
Beyond the garden, like a sylvan sprite,  
Of wrong unconscious and afraid of none :  
Ankles and shoulders snowy in the moonlight shone.

## LXXXIX.

Let evil be to him that evil thinks :  
A modest maiden finds her modesty  
Stronger than woven steel of triple links :  
Men bow to it as does the devotee  
Unto the shrine of his idolatry :  
The coarsest natures do it reverence ;  
'Tis alabaster in its purity —  
Sacred as wine still sealed ! Sweet innocence !  
It is unto itself its own and best defence.

## XC.

So Rosalind wandered forth, but not unseen,  
Pierre and Henry heard the stealthy tread  
Upon the porch, and watched her from between  
The lattice-work of vines, nor without dread  
Of some strange terror as her pathway led  
Forth to the forest ; with one impulse then  
They followed her, and fast, for now she sped  
Quick-footed as a doe affrighted, when,  
Chased by the yelling pack, she seeks her native glen !



## XCI.

And soon she came to where in conclave dark  
The assembled coiners were, and with a shriek  
She wakened ! In hushed speech, their leader, " Hark !"  
But no response those guilty spirits speak,  
Helpless they stand, (for guilt is ever weak,)  
And mute with terror. Then their leader thus —  
" Quick to your arms, or vainly will ye seek  
Escape from whate'er danger threatens us !  
Your pistols ! Arm yourselves ! Delay is perilous ! "

## XCII.

In low firm tone, nor unaccompanied  
With fit gesticulation, for he held  
His hand upon his pistol : they must heed  
And prompt obey the word or be compelled !  
But one : — " From this our destinies unweld ;  
I am no murderer, and I will not be :  
I have too long my better nature quelled :  
I share your danger, but am henceforth free :  
Shoot if you dare ! there is no cowardice in me ! "

## XCIII.

It was the Dunker. From his grating teeth,  
" Traitor ! " their leader hissed — his eyes, on fire  
With rage and hate, flashed fiercely underneath  
His knotted brows. The Dunker : " Calm your ire :  
I am no traitor : I have no desire  
To bring you into trouble, but I will  
No longer foul my spirit, and bemire  
My daughter's name with a report so ill.  
Of these misdeeds I'm sick — of you I've had my fill ! "

## XCIV.

His daughter ! At the moment her bright eye  
Glanced through a crevice, and beholding there  
Her father, she gave utterance to a cry :  
Forth leaped her brother and athlete Pierre :  
In the convulsive energy of despair  
Forth leaped the coiners, not to fight, but fly :  
Their leader save : he, ere he was aware,  
Was held disarmed and captive, pinioned by  
The Dunker's hands, as in the gripe of Destiny.

## XCV.

"Too quick for you, my friend," the Dunker said,  
"I read the mischief in that eye of yours,  
And saw your weapon aiming at my head,  
Preventions are a better thing than cures !  
Your hand is steady though, and it insures,  
I warrant, all you fire at." It was true :  
No serpent that with charms the bird allures  
Is surer of his prey, than, when he drew  
His weapon, was the chieftain of the coiner's crew.

## XCVI.

And thus he had not fired — nor did his piece  
Go off as 'twould have done in clumsier hands :  
His delicate touch the charge would not release  
Until his aim was certain — but he planned  
Against too quick an adversary, and  
The Dunker thus saved more lives than his own :  
Cool was the old man, and serene and bland,  
And Chesterfieldian in his mien and tone —  
Impassive as an Indian warrior, or a stone.

## XCVII.

No more the leader strove, but stood chagrined,  
Meantime had Henry entered, with Pierre ;  
Back to her home stole gentle Rosalind :  
Father and son such meeting chance had ne'er :  
The Dunker gave no explanation there,  
Nor was it after sought, but fully they  
Were reconciled, they made the captain swear  
To leave the country at the break of day,  
Ne'er to return, or else the law should take its way.

## XCVIII.

The oath yet stung his lips, when trembling, he  
Saw entering, if he could trust his eyes,  
The latest victim of his villainy,  
Who, 'since the rogue his gentleman's disguise  
Had laid aside, did not at first surmise  
That he was cheated, and that this the cheat :  
But rascals are too cunning to be wise,  
And this one from mere habit of deceit  
Spoke in feigned tones when silence were far more  
discreet.

## XCIX.

"Vat," said Pierre, "*Mon ami, sacrement !*  
*Eh bien !* so dis is vat you manufacture too ?  
Den you sheat me, *mon cher ami, c'est non !*  
*Pardonnez, monsieur*, if I trouble you  
To pay me dat small money vich is due !  
Two tousand dollar !" "Come, no nonsense now,"  
The Dunker added, "You would best get through  
The thing and quick, or you will be taught how  
We all of us to stern necessity must bow."

## C.

The helpless culprit yielded and took out  
The very money which not long before  
The crew were so hilarious about,  
And handed to Pierre, who counting o'er  
Found it deficient by a dozen score.  
"That's all I have," the villain said, and lied :  
Then Henry, "Make him pay you : he has more ;  
He thought you would not count. I saw him hide  
A handful in his pocket on the other side."

## CI.

The Dunker then : "You may as well, I guess,  
Be honest now : you've somewhat dulled your wit  
By this mishap : some further business  
You know there was : we were to wait a bit  
Before dividing ; so we're doing it :  
You've done ? Well, then, we're through with you :  
now go  
For it is dawn already. Don't permit  
The sun to light your starting, or you know  
That other hands than ours a path of hemp may show."

## CII.

With that he loosed the varlet, who, too glad,  
Acted upon the word ; and now the day  
Was breaking as they home their pathway made,  
The meadow-lark sang gaily, from the spray  
The robin trilled his morning roundelay,  
The quail piped clear : the happy partridge whirled,  
The circling pigeons fluttered round their way  
And all the forest waked — blossom and bird,  
And glistening dew and leaf with joyous life were stirred.

## CIII.

The morning-glories from the trellis blew  
Through their purple horns with pouting lips,  
The sportive roses o'er their fellows threw  
Showers of blossoms, tinted like the tips  
Of Dawn's transparent fingers when she dips  
The clear light from the sea, and strews its spray —  
Even as then — till cloud and forest drips !  
And so was ushered in the glorious day,  
As 'twere the pledge of peace and blessedness alway !

## CIV.

And so the coiner's band was broken up :  
And so was truant Henry home again :  
And so was an estray restored to Hope,  
And family, and courses just and sane ;  
And so a tender and a loving twain  
Found all obstructions suddenly removed :  
The Dunker now no longer could refrain  
From giving to the lover the beloved :  
And so he did what for his interest it behoved.

## CV.

And so there was a wedding : and thereat  
The Dunker was, as he of right should be :  
In cap and apron in her rocker sat  
The Dunker's wife — sweet type of piety,  
And Henry and another — who was she ?  
The reader best may guess : and there were, too,  
Maidens and youths to share the revelry,  
From all the country round ; nor were the crew  
Of Pierre's boat omitted from the retinue !

## COLLEGE AND OTHER EARLY POEMS.

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### THE BARD'S LAST SONG.

OH! it was mine, when hope was young,  
And joy went leaping through my veins,  
E'er yet my harp was all unstrung,  
To call forth sweet and touching strains :  
And mine was once a master hand  
That blithely, skilfully could play ;  
The court, the camp could I command,  
By martial song or roundelay,  
The chieftain stormed, the lady wept,  
By turns as o'er the string I swept.

I am not what I was. My brow  
Is withered by the touch of time ;  
My brain is dull : and seldom now  
Feel I the flush of thought sublime :—  
The sombre livery of truth  
All things assume ; and fancy's beam,  
That shone upon the scenes of youth,  
Is fitful now ; and boyhood's dream  
Has fled ; and left this wasting form  
To bide, uncheered, the pelting storm.



And now, whene'er I strike the cords,  
Dim recollections of the past  
Dart through my anguished soul like swords :  
A spell-like madness o'er me cast,  
Distracts me, and I lightly touch  
My trembling fingers to the string,  
Then frantic turn away ! While such  
A horror, like some creeping thing,  
Comes o'er my shrinking soul, — that I,  
Madness and folly ! wish to die.

When Hope — sweet Hope ! — thy sister died,  
Why, Memory, didst thou not die ?  
Ye should be buried, side by side : —  
Yet stay : — I will not ask thee why :  
'Tis sad, and yet 'tis sweet, when all  
The loved, the beautiful have fled  
That thou hast power their shades to call —  
To wake the spirits of the dead : —  
Awhile they cheer, — to leave and doom  
Me only to a deeper gloom !

Would that I could die ! — for there is naught  
That has not made my life a blot ;  
No lovely flower I ever sought  
When I had gained it withered not :  
O, it was mine when hope was young,  
And joy went leaping through my veins,  
Ere yet my harp was all unstrung,  
To call forth sweet and touching strains ;  
What once I was, I may not be,  
Adieu ! adieu ! my harp, to thee !

## TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER! — 'Tis a summer's evening,  
And the moaning breeze is keeping  
Concord with my saddened spirit ; —  
Silent Nature now is weeping,  
Shedding, in each greenwood bower,  
Dewy tears on shrub and flower.

Mother! — moonbeams light are falling,  
Casting holy light around me,  
As they used in days of childhood,  
Ere the demon care had found me,  
Ere I knew life's pleasures cloying,  
Tasteless, scarcely worth enjoying.

Mother, — stars are bright above me,  
Glowing in the skies of even,  
Like the eyes of kindly angels,  
Watching from the heights of heaven,  
Like thine own, when love's bright beaming  
From their lustrous depths was streaming.

Mother, — thoughts of those last moments  
When thou kindly watched'st o'er me,  
In the time of early boyhood  
When the world was bright before me,  
Gently o'er my soul are stealing  
Quelling each unhallowed feeling.

Mother, — oft the recollection  
Of the lessons thou hast taught me  
Breaks of sin some spell-connection  
Which to ruin nigh have brought me,  
Like an angel's voice to call me  
Lest some evil should befall me.

Mother, — would that I could view thee !  
Would my longing eyes were gazing  
As they once were wont upon thee  
When thy lips thy boy wert praising,  
All else scarce were worth possessing  
Could I gain thy present blessing.

Mother, — Time has robbed thy ringlets  
Of their hues of glossy sable,  
Dimmed thine eye — thy forehead furrowed,  
But the mind — he will be able  
Ne'er to wrest its beauties from thee,  
Beauties which have aye become thee.

Mother, — friendship's links may sever,  
Love may fail for every other,  
But the heart will cherish ever  
Its affection for a mother !  
Death will only make it surer,  
Better — brighter — dearer — purer !

O SING THAT SONG AGAIN, SWEET BIRD.

O SING that song again, sweet bird, on that heart-  
thrilling strain,

Let thy sweet voice again be heard — O sing that song  
again !

Sing me that song once more, sweet bird, for when I  
hear thee sing

Deep thoughts within my heart are stirred, of life's de-  
parted spring !

The time of youth to me returns, when through the  
livelong day,

Or in the field, or by the brook, I joyously would stray,  
When little Julia, by my side, would roam the meadows  
through

While I would point, with boyish pride, where fairest  
flowers grew.

But ah ! the frosts of winter came, and cut down all  
my flowers,

And howling winds and drifting snows left bare the  
leafy bowers ;

Upon my gentle Julia's form the hand of death was laid,  
And with her flowers, 'neath the snow, her burial-place  
they made.

The spring returned, and blossoms fair again begemmed  
the earth

Again the blithe birds filled the air with overflowing  
mirth,

The skies again were beautiful, again the vernal breeze  
By turns skimmed lightly o'er the grass — and laughed  
among the trees.

But Julia came to me no more, nor in the echoing glen  
Her joyous laugh nor merry shout shall greet my ear  
again.

No more shall I behold her play the undergrowth among,  
Nor by the brooklets, "banks and braes," skip buoy-  
antly along !

O wither, leaves ! ye flowers, decay ! ye skies, grow dark  
again !

Cease, balmy winds, to blow so sweet ! Ye rack my  
heart with pain !

Sing not that song again, sweet bird, I would not hear  
thee sing !

I cannot bear the crowding thoughts of life's departed  
spring !



### THE EVENING WIND.

1845.

O COME, sit you down in the shade of the bower  
Where we have so often reclined,  
And list, as the bell tolls the sweet vesper hour,  
The song of the evening wind.

He sings of the love-burthened song of the fair,  
As she leans on the breast of her own,  
And he bears up to God the bereaved widow's prayer,  
And the manacled African's moan.

But to-morrow he'll tell you a different tale,  
He'll sing of deceit and despair,  
Betrayed by her loved one, the maniac's wail  
Rises up from the lips of the fair !

He'll sing of the joys of the Christian's last hour,  
Who ever in Christ put her trust,  
He'll sing how the soul is exalted in power  
As the body commingles with dust.

He'll sing how the bronzed Ethiopian rose,  
Though enslaved and oppressed now he be,  
And threw off the shackles of liberty's foes,  
In the strength of the God of the free !



### FOREST WORSHIP.

"The groves were God's first Temples." — BRYANT.

'TIS Sabbath morn, — and here beneath the shade  
We quiet sit. How good is He who bade  
The grass to grow, the flowers to deck the sod,  
The birds to sing — how good, how good, is God !

No noises here disturb ! The waving trees  
Breathe out new praises on each passing breeze,  
And spreading forth their branches to the sky,  
Return their thanks to Him who reigns on high.

The grateful blossoms lift their beaming eyes,  
In holy adoration to the skies,  
And shed their incense on the balmy air,  
While their sweet spirits rise in silent prayer.



Unruffled by the peaceful atmosphere,  
The silent lake reposes calm and clear,  
It brings to mind, 'tis so divinely bright,  
Life's flowing river in the realms of light !

The hour is holy — let us humbly bow,  
O, it is meet that we should worship now !  
If nature worships, man, more blest, should raise  
To his Creator, higher notes of praise.

## THE PRAYER.

“ Our Father, God, who art in heaven, the same  
To-day, forever, hallowed be thy name ;  
Thy kingdom come ; thy holy will be done,  
As 'tis by seraphim around the throne.

“ Give us this day our daily bread, and oh,  
Forgive our sins as we forgive each foe ;  
Let not temptation lead us e'er astray,  
But keep our feet from every evil way ;

“ For thine the kingdom is and thine the power,  
And thine the glory, now and evermore.

Amen.”

The listening angels hovering near,  
Bear our petitions to Jehovah's ear !

O 'tis an antepast of Heaven's bliss,  
To such a place, at such a time as this,  
To come, in the simplicity of youth,  
And worship God in spirit and in truth !

## A STORY BY SOMEBODY.

READ IN LYCEUM.

A GREAT while ago — it is no matter when  
I believe people never had measured time then —  
The Seasons by some sort of hap got together,  
And like other folks they conversed of the weather ;  
And matters in general they talked all about,  
Until talk-material had almost run out.  
Now Winter, since he was the only *beau* there,  
Felt bounden in duty to furnish the fair  
With occasional topics to while off the hours,  
To enable them, too, to develop their powers  
In innocent chat — (very proper) — and so,  
(Folks live now, too, who talk about what they least  
know,)

He spoke of the crops, the flowers, the trees,  
The fruits, and many such matters as these.  
“I believe,” said he, sagely, “it’s commonly found  
That the mass of our plants do not grow the year round ;  
An unfortunate thing, and one can but lament it,  
Don’t you think that some way might be found to pre-  
vent it ?”

Says Summer, “I often have seen with regret,  
That shoots I have taken the most care to set,  
While I watched them myself would grow joyous and  
bright,

But I never could trust them when out of my sight !  
I have tried when I fairly have got them agoing  
(Thinking now they were thrifty and beautiful growing,

I could rest me a little) to leave them to Autumn,  
Under her to develop the lessons I've taught 'em.  
But tho' she, the poor girl, has oft tried — (and she  
would,

I am quite sure, do all that she properly could) —  
To keep them in blossom when I was away,  
With a few slight exceptions has not for a day  
Been able to do so. The most she could do  
Has been to bring out some small flower or two."

"I'll tell you," said Winter, "let me have a try at 'em,  
Let a good severe snow-storm or so have a try at 'em ;  
I'll bet you before they saw more than one flurry  
They'd come to their wits, and that, too, in a hurry!"

"O brother," said Spring, "now how can you talk so?  
Dear Autumn's best efforts you sure only mock so!  
You know that she — sometimes — is a good-natured  
elf,

At others is almost as bad as yourself!"

"Don't be personal, pertness," said Autumn to Spring,  
"I can well understand the intent of your fling!"

"Pardon, sister," said Spring, "I meant not to offend,  
And folks should be judged but by what they intend."  
All talked now together ; and some things they oughter  
Not said were not taken down by the Reporter.

It was finally settled that Winter should try  
To bring life to those plants that were "ready to die,"  
And that if he should fail — an impossible thing  
As he thought — they then should be given to Spring.  
Well, the very next day — (Winter could not wait longer,  
He's very impatient) — it snowed — and a stronger  
Or more steady gale has but seldom been known,  
Since the earliest period, breezes have blown.

The frost nipped the flowers, and the wind took the wood.  
But the old forest trees still unflinchingly stood,  
With their myriad spears the storm they defied,  
And determined they *never would bud if they died!*  
So Winter resolved, by a dense guard of snow,  
To cut off if he could their supplies from below,  
With a thick wall of ice too, he cramped every bough,  
And his trumpeter Boreas tauntingly now  
Called out to surrender; the trees did not yield  
And showed not a symptom of quitting the field!  
For a tedious three months raged this terrible war  
Till Winter, discouraged and forced to give o'er,  
Withdrawing his forces he hurried them forth,  
And performed a most hasty retreat to the north.

And then came the Spring — arrayed as the queen  
Of a bright train of beings, the fairest, I ween,  
That earth in its happiest moments has seen.  
'Twould have done your heart good to have seen their  
    bright faces,  
There were Kindness and Hope, and the Loves and  
    the Graces,  
And they cheerily sped over brooklets and meads  
With bright clouds for their cars and the zephyrs as  
    steeds:  
And the birds in their joy warbled many a song  
To that beautiful band as they hurried along!  
And the young buds peeped out with inquisitive eye  
To look on the company as they passed by!  
And the old maple trees in their dignity stood,  
The pride of the forest — the Lords of the Wood, —  
Blossoms of exquisite mould they lavishly cast  
In the path of these beautiful ones as they passed:

And the delicate violets, modest and sweet,  
 Spread a carpet of purple and green for their feet :  
 Indeed every leaflet and every flower  
 In the field and the forest, in meadow and bower,  
 Vied with every other — in striving to show  
 Who on the new-comers most honor should throw!  
 The conquest was clear — the Spring had done what  
 The Winter with all of his forces could not.  
 The plants obeyed kindness — while little they recked  
 The harshness, that only their budding had checked.  
 The tale has a moral — if you but get hold of it,  
 I suppose that you scarcely would need to be told of it ;  
 When severity's thwarted, and rashness would fail,  
 Discretion and kindness will often prevail.



## OBERLIN IN 1849.

I LOVE thee, Oberlin ! — thy classic halls ! —  
 Thy woods and fields ! — thy peaceful, happy homes !  
 What though thou boastest not of massive walls ? —  
 Of frowning cliffs ? — of castellated domes ? —  
 Of antique abbey, through whose ruin roams  
 The ghost of murdered monk ? — what though thou art  
 Not beautiful nor picturesque ! — there comes  
 A feeling gushing from the inner heart,  
 And memories fresh of joys thou dost impart.

There is a beauty which the outer eye  
 Can never gaze upon : it blooms within :  
 Its lineaments deep in the spirit lie : —  
 This beauty — it is thine, sweet Oberlin !

For thou art constant striving still to win  
This wand'ring world back to its god again !

Thou stemmest ever the deep tide of sin,  
That swells up like the heaving of the main,  
And floods the earth with drifts of woe and pain !

No child of Venus thou ! A holier love

Begat thee, peaceful village, than e'er sprung  
Within the breast unsanctified. The dove

Of innocence dwells thy retreats among :  
And o'er thy halls his sanctity has flung  
The Elohim of Israel : and spite

And hate within thee seldom find a tongue :—  
Thou enemy of old Oppression's night !—  
Minerva armed and battling for the right !

Thou refuge of the fugitive ! The slave,

When struggling through the morass dark and dense ;  
When horrors thicken on him, and his brave  
And manly spirit falters ; when intense,  
And reaching to the inmost soul, the sense  
Of desolation pierces him : sweet Hope

Lights up his eye, and drives its sadness thence :  
She points to thee : new joys upon him ope  
Like the revealings of the telescope !

And when the baying of the hound has died  
Far in the distance, and the horse's tramp  
No longer echoes on the river side —

When in the deep recesses of the damp  
And dismal forest, with his little lamp  
He lights his morning fire — (for the night



Permits him not to sleep, but he must camp  
Before the tree-tops catch the early light,  
Or fall a victim to the law of might!) —

Then will he think of thee — for he has heard  
That there is yet an unpolluted spot  
Where freedom dwells, and every heart is stirred  
To indignation, at the laws that blot  
The pages of our statute books; and not  
The very tools of slavery, if there be  
One such within its precincts, (and I wot  
That, Oberlin, some whilom were in thee,)  
Would dare when there to bend the servile knee!

Thus hath the bondman heard: and as he pants  
With weariness, and rests his tired feet,  
He thinks of thee, as of the blessed haunts  
Of liberty, fair goddess! and the seat  
Of all that's good on earth, or that is meet  
To dwell in human hearts; and as he dreams  
His grief-worn breast becomes with bliss replete,  
For he to tread thy longed-for forests seems,  
And thy sweet image on his vision gleams.

And though he wake and find it but a dream,  
Yet, when the welcome night has thrown her veil  
Upon the world again, and on him gleam  
The quiet stars, and on the northern gale  
A thousand sprites come whispering the tale —  
“Bondman, there's hope for thee!” he'll start anew,  
He'll stem the torrent rushing down the vale —  
He'll climb the steep, and press the cane-brake through,  
For thou wilt be upon his spirit's view!

Yes, Oberlin, I love thee ! Yet hast thou  
No relative of mine — no kith nor kin ;  
With me around thy praying circles bow  
Nor father, mother, brother ; nor within  
That favored hall, whose walls have ever been  
Blessed with the presence of the clustering fair,  
Is there for me a sister, who might win  
Me thus to love thee, and to keep Despair  
From hovering ever on the brow of Care !

No ties of kindred bind me thus to thee !  
Nor hast thou joys that in my native state —  
The Empire State — came bubbling up as free  
As the fresh fountains from her beds of slate :  
No sinful pleasures thine, that ever sate  
And sicken those who taste their honeyed springs :  
No sports unhallowed, which the heart elate  
A moment, and then leave a thousand stings —  
And Conscience, thy dread, silent whisperings !

No meretricious ornaments are thine :  
No jewelled rings : no necklaces of gold  
Upon thy modest maidens ever shine :  
No ostentation of the wealth untold  
Of Ind or California ; no cold  
And heartless nabobs can within thee dwell  
For thou to aid the helpless ones art bold :—  
Upon thee Piety has thrown a spell,  
Like that of Freedom on the dauntless Tell !

Thine is the meek and quiet spirit : thine  
A people happy, humble, and devout ;  
The praying circle thine : and joys divine

Shut from the bosoms of thy children out  
The gloomy spectres of Despair and Doubt :  
And holy Love, and Christian Charity,  
The fiends of Discord and Contention rout :  
The marshaled hosts of Sin in terror flee,  
Affrighted even at the thought of thee !

And then I love thee for the tender ties  
Of friendship, which my willing spirit bind :  
A thousand forms upon my memory rise  
Of kindred beings, who upon my mind  
Impress indelible have left of kind,  
And sympathizing deeds and feelings, which  
Have soothed me oft when I with sadness pined :  
Yet not by praise : — they could not make me rich : —  
They keyed my soul to their own hallowed pitch !

I love thee, Oberlin ! For thou hast dared  
To take a high, an elevated stand,  
For God's oppressed and poor ; and thou hast bared  
The sword of truth for right and freedom ; and  
Hast lifted up thy voice, that through the land,  
From Florida to Oregon, the toil  
Of every laborer shall bless his hand :  
No force shall cower, and no art shall foil ! —  
Thy motto ever — "FREEDOM AND FREE SOIL !"

I blame thee not, because thou wert deceived  
To cast thy vote for New York's favored son :  
Thy simple, unsuspecting heart believed  
The crafty tale : and thou didst think him one  
Whom thou couldst place the trust of state upon :  
Yet is he but the wily politician,

Who would, if he the wages might have won,  
Have kneeled to slavery! Pardon the suspicion, —  
But he is still the Kinderhook magician!

To ALL the people — and through ALL the land,  
Thou shouldst the boon of freedom aim to cast!  
Not stoop to let the haughty southron brand  
The stamp of slavery, where from spire and mast,  
Unshackled, proudly floats upon the blast,  
The star-gemmed banner of a nation free!  
No line, that once a child of Freedom passed  
May be again enslaved, should ever be,  
Nor most of all, be by consent of thee!

Thy friends have sometimes trembled for thee, when  
Thy towering intellects upon the field  
Of free discussion met. For thine are men  
Who what they deem the truth will never yield,  
Till death in silence hath their lips ensealed.  
Such fear is groundless! Bigotry and Hate  
Have long, too long, the streams of thought congealed!  
Give then those streams free course, and let debate  
Sift every question both of church and state!

It frights me not to see the earnest clash  
Of independent and opposing thought!  
Give me the eye that will not shrink to flash  
Its indignation, in the face of aught  
It deems untruthful — and will quail at naught!  
Give me the heart that with its theme grows warm;  
When with phlogiston the foul air is fraught,  
Then let the lightning scathe corruption's form!  
Welcome we then the thunder and the storm!

Then with the petrel on her restless wing,  
We look with gladness on the heaving flood!  
The tempest then is a most pleasing thing!  
Such "discord, harmony" well "understood!"  
Such "partial evil, universal good!"

Then as thou art, continue yet to be!  
Thy mind diverse as is the varied wood,  
Thy speech unshackled—and thy thought as free  
As the winged lightning or the chainless sea!

And woman, too, can here assert her right  
To be man's equal—not his serf, his tool:  
Not here is she debarred of mental light—  
The light of science: not here must the rule—  
"Woman must bend beneath her master's stool,  
And humbly listen to his high behest,"

Be law and gospel! No—here is a school  
Where intellect, however it be dressed  
In sex and color, blessing, may be blest!

"Genius no color—Genius knows no sex!"  
Nature has stamped upon creation's brow  
This noble truth, to harass and to vex  
The tyrant from its birth-time until now!  
And it must be—it shall be! Heedless how  
The tiger in his toils may writhe and foam;  
Man shall not always to his brother bow,  
Nor woman be man's victim!—for the gnome  
Of sin shall fall beneath his tottering dome!

## FREEDOM'S DAWNING.\*

THE light of Freedom beameth !  
The misty shadows flee !  
Shout, bondman ! for there gleameth  
A ray of hope for thee !  
Dispel thy grief and sadness ; —  
There greets thee, from above,  
That "better time" of gladness,  
Of liberty and love !

And thou, disfranchised freeman ! —  
Not now shall miscalled law  
Hang o'er thee like a demon,  
To keep thy soul in awe !  
Let gladness in thee waken ! —  
God all thine ills shall cure !  
Another step is taken ! —  
Thy "Final Triumph's sure !"

Be not of hope forsaken :  
Let joy gleam in thine eye :  
Thine oath may now be taken,  
And not be deemed a lie !  
Uncared thy hue or order,  
Unheeded whence thou come,  
Within Ohio's border,  
Thou now can'st find a home !

\* Written for and sung at the meeting in Commemoration of the Repeal of the Ohio Black Laws, held Feb. 21, 1849, in the church at Oberlin. The Repeal was effected on Feb. 7.



Though statutes erst have bound thee,  
And close thy chains were sealed —  
Those chains are falling round thee! —  
Those statutes are repealed!  
And soon with every other,  
Of every hue and clan,  
Thou'lt be an *equal brother* —  
AN EQUAL BROTHER-MAN!

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## A SKETCH.

'TIS midnight, — hour of peace and rest:  
And bird and blossom sweet are sleeping:  
The moon has long since sought the west  
With watching wearied; but are keeping  
The stars their tireless vigils still,  
O'er lake and streamlet, vale and hill.

'Tis midnight: — and upon the wave  
The night doth her enchantments fling;  
All — all is silent as the grave  
Save the dark waters murmuring —  
Scarce rippling, regular and slow  
In mellow harmony they flow.

They glow beneath the brilliant stars  
That thickly stud the bending sky,  
The light south wind that scarcely mars  
Their surface, gently passes by.  
Sweet spirit! O it emblems well  
Thine, Holy One of Israel!

Where'er thou art — if pressed with grief,  
If sorrow weighs thy spirit down,  
If thou wouldst seek and find relief  
From man's cold smile and withering frown,  
If thou dost loathe the world and find  
No kindred spirit in thy kind —

Come when repose the midnight brings,  
When every breeze that hurries by  
Seems rustling of an angel's wings,  
And every star an angel's eye,  
Seek then thy God. The woes you feel  
He knows — and knowing he will heal !

This is his fitting temple ; — these  
Rough rocks his altars ; — here their hymn  
The waves swell to the passing breeze  
Like the full song of seraphim :  
Here, Father, man may well to thee  
Lift up the voice, and bend the knee !

List ! — 'tis a footstep : Who art thou,  
Thou stranger, that thou dost intrude  
Thy presence at this hour ? how !  
A lady ? in this solitude ?  
At midnight too ? Hush ! on the air  
Come the low tones of whispered prayer.

“ Father, receive my lifted cry : —  
My husband — be his God — his guide !  
O, when the tempest fearfully  
Is raging, safely may he ride !  
Thou Ruler of the storm, be near  
To shield him, and he need not fear !

“Remember, too, his babes, that he  
So dearly loves: watch over them:  
Keep them from sin and danger free:  
Thou knowest that a diadem  
He would not prize so high:—O keep  
Those loved ones, Father, as they sleep.”

She ceases:—now she looks afar  
Out on the wave, but she can see  
Naught but the heaving deep; there are  
No traces there of life—the free  
Winds course unhindered:—with a sigh,  
She wipes a tear-drop from her eye.

She stands a moment, and then turns  
And leaves the beach. I am alone  
Again with God. O, how there burns  
Within the soul, when one is thrown  
Upon himself, the flames of thought,  
The fire from God's own altar caught!

Here is the place for thought. The sea  
That rolls beneath—the hidden wrecks  
Within its bosom—ships that be  
Upon its surface—with their decks  
And holds, with richest treasure fraught,  
All—all are fruitful themes of thought.

And then the calmness of the hour  
Sheds hallowed influence on the soul,  
We know, and own, and feel its power,  
And willing yield to its control;  
Sweet foretaste of that promised rest,  
In the bright mansions of the blest.

But hark! A rumbling sound is heard,  
The distant thunder low and deep;  
Now startled screams the wild sea-bird,  
The waves no more in silence sleep —  
And storm-clouds marshal in the sky  
Their deadliest artillery!

Earth echoes back the horrid din!  
While fiercely gleams the light above  
Through the black folds, as when on sin  
Flashes the angered eye of Jove,  
Heaven weeps a flood; and over all  
Spreads the dense darkness like a pall!

The hostile sea bears to the land:  
The rocks a serried front present:  
They meet the rushing billows — and  
The leaping waves asunder rent,  
By the sharp juttings, howl and roar  
And powerless fall upon the shore!

See in the fitful light — a bark  
Far in the eastern horizon —  
Again she's lost amid the dark!  
O, sailors, lift your orison  
And nerve each sinewy arm! O, haste  
Armed death is on the water's waste!

Close-reefed the vessel rides the sea:  
Now on the billow's topmost height,  
Anon she drops down gracefully,  
And almost vanishes from sight!  
Seems hovering o'er her trembling form  
The shadowy spirit of the storm!

“All hands on deck!” The word is given  
And scarcely given ere obeyed;  
The pilot eyes the scowling heaven,  
And he, who never was afraid,  
Though billows were like mountains piled,  
Shrinks now, and trembles like a child.

“O God!” he cries, “wilt thou not spare  
To me, though I have sinned, my life?  
Hear, righteous Father! hear my prayer!  
Not for myself, but O, my wife  
And my sweet babes, for them and her,  
Spare, Father, spare the mariner!”

Alas! his urgent prayer is vain:  
The bark is tossed midway in air —  
Her topmasts kiss the waves: again  
She rights: “My hearties, don’t despair!”  
He cries. But ah — the vessel tossed  
Upon her beams — reels — sinks — she’s lost!

Night now withdraws her sable pall,  
The blithe morn glides across the sea;  
The storm has ceased its raging — all  
Again is calm, and peacefully  
Now heaves the bosom of the deep  
As breast of innocence in sleep!

Nor gather clouds their threatening — nor  
Across the skies the thunders run —  
Shout the rude billows on the shore —  
Laugh the glad waters in the sun;  
Which now lights up the smiling sky,  
As joy-beams light a maiden’s eye!

But O ! when sorrow on the soul,  
Sits like a midnight incubus,  
When waves of anguish o'er us roll  
What then are smiling skies to us ?  
Their joyousness seems but to be  
A mocking of our misery.

The wreck lies beating on the beach,  
And shattered masts, and riven spars,  
And human corpses, each with each,  
Lie intermingled : lusty tars  
In whose strong breasts last eve were leaping  
Life's currents, with the dead are sleeping.

Oh ! who upon that scene could look  
Nor think of her with widowed heart,  
Of all her earthly hopes forsook ?  
From what unfeeling breast would start  
No deep-drawn sigh — and for her woe  
Where is the eye that would not flow ?

She saw the wreck — she saw the face  
Of him, her idol and her pride,  
Enstamped with death's cold seal — the trace  
Of the destroyer saw and died !  
Died like the ivy with the oak  
When rife by the thunder stroke !

She looked upon him as he lay  
Half covered with the bursting surge —  
She looked and shrieked — and fell — and they  
Received a common grave and dirge.



## THE PETITION.

**G**UILTY before thee,  
Helpless, undone,  
May I adore Thee,  
Merciful One?

Unto thine altar  
Dare I draw nigh?  
Let me not falter!—  
Let me not die.

Ah, me! a sinner,  
I may not come  
Unto the inner  
Court of thy dome!

There thine immortal  
Cherubim are,  
But by the portal  
Stand I afar!

Sin has undone me,  
But thou hast died!  
Have mercy on me,  
O crucified!

Dwellers in heaven  
Shout it aloud!  
I am forgiven!  
Glory to God!

## THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

(WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.)

IT is not the deep-heaving sigh —  
It is not the gush of a tear —  
It is not the languishing glance of the eye,  
Nor the grasp of the hand, nor the parting "good-bye,"  
Nor words the heart holds dear : —  
None of these ! — No, there's nothing of fashion or art  
That can show that true friendship is held in the heart !

Yet think not that these I despise :  
I would not thus lightly esteem  
The tiniest link in the beautiful chain  
That binds in communion the spirits of men ! —  
Such links all these I deem !  
But the false and the wicked may use them amiss,  
E'en the Saviour of men was betrayed by a kiss !

If sympathy dwells in the soul  
It aye will discover its own,  
A spell which we cannot and would not control  
Rests on us — we feel it — 'tis over the whole  
Of the friendly circle thrown.  
Thy friendship is mine, my friendship is thine !  
No symbol is needed — we care for no sign !



## LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

IF 'tis sweet to have the record  
Of the names of friends — of those  
Dear ones who drive from the checkered  
Sky of life, its gathering woes —

Woes that threaten — woes that lower  
Like the tempest-nursing cloud —  
Woes at which our spirits cower,  
And by which our souls are bowed :

If when severed hearts are lonely,  
It be sweet to look upon,  
Words the absent traced — though only  
But a line ;—and if we con  
Frequently this kind expression  
Of the feelings of the heart ;  
And of this, if the impression  
Never wholly may depart ;

May we not suppose, Lucina,  
There's an album kept above,  
By the Saviour ? (where combine a  
Thousand tokens of his love !)  
Where he writes each thought and saying  
Of His friends, and O, how blest,  
If, by his commands obeying,  
Ours be found among the rest !



## CALIFORNIA—THE INVITATION.

1850.

“COME from the workshop and the farm,  
Ye strong of limb and stout of heart,  
Gird up the loin and bare the arm,  
Hang up the implements of art !  
Why care ye for your homesteads old,  
Come to the land of gold !

“ Husband — who just hast called a bride  
To decorate and rule thy home,  
Father — around whose fireside  
The buds of love are clustering come!  
Leave them or bring them — but be bold —  
Come to the land of gold !

“ Come from beneath the polar star,  
In whose cold light the icebergs gleam,  
Come from New England’s hills afar,  
From Hoosac’s heights, and Hudson’s stream ;  
Ohio’s sons — ye noble-souled,  
Come to the land of gold !

“ Lay off the ermine — whom the law  
Hath made its minister and priest !  
Physician — leave the knife and saw,  
And let the worm enjoy his feast !  
Why need another shroud unfold ?  
Come to the land of gold !

“ Come by the desert and the sea !  
By mountain pass and rocky way !  
Come ! though the waves should yawn for thee,  
Or thou shouldst keep the wolves at bay,  
Sleepless and armed — unfed and cold —  
Come to the land of gold ! ”

They went without a sigh, without regret,  
The princely merchant and his whiskered clerk,  
And stalwart smith, begrimed with dirt and sweat,  
The husbandman with sinews strong for work,  
The politician with his practised smirk,

The dainty fop, the yeomen of the world,  
Christian and Jew, Frank, African, and Turk,  
With portly bishops, crosiered, shaved, and stoled,  
Their scattered flocks forgotten in the thirst for gold!

They went — a motley and unguided mass,  
Each with his hair unkempt and matted beard;  
His table and his couch alike, the grass,  
His visage with the sunbeams seamed and seared,  
Whence spectral eyes, with look suspicious peered;  
Now on he tugged — now vacantly gazed back,  
Now with a song his sinking mules he cheered,  
Now halting, tighter girt his muddy pack,  
Then pressed again along his melancholy track!

They went — and many perished on the way,  
They starved upon the dreary roadside where  
The wolf and buzzard found a ready prey;  
Or sunk beneath the sun's distressing glare;  
Or in the desert on the ashy air,  
Smothered and died in agony untold:  
Or else the savage, howling from his lair,  
Sprang on them as the wolf upon the fold!  
Still others filled their place — such is the lust for gold!

I may not longer weave my lay — too long  
I've trespassed on your patience even now,  
Yet, Christian, think not mine an idle song,  
'Tis fraught with solemn truth! With ready prow  
For sordid wealth, a thousand vessels plow  
The boiling deep, with daring souls well manned!  
The votaries of Mammon ask not *how*  
Their will may be accomplished! They command  
And it is done! There lacketh neither heart nor hand!

But ask for men to work for God, and you  
Are turned away unheeded, and the laugh  
Of scorn is yours. Except a chosen few,  
Men all have bended to the golden calf,  
Whose bitter ashes they must sometimes quaff!  
His hand shall smite, where falls his lifted staff!  
Their direful punishment no pen may write!  
Distress, and pain, and anguish, through eternal night.

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## THE DROP.

A LITTLE drop from a rose's cup,  
Looked out upon the sky,  
And wistfully peered in the depths of blue,  
With its sparkling, tiny eye,  
And saw the stars, in their sapphire cars,  
As they rode in grandeur by.

Again it saw the gilded clouds,  
Bright boats in the upper sea,  
Where spirits gay, in gladness play,—  
No breakers on the lea,  
Nor wandering ghost of mariner lost  
To check their revelry.

But O, a sight more glorious still  
Came o'er its raptured gaze,  
The sky had changed, and it saw the bow  
Which the Merciful One displays,  
When the trembling wood fears the thunder and flood,  
And the lightning's livid blaze!



It thought it a path to Paradise,  
Or a bridge by angels trod,  
Or perhaps it was heaven itself, the arch  
That hung o'er the throne of God !  
As it eagerly sought, it could see what it thought  
The spirits awaiting his nod.

Then it wished for the wings of a swallow to fly  
Away to that glorious land :—  
Just then a ray of light came down,  
And like a silver wand,  
Transformed it into vapor as thin  
As the scent from the lavender fanned.

Then it rapidly rose upon the air,  
Over lofty dome and spire,  
As swift as the lark, or the springing spark,  
From the widow's funeral pyre,  
Till it mingled to share, with its sisters there,  
Its innermost heart's desire.

Thus we may gaze, till we forget  
Earth's charms, its joy, its love ;  
Thus gazed the seer in Patmos, when  
The spirit taught him of  
The golden streets, and gates of pearl  
In that bright realm above.

As the glittering drop in the rose's cup,  
Which the sunbeam stoops to kiss,  
We too may rise ; but we must first  
Transfer our thoughts from this  
Our gross and earthly sphere, if we  
Would reach that land of bliss.

"WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

1850.

OH, why are ye idle? There's work to be done,  
And a task allotted to every one —  
The world needs your labor — and you need it too,  
Gird yourself for the work — there is something to do!

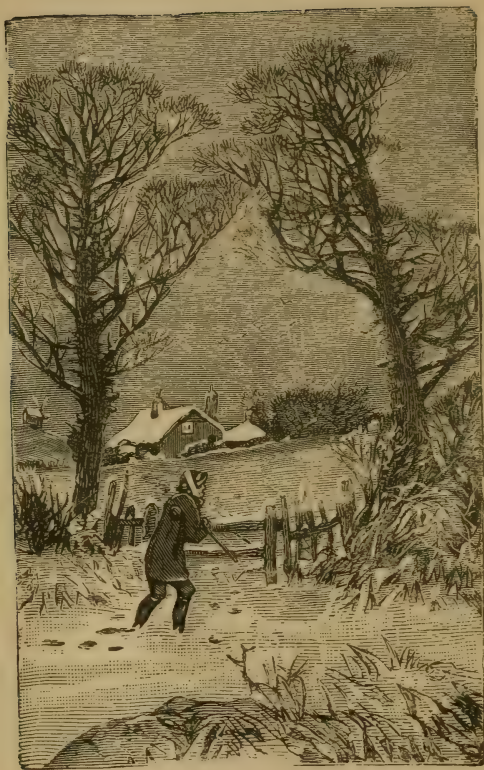
Your bodies are puny — your muscles are weak,  
And a dull saffron hue dyes your brow and your cheek!  
And your mind! Oh, for shame! you were better with  
none,  
Than to let it rust thus! There is work to be done!

There is grain to be reaped; there are lands to be tilled;  
There are backs to be clothed; there are mouths to be  
filled!  
The mission of Labor has scarcely begun —  
Then why are ye idle? There's work to be done!

There's a slave in the South; and the terrible mesh  
Of the iron of bondage wears deep in his flesh!  
And Humanity weeps over mother and son  
To the cotton-field doomed! There is work to be done!

There are factories where by the lamp's yellow light  
The sick and the famishing toil all the night!  
There are mines, whose wan inmates ne'er look on the  
sun,  
And they perish uncared for! There's work to be  
done!





"WINTER, COLD AND BARE."

There are couches of pain, where the fever-fiend's  
breath

Hath scorched the pale victim, and marked him for  
death—

Perchance there are those who by thee might be won  
From the jaws of the monster—there's work to be  
done!

There are hearts piled in heaps on the plains where the  
gore

In libations has poured to the demons of war!

And the sword of the Goth—and the torch of the Hun,  
Are the heirloom of nations! There is work to be  
done!

There are dark-minded men in the isles of the sea,  
Bowing down in the grossness of idolatry;  
By the dark Ganges side—and where boils in the sun  
The turbid Gaboon, there is work to be done!

“Life is real!” O, think ye who trifle with time  
And pamper your lusts with the wages of crime—  
O, think you, the glance of the judge ye can shun?  
Rouse ye then!—to your labor! There's work to be  
done!



## A WINTER SONG.

'TIS winter—gloom invests the earth  
And overhangs the sky;  
The heavy clouds, on wood and stream,  
Are frowning sullenly;

The frost's chill hand has touched the brook  
That warbled in its bed—  
Its fitful pulse has ceased to beat  
Beneath the ice we tread!

But though the gusts howl o'er the hills,  
And from the maddened gale,  
The snow in drifts is hurrying  
To hide it in the dale;  
And to the tempest bends the trees,  
The maple and the linn,  
Yet reck we not the storm without  
If there be calm within!

No matter whether by the fire,  
Or in the pelting storm,  
The cold wind ne'er can chill our joys,  
If but the heart be warm!  
Aye, there may be a calm within  
The blast may strive to reach  
As vainly as the ocean waves  
To overleap the beach!

---

SONNET.

FATHER—to thee anew I consecrate  
Myself and all I e'er may hope to be;  
Take thou the offering—it belongs to thee;  
And O, do thou thyself so increate  
Thyself within me that all lust and hate  
And pride and sin of every form may flee!  
O, Father, stamp thine image thus on me  
That I may be like thee immaculate!



Ask I too much? Has not thy word been given  
To us, "Be holy for that I am holy?"  
And did our Saviour, thy Co-equal Son,  
Bid us be perfect as our Sire in heaven?  
I plead thy promise. If this be not folly  
O make me like thyself—thou Holy One!

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## THE CONVERTS' MEETING.

IT was eve in the winter—her reign in the sky  
The "pale empress of night" had yet scarcely  
begun,

The angel-winged cloudlets flew hurriedly by  
As blushing they fled from the kiss of the sun.

It was eve in the winter, and early for prayer  
The young converts had gathered them as they were  
wont,

In the session-room over the church entry, where  
The souls had been washed in the heavenly font.

O hour of bliss! What wonder they raise  
Their hands and their hearts in thanksgiving to Him  
Who hath left them no shadow to darken their days  
To sadden their souls, and their Hope-light to dim.

How child-like, how simple, how sweet were their  
words!

Yet how far were they all that is earthly above!  
How they went to the heart and its tenderest chords  
Attuned to the tones of contrition and love!

It was eve in the winter — I may not forget  
For the gay and the giddy were treading the dance,  
The measured quadrille and the light minuet,  
And proud hearts were melting to beauty's soft  
glance.

And the pearls on her brow and the gold on her arms  
Shone brilliant by lamplight and aided to win —  
And the shower of curls scarcely guarded her charms  
As she moved like a sylph — *in the mazes of sin!*

What wealth could procure and what fancy devise,  
And what luxury pampered could crave for were  
there,  
But however enchanting, it could not entice  
Those converts away from their meeting of prayer!



LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

THE treasured memories of years —  
The choicest of Affection's sheaves,  
Mementoes of a thousand fears,  
Hopes, griefs, rejoicings, smiles and tears,  
Are gathered on these leaves.

Distant, but still to fancy near,  
Perchance thou now art thinking of  
Friends who, to recollection dear,  
At parting kindly left thee here  
The token of their love.

Here are the traces of the dead,  
The delicate or heavy hand,  
Of fair or stalwart forms—all fled  
From the loved haunts they used to tread,  
Fled to the spirit land.

As from a hero's tomb, a law  
Within me, bids turn me thence  
In meek humility and awe,  
So from these pages I withdraw  
My hand in reverence.



## THE PARTING.

“KISS me, dearest maid, and then  
Part we: Must—ah—must we part?  
Nay, another!—yet again.  
Dearest! O, how dear thou art!

“How I love thee! Must I go?  
What a moment this to us!  
Stay, thine arms around me throw!  
O, good bye! It must be thus!

“Can we leave each other? O,  
Can I live without thee, love?  
Time is flying!—I must go!  
God be with thee, tender dove!

“God be with thee! Shall we kneel?—  
Let us, loved one—kneel and pray!—  
He's our Father—He can feel  
For his children!—Shall we?—Say?”

Sweet the maiden whispered — “yes,”  
Then they kneeled, that plighted pair,  
And the tones of tenderness  
Changed to tones of earnest prayer.

If 'tis e'er to mortals given,  
To foreknow the bliss above,  
'Tis when earth thus reaches heaven —  
And religion blesses love!

---

TO JEANNE.

NEVER art thou absent, dearest,  
From my thoughts by night or day;  
Nay, I know not whether nearest  
Thou art now when far away,  
Or wast when to me I won thee  
And as *mine* first looked upon thee.

Much I think of thee, and often,  
And the pangs of exile thus  
Does Imagination soften;  
Memory, too, mysterious,  
Wondrous power, oft dispenses  
Uncontrolled, her influences.

Days I've spent with thee, bright, joyous,  
Full of Hope and Love, again  
Come to me, when to annoy us  
There was naught, and naught of pain:  
Life can not be dark and gloomy,  
Memory's light is left unto me!

Thus I sit and thoughtful ponder  
On the ties that bind our hearts—  
It is said a soul may wander,  
Moved by strange and mystic arts,  
From its tenement released, clairvoyant,  
And on unseen pinions buoyant.

It is said it thus may visit  
Absent ones, the hearts beloved,  
Is it true? I know not. Is it  
Thus when dear ones are removed  
That sometimes in dreams of beauty  
Memory is recalled to duty?

If 'tis false there is no danger  
In the influence it brings,  
Why not true? It is not stranger  
Than a thousand truthful things;  
And to me 'tis passing pleasant  
Now, Jeanne, to deem thee present.

Never absent art thou, dearest,  
Never do I thee forget;  
To my vision thou appearest  
When the seal of sleep is set  
On my eye and lip;—a seeming  
Like to thee comes in my dreaming.

---

LOVE SONG.

IMITATION OF BURNS.

MY love is gazing on the moon,  
And thinking of her absent one.  
I'll gaze upon the moon with her,  
As Luna's earnest worshipper.

Yet 'tis not that I reverence thee,  
Phoenicia's ancient deity;  
But light my love doth shed on thee,  
Is sweet reflected back to me.

Yet faithless mirror, why purloin  
The choicest of thy trust divine?  
The warmth she giveth why withhold?  
Thy beams are bright — but cold — how cold!

But Jenny's heart is warm and free,  
And that warm heart she gave to me;  
And from her eyes gleam, as they rove,  
Love's light with all the warmth of love.



### I AM LONELY.

1850.

I AM lonely, so lonely,  
When parted from thee!  
My loved one, my only,  
O, hasten to me!

When I left thee, my own one,  
The woods were yet green  
With the leafage of summer,  
With emerald sheen!  
And the field corn unhardened  
Was still in its milk!  
And its leaves waved like pennons,  
Like sashes in silk!



---

And the wheat stalks which quarried  
The grain from the soil,  
On their shoulders were bearing  
The fruit of their toil!

I am lonely, so lonely!  
When parted from thee!  
My loved one, my only,  
O hasten to me!

In the gay robes of autumn,  
Now dresses the wold,  
The black-walnut in silver,  
The maple in gold.  
And the ripe stacks are standing,  
Like tents in the yard;  
With a few scattered sheaves left  
Like soldiers on guard!  
And the sky has grown mellow,  
Like fruit in the sun!  
O how long since I left thee,  
My beautiful one!

I am lonely, so lonely!  
When parted from thee!  
My loved one, my only,  
O hasten to me!

Soon the dark storms of winter,  
Shall frown from the north:  
And the time when the snow hordes,  
Come issuing forth

On the glories of summer,  
Like Vandals on Rome,  
And the winds are a tempest!—  
When that time shall come,  
Yet, the storm and the darkness,  
I'll welcome them here!  
They are sunlight and beauty,  
If the loved one be near!

But I'm lonely—so lonely,  
When parted from thee!  
My loved one, my only,  
O hasten to me!

---

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

WELL mayst thou hold the records dear;  
A hallowed pleasure they impart:  
Belovèd ones have copied here  
The dearer records of the heart.

And Memory may forget the trust,  
Which was committed to her care;  
Or Time may cover o'er with dust  
The tablet she received so fair.

And friends whom Hope had promised firm  
May sometimes let affection rove;  
Or absence like a canker worm,  
Eat out the very heart of love.

And then a book, a lock of hair,  
A simple verse at parting penned,  
May make thee unforgotten, where  
Thou wouldst without have lost a friend.

Then, banished to a distant land,  
Love will not change with change of clime,  
For Memory, with careful hand,  
Will brush away the dust of Time.

Then ever hold these pages dear,  
From choicer wealth thou canst not part ;  
The absent and the loved have here  
Transcribed the records of the heart.



## PRIDE.

THE proud man, what is he, and to what shall I  
compare him ?

He is the leaf, that, breaking from the forest tree that  
bare it,

(For he seemeth independent of his fellows and of  
God)

Flies off disdainfully, delighted with its freedom,  
And knoweth not that Death hath already marked his  
victim, —

That all its gorgeous tintings are the sacrificial gar-  
lands, —

That the breeze that bears it loftily, like a monarch in  
his triumph,

Conveys it to disgrace — to its final destination

Among rottenness and filth, and the slime of loathsome reptiles,

Where beasts shall tread upon it, and the ugly earth-worm eat it!

Pride is a cancer in the character of manhood;

It preyeth on the soul and defraudeth it of glory;

Yet it knoweth not of shame; though a loathsome putrefaction,

It keeps its place among the godlike lineaments of beauty.

Pride—what is it? and to what shall I compare it?

It is the fair and round apple that doth hang upon an oak—

A dust is within it, suffocating and disgusting,

And offensive to the pure, as the savor of tobacco!

Yet there is a proper spirit, which is oftentimes mis-called,

Which the ignorant mistake, and suppose it to be pride:

There's a consciousness of worth, and a sense of innate merit,

Which wisdom may not blame, nor philosophy condemn.

It is like the gorgeous bloom of the magnolia grandiflora,

As it rises to the sky in its dignity and strength;

Let it wave its massive boughs, and display its huge proportions,

For it has whereof to boast, and with all its flowery antlers,

There is nothing more of show than comporteth with its worth.

Thus, when the child of Genius assumes his fitting station,

Propriety is never shocked, but smileth an approval,  
E'en though that station be among the greatest of the  
great.

But the simpleton that thinketh to climb above his  
betters,

And holds his head aloft, and scorneth them a glance,  
Shall feel full soon the meaning of the word of inspira-  
tion —

“Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit  
before a fall.”



FADED FLOWERS.

THE flowers have faded I received from thee:

Alas, thus every thing of earth is blighted!

It blooms and it evanishes, and we

Ere yet Hope's transient taper scarce is lighted,

See in its rays each fond-loved object flee!

Friends die or change — no matter which — affection

Is ever blasted if of earth it be,

And wounds the spirit with its recollection.

But there's a land whose flowers ever bloom,

No mildews blight nor scorching sunbeams wither,

And plants of earth new beauties do assume,

And hues unfading if transplanted thither.

And if thou there shouldst gather a bouquet,

O how its modest graces would become thee!

A single leaflet would not fall away,

No envious hand should ever pluck it from thee!

# MISCELLANEOUS.

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OTTERBEIN.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

COULD we look through the shadows that hang o'er  
the morning,

And see how the sun breaketh up through the night,  
Would we ever despair of beholding him turning  
The dark clouds to visions of glory and light?

Would we pause to reflect upon all that's unpleasant,  
And foster our sorrow, and sigh o'er our shame?  
No, our spirits would leap from the gloom of the present,  
And drink of the goblets of noon e'er they came!

And shall Hope, with her dreams of prosperity, shun us,  
When the windows of Otterbein gleam in the morn?  
And the sun of success is just dawning upon us,  
Though still, by the mist, of his beams he be shorn?

No, our fancy shall paint us the students that ramble,  
Alone, or in groups, through the fields and the  
groves,  
Where the gopher and hare in the summer-time  
gambol,  
And the red squirrel gathers the nuts which he loves.



Where the sycamores stoop o'er the bank of the river,  
And daintily moisten their locks in the stream,  
And the wind in the branches is laughing forever,  
Like a lost one that seeth his home in a dream!

As they talk of the past, of its hope and its sorrow,  
In their respite from study, while wandering thus,  
They will mention *our* names, and the pledge of good  
morrow,  
Will blend with the promise to imitate us!



## THE SLAVER'S CATECHUMENS.

WE lie beneath the slaver's deck,  
Rotting and steaming, cheek to cheek!  
With ulcered bones forever aching!  
With hearts despairing, breaking—breaking!  
A missionary voyage taking!

The missionary o'er our heads—  
We hear him as he nightly treads;  
We hear his voice as he rehearses  
His merry Bacchanalian verses,  
And blends commands with christian curses!

He treads the deck, with sword and dirk,  
And pistols for his pious work!  
His life, with blood and goodness florid,  
Beams from his snaky eye, and forehead  
By passion seamed and sword-cut scarred!

With inner joy our souls should glow,  
Dreaming upon that holy brow,  
Where murderous deeds have left their traces,  
And lust and rapine—gifts and graces  
Distinctive of the higher races!

When morn by morn the good man opes  
The hatches, and half-blinded gropes,  
The pestilential stench defying,  
On rum and loaded arms relying,  
Seeking the dead among the dying—

A very Paul he seems to rise  
Sublime in his self-sacrifice!  
All impulse smothered in devotion,  
He seizes and without emotion  
Plunges the corpses in mid-ocean!

And when some unconverted chief,  
Rebels in sullen unbelief!—  
Then all the angel we discover!  
For though the sharks around us hover,  
The shrieking wretch, unshrived, goes over!

We dread the night—we dread the morn!  
The free winds shout without in scorn!  
The free waves mock us with their laughter!  
The free bark flaps her sails thereafter!  
And the free dolphins roll abaft her!

To the old cocoas and the palms,  
To breezes rich with spice and balms,  
To rare fruits in the jungles hidden,





"SONG OF THE BROOK."

To birds whose songs came all unbidden,  
To lakes where slave boats ne'er have ridden,

To our own land sometimes return  
Our lawless thoughts—and our hearts burn  
For the wild joys of barbarism,  
Unmarred by chains or catechism!—  
So clings to us our paganism!



## SONG OF THE BROOK-RIPPLES.

1852.

AWAY to the sea! the sea!  
Cheerily!

Onward we go in a noisy flow  
Over the pebbles and hedges, Ho!  
Merry waves are we!

Away to the sea! the sea!  
Stealthily  
Wind through the pastures, or else our bed,  
Cattle will muddy with their tread!  
Prudent waves be we!

Away to the sea! the sea!  
Silently!  
Graves of the dead we are gliding round,  
Lightly we'll pass by the hallowed ground!  
Reverent waves be we!

Away to the sea! the sea!  
Cheerily!  
Haste we away to the bounding main!  
Shout till the old woods ring again!  
Merry waves are we!

## SUNSET.

1852.

SUNSET light doth mellow  
From the day's pure white,  
Dazzlingly bright,  
To a golden yellow!

Slow the moon is rising,  
And the young night's brow,  
With the dew-drops now,  
Angels are baptizing.

Evening is a maiden,  
Of her beauty proud,  
Yet with no sorrow bowed,  
Yet with no trouble laden,—

Comes she scattering roses,  
On the fresh-turned clay,  
Where her sire, the Day  
In his shroud reposes.

One star-gem she weareth,  
Where the veins soft blue,  
Deftly showing through  
On her brow appeareth.

Robes of cloud enfold her—  
Cloud inwove with gold,  
Through the careless fold  
Glow her snowy shoulder.



Neath her flounces gleaming,  
Peep her rosy feet ;  
Innocent and sweet,  
But coquettish seeming.

Yet shall so much beauty  
Vanish in an hour ;  
There is life and power,  
But in deeds of duty.



## CONSCIENCE.

THERE is a path across the meadow  
Where the milkers daily pass,  
Trampled 'neath their frequent footsteps  
Sere and yellow lies the grass.

In the spring-time from my window  
Watched I when they first went through ;  
Morning danced before and scattered  
Sprays of light and flowers of dew.

So elastic and so pliant  
Were the blades on which they trod,  
That at noon as fresh as ever,  
Bright and glassy seemed the sod.

But the path was trodden daily  
And the green blades by and by,  
Crushed too often, lost their brightness  
And their elasticity.

Thus I thought, with grass and flowers,  
Thus with consciences of men;  
Live they till too often trampled,  
But they droop and wither then.

Every word that's falsely spoken,  
Robs us of our moral strength;  
Till our pledges often broken,  
Cease to be renewed at length.

Every evil thought or feeling,  
Through the soul allowed to stray,  
Is a thief from conscience stealing  
By degrees its life away.

Though a spirit fair as morning  
Strew the way with seeming gems;  
That must always end in evil  
Which the inner heart condemns.

---

A FABLE.

“**A**WAY! away! to the ocean's blue!”  
Exclaimed a bright-eyed, laughing spring!  
And down from its native rock it flew,  
A hopeful, and a joyant thing:  
It expected to leap  
At once to the deep,  
But it struck upon the crags, and fell,  
Broken and hopeless, to a well,  
Which the dryads had delved in the depths of the  
dell!

"Alas!" I said, "what good can be,  
Child of the mountain, in slaying thee?"

But the sun shone on the shattered spray,  
And a rainbow rose where the water lay:  
And a young girl stooped and dipped her pail,  
And bore her prize to her home in the vale;  
And her mother drank of the cooling draught,  
And the fever left as the cup she quaffed:  
And a sycamore hung o'er the well its shade,  
And beneath its boughs a traveler laid,  
When high noon scorched the dusty way,  
To rest from the toil of the early day;  
And vainly the sunbeams strove to creep,  
Like glittering snakes through the shadows deep,  
And trail o'er that traveler in his sleep!

And the drops collected one by one,  
Till the water burst o'er the edge of the pool,  
And down the valley laughing run,  
Like a merry school boy just from school!

What happened beside I partly know;  
The water went steadily on in its way,  
Or in a gentle or noisy flow,  
Now gurgling under a beech trunk gray,  
Now sportively kissing the dangling spray,  
Through many a graceful winding bent,  
It carried gladness wherever it went.  
Wild-Peas and Sweet-Williams in ranks upon ranks,  
In their holiday dress pressed to the banks;  
And hundreds of Haws and the Hazels en masse,

Waded up to their knees in the tangled grass,  
In their longing to see the brooklet pass :  
And the old Oaks lifted their hands to bless  
The cause of their joy and their fruitfulness.

Then I knew it was good that the brook should be  
Kept back for a while from the sea.

## MORAL.

Ambition's expectant glance oft looks  
From the eyes of men as well as of brooks.  
Each of us marks out for himself a track,  
And away we run, led on by Hope,  
When our schemes are suddenly broken up  
And we from our idols are kept back :  
And thus are we often compelled to bless  
Mankind with a quiet usefulness.  
And when our visions are shattered thus  
Upon some rock's projecting shelves,  
We can see there's a power that manages us  
Far better than we can manage ourselves!

---

HYMN.

1852.

IN perfect peace thou, Lord, wilt keep  
The soul that stays itself on thee ;  
Its anxious cares wilt lull to sleep,  
As the wind soothes the troubled sea.

We will not ask thee what thou dost,  
We know our Father doeth right ;  
Thy ways are hidden, but we trust,  
Trust mid the storm and mid the night.

The gathering clouds we only mark,  
That we may see thy wondrous hand;  
We fear not for our trembling bark,  
The storm shall cease at thy command.

But though our ship be swept away,  
And we be buried 'neath the flood,  
It is the Lord, our souls shall say,  
And let him do what seemeth good.

If thou chastise us, we will bend,  
And bending meekly kiss the rod,  
E'en this, new joy our hearts shall lend,  
It shows us children of our God.



## IMPERFECTION.

JAN. 1, 1853.

**I**T seems to me a year's revolving  
Leaves me no better than before;  
Resolving well, and re-resolving  
Have been repeated many a score,  
And many hundred times; or failing,  
Or very little good availing.

At times I lay me on the altar,  
With love as ardent as a bride's,  
And think that I will never falter,  
That all the world should yield besides;  
Perhaps an hour—a week—or longer,  
I think that I am growing stronger.

But then some sudden tempter coming,  
I am the victim of his art ;  
I fall ; and then a new illuming  
Shows some dark corner of my heart,  
On which till then no light reflected,  
Where self was ruling unsuspected.

Then spirit broken and despairing,  
I think all efforts are in vain ;  
My agony, so past all bearing,  
I cannot dare to hope again :  
Some promise soon my spirit seizes  
Again I seek the feet of Jesus.

Thus pass the years : if I am better  
'Tis difficult to say wherein :  
Or by the spirit or the letter  
Of law adjudged, I often sin :  
O God ! myself have quite undone me,  
If thou look not in mercy on me !

---

SEA WEED.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

OCEAN'S child, born of the waves !  
Wanderer from Australia's caves !  
Stranger 'neath a stranger sky,  
Much hast thou my sympathy,  
For, from those to me most dear,  
I, too, am a stranger here !  
Where the pale light spreads in smiles  
Through the jasper-fretted aisles  
Of the sea-god's rock-arched dome, —  
There hast thou thine ocean home !



Up thy rocks the mosses clomb ;  
O'er thy head the goldfish swum ;  
O'er thee sailed the nautilus ;  
By thee grew the polypus ;  
At thy feet the Indian girl  
Sought the oyster for the pearl ;  
From the coral groves among,  
Wooed thine ear the mermaid's song ;  
Curling clouds of fleecy foam  
Floated o'er thine ocean home !

Glowing in the flitting lights,  
Agates, sapphires, chrysolites ;  
Rubies, such as never yet  
In a coronal were set ;  
Diamond pebbles, sands of gold,  
All around unheeded rolled —  
Valueless as earthy loam ! —  
Sea-weed, such thine ocean home !

Mine a home as dear to me,  
Sea-weed, as is thine to thee ;  
I would show thee sisters there,  
As the froth of ocean fair ;  
Theirs are graceful-falling curls,  
Glossier than an Indian girl's ;  
Thou to sweet-voiced mermaids cling,  
Let me hear my sisters sing !

Hast thou, weed, beneath the sea,  
Such a gem as piety ?  
Floats there o'er thy head above,  
Like a sylph, the form of Love ?

Diamond words by kindness wrought,  
Pearls of pure and holy thought,  
Agate deeds of gentleness,  
Mother's priceless, gold caress? —  
These are not beneath the brine! —  
Keep thy home! and give me mine!  
Yet thou daughter of the sea,  
Much hast thou my sympathy!  
Home is home, where'er it be: —  
Thine to thee, and mine to me!

Sea-weed, make a league with me:  
Hearts there are that cherish thee,  
In a stranger land dost thou  
Write new friendships even now:  
Since we share a common lot,  
Weave with me a true love knot!  
Thus the double cord we'll twine;  
Let thy friends be mine; and mine,  
I will pledge thee, shall be thine!



#### MEMORY'S HARVEST.

THE sunset falls on field and tree,  
And Fancy sits alone and weaves  
With light and shade her tapestry;  
And Memory brings home his sheaves.

I look upon his growing stacks  
With something of a farmer's pride,  
For every burden which he backs  
Is meant for me, and none beside.

But you shall taste his hoarded grain,  
The harvest of his dreamy lands ;  
Sit down, and from my palms I'll rain  
The golden treasure in your hands !

Here has he bound a little group  
Who, lips apart and beaming eyes,  
Lean, with the scholar's earnest stoop,  
O'er Milton's song of Paradise.

And here alone a lady sits  
By a piano ; o'er the keys  
Her hand, light as a snow bird, flits  
Through allegretto passages.

At times her cheek a smile will wear,  
Her eye put on a pleasing look ;  
Then with a discontented air,  
She pettishly shuts up the book.

Then on her hand her forehead bowed,  
While passion flushes go and come,  
Half to herself and half aloud,  
She wishes she was well at home.

Now Memory's lockup ! — let me peep  
To see what he has garnered there !  
Ah ! here's her name ! But I will keep  
This to myself — you've had your share !

## THE ECLIPSE.

1852.

A SIGN of fearful portent in the sky.  
A shadow crept upon the sun, and cast  
Upon the earth a strange and deathly hue.  
And summer winds, that scarce an hour ago,  
Were warm and soft as love's devoutest vows,  
Hung chilled as smitten with a sudden death.  
And dews were born to an untimely birth,  
And rested on the flowers and the grass ;  
And frightened cattle moaned along the fields,  
And with stretched necks, and bended to the ground,  
Went wandering wild as when in search of one  
Slain for the market and but newly missed.

And, with a hollow laughter as they passed,  
Each man mocked at his fellow, for a pale  
And hideous light was on their cheeks, like that  
Which in the midnight glows from molten metal  
And falls upon the workmen, till they seem  
Demons that dance around the fires of Tophet.

A fearful shadow rested on the sun.  
Ill omen of convulsions in the state,  
Token of foul and perjured treachery !  
Men knew that it was coming ; but it came  
As death comes to a dear and loving friend  
Stamped with consumption : we have watched so long  
That we have ceased to watch, and when death comes  
It finds us unexpectant. So it came,

And the vile thing it omened followed after —  
*Hell following after death!* Upon the sun  
Of Liberty a shadow grim and hideous,  
More grim and hideous than the jealous moon  
May cast upon the earth, was creeping then.  
The men who represent us, recreant  
To the high trust of office, sold their votes  
To doom to slavery all the millions who  
Shall, in the generations yet to come,  
People the wide-spread prairies of Nebraska.

When by a traitor was Messiah sold,  
And all the hopes of earth hung on the cross,  
The sun was clad in sackcloth, and was darkness  
From the sixth hour even to the ninth  
On all the earth. And when another Judas  
Had sold the world's best hopes, and Liberty,  
Like her great Author, hung upon the cross,  
Was it not well that the Egyptian darkness  
Should have its symbol in the heavens, and  
That the indignant sun should hide his face  
From such a deed, so damning and so foul?  
That was a day of darkness and of gloom!  
But let the hopeful soul remember this,  
Eclipses have an end. The darkness that  
Shut out the sun, when Christ was crucified,  
But ushered in a great and glorious day!  
Then dawned the Christian era on the world!  
And still its light is spreading and shall spread!

And so when Liberty was slain, and blood  
Flowed from her thorn-crowned brow and wounded side,

Though then the sun was veiled, a brighter dawn  
Shall come for us and her. She, being delivered,  
By God's determinate counsel and foreknowledge,  
By wicked hands was crucified and slain.  
But God shall raise her up, and this shall be  
The dawn of Freedom's era, and the theme  
Of her apostles, this her crucifixion.



## DAFFODILS.

THE peach blooms linger in the buds,  
Still fearful of the breath  
Of the cold winds that shake the woods,  
And sow the fields with death.

Wrapped warm in many a leafy fold  
Upon the swollen stems,  
The lilac and the apple hold  
Their store of flowery gems.

But fearless of the North wind's frown,  
And fearless of the snows,  
That passionate April may shake down  
Upon their golden brows,

As trustful and as free from doubt  
As maids whom love has won,  
My maiden daffodils come out,  
Rejoicing in the sun.

For they have heard the young wind's lay,  
And felt his kiss the while,  
And watch him as he floats away  
With a forgiving smile.



## SONG.

POOR oriole, that still returning,  
Dost flutter o'er thy broken nest,  
Thy choicest notes are waked by wrong,  
And suffering doth enrich thy song!

In thine exhausted socket burning,  
O dying torch that flickerest,  
Ere all is dark, most clear and strong,  
Bright glows the flame that burns not long!

Soul, for the shattered past still yearning,  
Soul, that in life hast found no rest,  
Bright glows the flame that burns not long,  
And suffering doth enrich thy song!

—◆—  
EVEN ME.

SAVIOUR, who wast slain for me,  
Can I — can I still offend thee  
Must I ever thus continue?  
Look on me! Even me!

Was it not for my salvation  
Thou didst hang upon the tree!  
Pardon — pardon my transgression!  
Pity me! Even me!

'Neath my heavy burden, bending  
In my woe, I look to thee.  
Spurn me not for my offending!  
Look on me! Even me!

Jesus, Saviour, who wast offered  
Once for sin on Calvary,  
Was it not for me thou suffered?  
Even me! Even me!

Satan threatens to undo me!  
Shame is mine and misery!  
All around is dark and gloomy!  
Pity me! Even me!

Light and life! and lord and lover!  
Still I turn me unto thee!  
Wilt thou not thy grace discover  
Unto me? Even me!

Yes, thou hast a place in heaven,  
Where a soul like mine may be;  
Even me thou hast forgiven!  
Even me! Even me!



#### THE PROFESSOR'S COURTSHIP.

THE sun was at an angle of  
Some ten degrees a-nigh;  
The day drew near its dew-point, love,  
And near my due point, I.

Soon glancing skyward from beneath  
Our arching, trysting tree,  
We saw the lovely Venus with  
The bookish Mercury.

They, beaming on the lingering day,  
Forbade the night to fall—  
And sprung from their united ray,  
Our day perennial.

Though but one word, and coy and faint  
At that, thou didst express;  
My ear watched for the sibilant,  
And caught the modest, "Yes."

All mingled sounds of harmony  
Trilled then my nerves along:  
E'en what the toad sang from the tree,  
Seemed a melodious song!

Then from thy lips a current came,  
More pleasant e'en than that  
From cups galvanic, till aflame  
Was all my soul thereat.

—♦—  
LOTTIE.

MARCH 17, 1857.

A LITTLE stray lamb crept into my fold,  
The snow it was deep, and the March winds cold,  
And the prairie was bleak, and bare was the wold,  
A dear little lamb—it was not a day old!

Mamma was ill, and they thought she would die,  
And the little one moaned so pitifully,  
That when it looked up with its sad dark eye,  
I loved it and kissed it tenderly.

The delicate blossom of life just blown,—  
Its head was all hid with a fleece of brown,  
More beautiful far than a golden crown,  
And its tiny limbs shone in the softest down.

What a frail thing it looked — I cannot forget —  
I owed it my love and acknowledged the debt! —  
And the dear little lambkin! — I cling to it yet!  
My Lottie! — my lammie! — my baby! — my pet!

There's a dear little girl standing now at my knee,  
And prattling "papa," and looking at me,  
And mamma is proud as a mamma can be,  
Of the dear little lamb-girl that God gave to me!

## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

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NOTE — The songs ensuing were translated at the request of Mr. Green, teacher of vocal music in St. Louis public schools.

In a few instances the thought has been modified to make it conform to American taste; in a few instances more to make it conform to the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm.

The selections are Mr. Green's. The name of the author has been given wherever it occurred in the original as furnished me. Begun about July 10, and finished Aug 20, 1861.

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### TO THE SETTING SUN.

GOLDEN sun of evening,  
Why so fair dost gleam?  
Never without rapture  
Do I see thy beam.

E'en in early childhood  
Glad I gazed on thee,  
And the love of virtue  
Warmer glowed in me.

When I stood at even  
Gazing on thy face,  
And my soul refreshing  
God bestowed his grace.

Still, O sun, my vision  
Turn I from thy blaze,  
And with higher rapture  
On myself I gaze.

'Twas the same Creator  
Shaped for us our frame,  
Me my garments earthy,  
Thee thy robes of flame.

A. B. WERNER GEB. WELTI.

---

DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

I HAVE shed tears many, many, O sorrow,  
That I am compelled to roam,  
Yet my loving father has it determined —  
We must wander from our home,  
Home, to-day are wandering we,  
Ah, forever from thee.

*Chorus:* Then adieu! So fare thee well,  
Then adieu, adieu, adieu,  
Then adieu, adieu, adieu,  
Then adieu! So fare thee well.

Fare ye well, my roses, sweet in the garden,  
And ye little flowerets,  
I may now no longer cherish and nurse you,  
We must part, must part, my pets.  
Dearest flowers, weep with me!  
We divided must be.

Fare ye well, ye green and blossoming meadows,  
Where I many nosegays bound,  
Fare ye well, ye bushes, bowers and forests,  
Where I cooling shadows found.  
Hill and valley, quiet lea,  
We divided must be.



Fare ye well. So call I mournful about me,  
 From the mountain to the plain,  
 Home, O home, I may more never behold thee,  
 Ne'er behold thee, home, again.  
 Gloom around me thick doth grow,  
 Heart is heavy with woe!

H. VON FALLERSLEBEN.

—◆—  
 SPRING EVENING.

WHAT can more delight,  
 What more lovely sight  
 Than a Spring time evening showeth?—  
 When with flowery scent  
 Air is redolent,  
 And the evening welkin gloweth—  
 If the little birds are singing;  
 And the flies in swarms are winging;  
 And the bees come home,  
 Sweetest honey comb  
 In their golden baskets bringing.

Then a walk we take,  
 And the house forsake,  
 On the yielding turf we seat us;  
 And the pleasant tale  
 Of the Nightingale,  
 And the herdsman's flutenotes greet us,  
 And the Easter frog-song creaking,  
 From the rush and sedge outbreking;—  
 Merry is their mood,  
 Thawed their frozen blood:  
 After winter's sleep they're waking.

Falls the night and then  
Each goes back again,  
Each reluctant homeward beareth,  
For the vaulted sky  
Dearer to his eye  
Even than his home appeareth,  
Time's soft footstep we must listen,  
And the Queen of Night uprisen,  
To their duties call  
Stars, which great and small,  
In the heavens gleam and glisten.

JOACHIM AUGUST CHRISTIAN BARNACK.

---

THE ETERNAL ENDURANCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

NOT merely for this world below  
Does friendship's cord entwine,  
But in the future we shall know  
Its value more divine.

There, where is friendship's fount and source,  
Where nought our envy moves,  
The full heart its affection pours,  
And ever, ever loves.

The friendship which we cherish here,  
With plighted heart and hand,  
God's angels give it honor there —  
There is its native land.

There soul to soul is made akin,  
And loves without disguise,  
With purer love than mine and thine,  
Beyond the starry skies.

Lo, the last hour speeds on like thought,  
Its mystic knell I hear,  
It comes, it hastes, it tarries not,  
And shuddering follows near.

Now when it on my sight appears,  
And thee divides from me,  
When thy sad eyes suffuse with tears,  
And mine shall scarce know thee.

Then shall for thee my latest gaze,  
My latest breath entreat,  
While Hope with this our grief allays,  
That we again shall meet.

How sacred this our duty makes,  
To live as angels may,  
That when the vision on us breaks,  
It may not cease for aye.

Descend upon us, blessed hope,  
That we shall meet again,  
And when our friends are taken up,  
Wipe from our eyes the rain.

CHRISTOPH GEORGE LUDWIG MEISTER.



## RESIGNATION.

AFTER snow, after snow,  
Hope's fair clover-blossoms grow,  
When the winter has departed  
Shine the flowers newly started,  
Up and up the lark doth go.

As God will, as God will ;  
I am glad and hold me still,  
    Do the clouds o'erdarken heaven,  
    Then the showers shall be given,  
And with wealth the garner fills.

Hush my heart, hush my heart ;  
Joy must interchange with smart,  
    If despondence here seize on thee,  
    Comfort thou canst bring upon thee,  
Let thy glance to heaven dart.

CARL LUDWIG FRANKE.

---

THE OLD FARMER TO HIS SON.

THY truth and honesty preserve  
    Till cold beneath the sod ;  
And not a finger ever swerve  
    To leave the ways of God.

So, as along a verdant mead,  
    Life's journey thou shalt pace,  
So fearless hear Death's solemn tread,  
    And meet him face to face.

So shall the sickle and the plow  
    Ne'er burden hand of thine ;  
So shalt thou sing beside the spring,  
    As if thou drankest wine.

But to the vile, all, all is hard,  
    For manage as he please,  
Vice goads him hither, thitherward,  
    And never gives him ease.



"THE KINE LONG VAGRANT."





The beauteous spring for him ne'er smiles,  
Nor harvest field nor wold ;  
He thinks of nought but lies and wiles,  
And wishes nought but gold.

The leafy trees, the forest winds,  
A terror roar and rave ;  
And after life is spent he finds  
No rest within the grave.

Then truth and honesty observe  
Till cold beneath the sod,  
And not a finger ever swerve,  
To leave the ways of God.

And may thy children's children come,  
And bathe thy grave with tears ;  
And may those tears in flowers bloom  
Throughout the circling years.

LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH HOELTY.

---

TRAVELING SONG.

BIRDS are singing, blossoms blooming,  
Wood and fields are green once more,  
O then let us go and wander  
Hither, thither, here and yonder,  
Go the broad and green earth o'er.

As the bird sits in his prison,  
So erewhile sat we at home,  
Thawed our cage now, winter banished,  
Gone the cold, our grief evanished,  
And again abroad we roam.

Pleasure lives on every pathway,  
Round us, with us, over all.  
In the zephyr pleasure hummeth,  
In the fragrant blossom bloometh,  
Soundeth in the night-bird's call.

Come, then, let us go and wander —  
Through the new-born sunshine stray :  
Through delighted fields and meadows,  
Through the dark green forest shadows,  
Through the new-born world, away !

H. VON FALLERSLEBEN.



ARCHER SONG.

WITH his bow and arrow,  
Over hill and lawn,  
Trips the merry archer,  
In the flashing dawn.

As the eagle rideth,  
Monarch of the gale,  
So the archer walketh  
King of hill and dale.

For his kingdom stretches ;  
All that walks or flies,  
Which his arrow reaches  
Is his lawful prize.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

CONTENTMENT.

O WHAT is gold, and what is wealth,  
To a contented breast?  
The good God keeps my frame in health,  
And therewith I am blest,  
And with a grateful soul prolong  
My morning and my evening song.

How many swim in their excess,  
With home, lands, wealth untold,  
But yet are full of wretchedness,  
Nor can enjoy their gold.  
They never sate their grumbling greed,  
The more they have the more they need.

They call the world a vale of woe,  
And yet I think it fair :  
Here pleasure's streams forever flow,  
And all may have a share.  
E'en tiniest birds and insects spend  
A merry life-time to the end.

M. MILLER.

---

THE OLD DRAGOON TO HIS CLOAK.

FULL thirty years of age art thou,  
And many storms hast seen ;  
From me, brother like, hast ne'er sundered,  
And when the loud cannon have thundered,  
We two have afraid never been.

Together many happy nights  
We lay, drenched to the skin ;  
Old fellow, thou warmedst me ever ;  
And grief to my heart was there never  
But thou wast a sharer therein.

Thou hast not tattled ever, but  
To me wast always true ;  
Upon every shred I depended,  
And so I would ne'er have thee mended,  
Else thou, my old friend, would be new.

And when the final bullet comes  
Into the soldier's breast,  
Dear mantle, let one grave receive us,  
Together, old friend, let them leave us,  
In thee would I take my last rest.

CARL VON HOLTER.

---

THE BOON COMPANION.

I HAD a boon companion,  
A better none could claim ;  
The battle-drum beat loudly,  
We marched together proudly,  
Our stride and step the same.

A bullet came a flying,  
Is it for me or thee ?  
Him from my side it snatcheth,  
And at my feet he stretcheth,  
As if a part of me.

To me his hand he lifteth :  
“ Fire ! load ! ” is the command :  
Alas ! my comrade clever,  
Though thou lie there forever,  
I cannot give my hand.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

— ♦ —  
O STRASBURG.

O STRASBURG, O Strasburg ! that city wondrous  
fair,

How many, many soldiers, are lying buried there !

So many, so comely, and so intrepid proved,  
But shamefully forsaken by parents whom they loved.

Forsaken ! forsaken ! — else it could not be so ;  
To Strasburg, yes, to Strasburg, the soldiers have to go.

My father, my mother, besought the captain thus,  
“ O captain, dear, sir captain, give back our son to us ! ”

“ No money can bribe me your son again to yield ;  
Your son will have to die in the wide and open field. ”

— ♦ —  
THE SWITZER.

AT Strasburg on the moat —  
My troubles there began.

The Alpine horn I heard afar off call me ;  
My land, I'd swim to thee, whate'er befall me ! —  
Could it be done.

'Twas in the dead of night,  
They caught me, hapless wight ;  
They carried me before the captaincy.  
They said they fished me from the stream,  
    Ah me, my destiny !

'Twas morning, ten o'clock—  
I stood before the regiment—  
And I must for forgiveness bow  
And learn what meed must from my folly flow,  
    I know it now.

My friends, the die is cast,  
To-day you see me for the last,  
The blame be by the herdsman's bugle horn,  
Such harm is done me by the Alpine horn,  
    That I must mourn.



SONG OF PRAISE.

PRAISE ye the Lord  
    With joy, ye youthful chorus,  
    Who by his word  
    Hath spread the heavens o'er us,  
Praise ye the Lord!    Praise ye the Lord.

    We lift our song :  
    O might it reach unto thee!  
    Our feeble tongue  
    Would sing the honor due thee—  
Thou, who didst deign to bless the young!



Full, full of praise,—  
Our souls break forth in singing  
Jehovah's grace :  
Up, up to the heaven winging  
From swelling hearts and earthly lays.

We falter here :  
Our song of adoration  
Thou holdest dear ;  
And to our humble station,  
O Father, thou dost stoop thine ear.

And comes the day,  
When in the realm supernal,  
O bliss ! we may  
Give praise to Thee, Eternal,  
For aye and aye ! For aye and aye !

GEORGE GESSNER.

---

WATCHMAN'S CALL.

**H**EARKEN, masters, to our singing,  
Ten o'clock the bell is ringing.  
Ten commands God handed down,  
May we heed them every one :

*Chorus :* Human care can nothing serve us,  
God must watch, and God preserve us.  
Through thy goodness and thy might,  
Give us, Father, a good night.

Hearken, masters, to our singing,  
Eleven o'clock, the bell is ringing,  
Eleven apostles were found true,  
Lord, may we be faithful too.

Hearken, masters, to our singing,  
Twelve o'clock, the bell is ringing.  
Twelve!—the last hour comes to thee!  
Man, think on eternity!

Hearken, masters, to my singing,  
One o'clock, the bell is ringing.  
One God is there, and but one,  
Trust in Him and Him alone.

Hearken, masters, to my singing,  
Two o'clock, the bell is ringing.  
Two ways stretch before our sight,  
Lord, teach me to take the right.

Hearken, masters, to my singing,  
Three o'clock, the bell is ringing.  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
Father, Holy Spirit, Son.

Hearken, masters, to my singing,  
Four o'clock the bell is ringing.  
Fourfold duties are thy field,  
Man, how is thy spirit tilled?

Up! arouse ye to your senses!  
Fades the night! the day commences!  
Thanks to God, who through the night,  
Guards us till the morning light.

## THE REAPER DEATH.

THERE is a reaper titled Death,  
With power from God he harvesteth;  
He sharpens his blade now,  
Much keener it's made now,  
Soon will he be reaping,  
And we shall be weeping.

What standeth fresh and green to-day,  
To-morrow will become his prey,—  
All that the field's bliss is,  
The noble narcissus,  
And hyacinths fairest,  
And Turkish wreath's rarest.

And untold myriads shall all  
Beneath his ruthless sickle fall.  
Ye lilies and roses,  
Your lovely life closes;  
And coronals royal,  
Death, death will destroy all!

*Chorus:* Guard thee well the blossoms fair.

OLD FOLKS' SONG, from the year 1700.

## GOD SUPREME.

KNOWEST thou all the stars that hover  
In the azure vault above?  
Knowest thou all the clouds that over  
All the earth's broad surface move?  
God, the Lord, their number telleth,  
And with him none ever faileth—  
Not one faileth of them all.

Knowest thou every mote that dances  
In the flashing noontide ray?  
Every little fish that glances  
Where the cool clear waters play?  
God, the Lord, hath known and named them —  
God, the Lord — his power framed them, —  
Woke them into happy life.

Knowest thou every child that, waking,  
Rises from its bed to play?  
Without care and trouble, making  
One delight the livelong day.  
God, in all, whate'er he willeth,  
In his love and power fulfilleth —  
Knows thee, too, and loves thee, too.

WILHELM HEY.



#### THE AMBROSIAN SONG OF PRAISE.

GOD, Almighty, be thou praised:  
Lord we laud thee, and adore thee;  
Earth is at thy works amazed,  
And in worship kneels before thee;  
As thou wast all time before,  
So remain thou evermore.

From the whole earth's circle round,  
From the lofty and the lowly,  
Father, doth thy praise resound:  
From the congregation holy,  
Praise ascendeth to the throne,  
Of thy loved and holy Son.

Lord, be gracious, gracious be!  
On us, Lord, bestow thy favor!  
Lead and guard us fatherly!  
Near our pathway stand forever!  
Lord, we hope alone in thee;  
Let us not forsaken be!

---

CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas Tree with tapers burneth,  
How mild and soft, yet bright its sheen;  
It says — “In me the wise discerneth  
The type of Hope forever green.”

The children stand with faces glowing,  
With laughing hearts and laughing eyes;  
Their elders, with delight o'erflowing,  
Lift look and thought to Paradise.

Two angel forms about them hover,  
No eye beheld them enter in;  
The Christmas board their hands stretch over,  
They bless, and turn, but are unseen.

“God’s blessing be upon the olden,  
The little ones the blessing share.  
A blessing on the brown and golden  
And on the gray and snowy hair.

“The Lord sends us his angels holy,  
As messengers to righteous men;  
And if ye still shall serve him truly,  
This threshold we shall cross again.”

Their words were lost to hearing mortal,  
And human eyes to them were blind,  
E'en as they came they pass the portal,  
But peace from God they left behind.

---

TO THE BIBLE.

THOU precious holy, blessed word,  
God's gift on every child conferred,  
May we be wise and pure thereby,  
True children of the Lord Most High.

Light from the loving God sent forth,  
Into the gloomy land of earth :  
Thou heavenly light, from heaven shine,  
Until we wear the glow divine.

G. M. ARNDT.

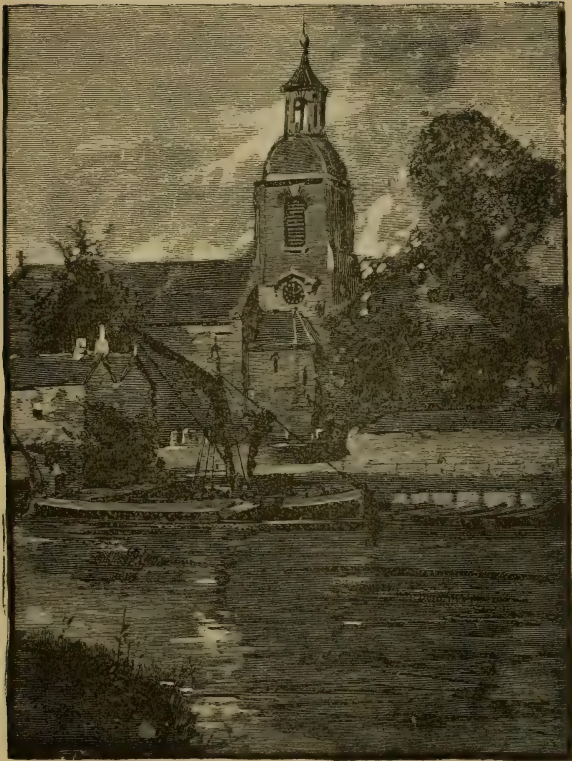
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THE VILLAGE CHURCH BELL.

BELL, thou soundest gaily,  
When to church proceedeth  
Forth the wedding band ;  
Bell, thou soundest holy,  
When on Sabbath morning  
Vacant lies the land.

Bell, thou soundest softly,  
In the evening calling—  
“'Tis the hour of sleep ;”  
Bell, thou soundest sadly,  
At the bitter parting  
Calling us to weep.





"THE VILLAGE CHURCH."



Speak, how canst thou sorrow ?  
How canst thou be happy ?—  
Metal without soul.  
Still our grief and sadness,  
Still our joy and pleasure,  
Thou dost know the whole.

Bell, a wondrous power,  
That we understand not,  
Has been given thee ;  
Is the storm-swept spirit  
Sinking, thou dost cheer it  
With thy melody.

ALOYS WILHELM SCHREIBER.



## THE FIELD MARSHAL.

**H**ARK, hark the trumpets blowing, Hussars hasten  
out !

Now rideth the field marshal on his flying route !

He rideth so gaily his charger so brave,

He swingeth so swiftly his glittering glaive !

Hurrah, and the Prussians are there, ha ! ha ! ha !

The Prussians are merry and shouting hurrah.

O look, how clear his eyes ! how they gleam and they  
glow !

O look, how waves his hair ! white as new fallen snow !

As fresh blooms his age as the wine in its foam,

In the midst of the slaughter he still is at home.

Hurrah, and the Prussians are there, ha ! ha ! ha !

The Prussians are merry, and shouting hurrah.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

## THE GOOD RICH MAN.

WHERE ran a roaring river near,  
There sat a needy lass,  
From her blue eyes flowed many a tear  
And fell upon the grass.

She twined the blossoms to a knot,  
And tossed them on the flood;  
"Come back, my father," she cried out,  
"Come back, my brother good."

A wealthy lord was passing by,  
And heard her wild request;  
He saw the moisture in her eye,  
And pity touched his breast.

"Why weepest thou without restraint?  
What troubles thee, dear maid?  
Tell me the reason of thy tears,  
And if I can I'll aid."

"Ah, sir," she said, while through a tear  
Her blue eye on him shone,  
"Thou seest a poor maiden here  
Whom God can help alone.

"For lo, yon mound that grasses crown, —  
That is my mother's grave,  
And here, a few days since, went down  
My father 'neath the wave.

"The wild stream snatched him from our view,  
My brother, with a bound,  
Leaped after, and, alas, him too  
The sateless river drowned.

"Now I am in the orphan house,  
And ever as I may,  
Out to the river side I come,  
And weep my woes away."

"Dear child, thou shalt no longer weep,  
I will thy father be.  
Deserving is thy heart, and deep  
Thy filial piety."

He took her home—that good rich man,  
All that he said was done,  
He took her mourning garments off,  
And put the fairest on.

She at his table sat and drank,  
And ate the daintiest food,  
Thee for thy noble deed we thank,  
Thou wealthy one and good.

CASPAR FRIEDRICH LOFFINS.

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GOD'S ACRE.

HOW gently rest they  
All they who happy be,  
Unto whose dwelling  
Now doth my spirit glide.

How gently rest they  
In the graveyard,  
Deep to corruption  
Have they descended.

And no more mourn they  
Here where all sighing ends :  
And no more feel they  
Here where all pleasure flies :—  
And with the cypress  
Softly shading  
Sleep till the angel  
His trumpet soundeth.

A. C. STOCKMAN.

---

THE SAVIOUR.

IF I have him only,  
Is he only mine,  
If my heart e'en to the grave,  
In faithfulness shall ne'er decline :  
Know I nought of sadness,  
Feel I nought but gladness,  
Nought but love and gladness.

If I love him only,  
Freely all I leave ;  
With my pilgrim's staff I follow,  
To my Lord alone I cleave.  
Others are unloving,  
In the broad ways roving,  
In the vile ways roving.



If I love him only,  
Sleep I joyfully ;  
Ever will the sweetest sound  
To me the name of Jesus be.  
Praise thy name forever !  
Glory to the Saviour !  
Amen ! glory ever !

NOVALIS.

—◆—  
SPRING.

O ZEPHYR sweet and low,  
Again thou art coming,  
Thy spring-song humming.  
Soon, soon, soon,  
Soon will the violets blow.

—◆—  
EVENING SONG.

THROUGH ether pure the evening  
Climbs to the star paved skies ;  
And hushed to holy silence,  
In slumber nature lies.  
The setting sun's last glances veil  
In regal purple hill and dale.  
And now the moonlight glances  
With purest silver sheen  
On yon high pine, o'ermounting  
The shade of thickets green.  
The sky's blue zone with stars impearled,  
Is shimmering on our lowly world.

In the unmeasured distance  
Our farthest sight beyond,  
Beyond the starry heavens,  
God's majesty is throned.  
Look up in humble faith to him,  
Before whom bow the seraphim.



MAY.

HOW royal is the May time!  
Then laugheth vale and height :  
The May time is a free time  
So bright, so bright, so bright !

The loving sun smiles on us  
From many a silver cloud ;  
The tender cuckoo calleth,  
So loud, so loud, so loud !

The finch and lark are singing !  
Rejoices lake and sky !  
Good bye, Good bye ! Sir Winter !  
Good bye, good bye, good bye !

STAUB.



THE MORNING.

THE morning breaks in ! the morning breaks in !  
Prolong, ye companions, your frolicsome song,  
Through fields and through forests, and mountains  
along,  
The birds greet the sun, and the birds greet you each,  
Those bright little people so happy and rich.

The woodland is fair ! the woodland is fair !  
The balsamy fragrance—we drink it in there !  
How strong grow our limbs in the pure bracing air !  
The town we'll forget, and we'll hitherward bring,  
But heaven and spring and the feelings of spring.

How happy are we ! how happy are we !  
Morn skips o'er the graveyard with fleet-gliding feet,  
And climbs up the oak trees the welkin to greet,  
For her is no summit too steep or too high,  
She calls to the eagle, " all hail," in the sky.

---

MEMORY.

YE mountains, farewell, farewell !  
Ye whispering bushes,  
Ye cooling wind gushes,  
Ye clear flowing springs !  
My thought shall linger near you,  
And distance shall endear you,  
Ye mountains, farewell !  
Ye mountains, farewell !  
Farewell !

Ye herdsmen, farewell, farewell !  
Your echoing singing,  
When shall I hear ringing,  
Upon the green Alp ?  
With sorrow and with yearning,  
Brave hearts, my soul is burning,  
Ye herdsmen, farewell !  
Ye herdsmen, farewell !  
Farewell !

Heights Alpine, farewell, farewell !  
What sweet odor there is !  
How cooling the air is  
That blows round me there !  
From all my steps I sever ;  
They vanish now forever !  
Heights Alpine, farewell !  
Heights Alpine, farewell !  
Farewell !

---

THE NIGHTINGALE'S REPLY.

NIGHTINGALE, nightingale, how singest more  
sweet —

Singest more sweet than all the feathered throng ?  
Nightingale, nightingale, why lingers thy lay,  
Lingers thy lay on every heart so long ?  
When thou singest, calleth all the world,  
“Spring is now the woods among.”

Nightingale, nightingale, why—why art thou still—  
Why art thou still ? Thy song was all too brief.  
Wherefore wilt, wherefore wilt, not sing to us more—  
Sing to us more ? Thy silence waketh grief.  
When thou sangest, then my heart was full—  
Full of joy, beyond belief.

When the May, when the May, the beautiful May,  
Beautiful May — May and his flowers fly,  
Then it is, then it is, strange — strange round my heart,  
Strange round my heart ; — and yet I know not why,  
If I wished to sing, I could not then  
Attune a single melody.

## THE LILIES IN THE FIELD.

SEE the lilies in the field,  
How they grow and flourish ;  
Who, without their toil and care  
Guards them by his power ?  
Who created them so fair ?  
Decked them with such splendor ?—rare,  
Princely, without equal !

God, the Lord, He called ye forth,  
Earth to clothe in beauty ;  
Human hearts weighed down with care,  
Lift ye up to duty.  
Lift them from their sordid dust,  
Teach them aye in God to trust,  
And to bloom for Heaven.

Up, my heart, be undismayed,  
Throw on Him thy sorrow,  
After winter's night is past,  
Spring wakes with the morrow.  
Who doth not the flowers forget,  
*He* is my good Father yet !  
O, my spirit, praise Him !

WILHELM GREEF.

## THE SONG OF THE FREE.

BROTHERS, in a ring recline we ;  
Like our sires, our voices join we ;  
With our might and from our spirit,  
Sing a free, a joyous song.

Honor Freedom, Sister, longer  
We shall live and feel the stronger,  
Honor is the spouse of Courage—  
Courage undismayed and bold.

Let the world awake and wonder—  
God shall speak, and in the thunder,  
For the brave man who is striving  
For the right and liberty.

—♦—  
THE EVENING.

SEE how the sun is already  
    Sinking the mountains below,  
See how the quiet invites us  
    Joyfully homeward to go.

*Chorus:* Hearken, the bell rings,  
    It soundeth so clear,  
    Soundeth, O soundeth its tone,  
    Quiet, to thee, alone!

Hark to the bell as it ringeth!  
    Mark how the cool breezes blow!  
Hasten, good people, O hasten,  
    Joyfully homeward to go.

—♦—  
O SWITZERLAND, HOW ART SO FAIR!

HOW radiant glow the huge fir-trees there,  
    In the sunlight's golden sheen!  
How friendly the smile of the azure sea,  
    Adown in the valley serene!



Clear chimeth to the herdsman's song,  
The herd-bell tinkling there ;  
And all — all call, " O Switzerland —  
O why, why art thou so fair ! "

O tumbles so daring the waterfall  
Through the rifted granite gray ;  
Then over the crags how with hiss and foam  
It roams through the air far away !  
Yet lovely flows the lucid brook  
From the soft mountain there,  
And murmurs low, " O Switzerland —  
O why, why art thou so fair ! "

Yes, noble and dear is the Switzer land :  
On its heights doth Freedom reign :  
And plainness and purity aye and aye,  
In every cottage remain.  
So ring out clear from every height,  
My joyous song and rare,  
And echo call : " O Switzerland —  
O why, why art thou so fair ! "

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## HUNTER SONG.

UP, hunters, up ! Awake ! awake !  
The morning stars grow dimmer ;  
The sky grows blue and day beams break,  
And through yon oak trees glimmer.  
The midnight gray has fled apace ;  
And hark, the lark awakes his lays,  
Up, hunter, to the chase !  
Up, hunter, to the chase !

Up, hunters, up ! The garden through  
The hare, swift-footed, races ;  
Upon the grass, fresh wet with dew,  
Show easily his traces.  
Diana smiles with winsome grace,  
Upon the hills, and for us stays,  
Up, hunter, to the chase !  
Up, hunter, to the chase !

Up, hunter, up ! Through corn and thorn  
The pack already rushes ;  
Proclaim upon thy winding horn —  
“The wakened Morning blushes.”  
And e'er the pack complete its race,  
In green garb greet it ! To thy place !  
Up, hunter, to the chase !  
Up, hunter, to the chase !

—◆—

FAREWELL, THOU LOVELY WOOD.

AND so we part, with shout and song ;  
Farewell, thou lovely wood,  
With thy refreshing shadows,  
And with thy verdant meadows,  
And pleasant solitude.

We sing upon our homeward course  
A song of thanks to-day :  
Again do thou invite us, —  
With woody scents delight us,  
And songs to lovely May.

Lo, where at eve the forest rests ;  
He lists attentively ;  
His topmost twigs he bendeth :  
His leafy hands extendeth,  
And calls to us, " Good-by."

HOFFMAN VON FALLERSLEBEN.



AT THE BURIAL OF A SCHOLAR.

SLEEP thou well ; and in thy peace securely  
In the churchyard's narrow chamber rest ;  
Here below thou livedst well and purely,  
Pure in heart thou Heaven enterest.

Sleep thou well, the years God doth not number :  
Whom He will to Heaven He takes away :  
On the bier to-morrow pale doth slumber  
He who shone in his full bloom to-day.

Sleep thou well. God's solace on thee falleth :  
Light and day succeed the grave's deep night ;  
But its own — its own the Heaven calleth ;  
O, our Father ! all thou dost is right !

Sleep thou well ! In wreath-decked earth imbedded !  
Sleep thou well within thy flowery tomb !  
Be our end as soothing and undreaded,  
Whensoe'er the Angel Death may come !

STAUB.

## AT A FUNERAL.

REST they how sweetly,  
All — all who blessed be :  
Heroes who fought in this life's great battle-field !—  
Rest they how sweetly,  
In the graveyard,  
Till they unto their reward shall waken.

Thou Mediator,  
Wast in the grave confined,  
Having atoned for us fully on the cross ;  
Not for corruption  
Holy Saviour.  
Unto a large *recompense* thou risest.

If we rest also  
Like all who blessed be,  
Having o'ercome in life's mighty battle-field,  
Then, O Deliverer !  
Wilt thou call us  
Out of our graves to reward eternal.



## THE RESURRECTION.

RISE again, yes, thou wilt rise, I trust,  
From brief repose my dust,  
In world's supernal,  
Thou shalt have life eternal !  
O praise the Lord ! Hallelujah !

Yes, I shall be sown, again to bloom  
More fair beyond the tomb.  
The Lord shall reap us,  
Take us, ensheaf, and keep us,  
O praise the Lord! Hallelujah!

Day of thanks — the day of joyous tears —  
The day of God appears!  
When I have slumbered  
The days that God hath numbered,  
I shall awake! Hallelujah!

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CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HUSH, hush, hush! Be wakeful with delight!  
Our infant Lord  
Comes hitherward!  
It is night, the holy night!

Hark, hark, hark! There's knocking at the door!  
It soundeth clear!  
Haste, Saviour, dear!  
Come in! — our long, long watch is o'er!

Yes, yes, yes! We gladly thee receive!  
What bring'st to-night  
For our delight?  
The pretty little gifts! — O give!

Hi, hi, hi! How nice! how well they suit!  
How small and sweet!  
How new and neat  
A garden, pictures, nuts and fruit!

Ah, ah, ah ! How glanced and glittered that !  
How clear and bright  
The golden light !  
But now for fun and play and chat !

Thanks, thanks, thanks ! Dear holy Child to thee,  
We all will strive,  
Like thee to live,  
Obedient, true and good to be !

---

THE CUP.

ONCE to a little stream,  
Having no cup I came ;  
My hand to bowl shape bent,  
Proved cup most excellent !

Thirsty, I sometimes wish  
I were a little fish —  
Were a wee minnow set  
Free in the rivulet !

Wee minnow if he be  
Thirsty, may presently,  
Mouth open, drink, and then  
He is all well again !

Did I a goblet own,  
Bright as a precious stone,  
But empty, I would think  
Worth more were one good drink !



Would I with hollow hand,  
Could by a brooklet stand ;  
Moisten my brow and lip,  
Scoop, drink, and dip and sip!

---

TO THE MOON.

GENTLE moon that mov'st so stilly  
Through the evening cloudlets on,  
Thou art sent on yonder pathway  
By the wise and holy One.  
Friendly beacon, on the weary  
In his quiet chamber rest ;  
Let thy sheen give consolation  
Unto every heart oppressed.

Gentle moon, that wanderest lightly  
Through the blue vault of the heaven,  
Where thy God, for his own glory,  
Placed thee as the light of even ;  
Faithfully look down upon us  
On the earth the long night through :  
Loving guard of helpless mortals  
Bring our Master's love in view.

Gentle moon, so soft and mildly  
Shining in the starry sea,  
In the fields of light thou floatest  
Loftily and joyfully.  
Man's consoler ! Heaven's angel !  
Peaceful cloudlets are thy throne !  
Rosy morning's bright evangel !  
Gentle moon ! still bear us on !

## IN A THUNDERSTORM.

GOD is with me! God is with me!  
He is with all his human children ever!  
And from their heads a hair can perish never  
That he knows not — that he knows not!  
What though it thunder — though it lighten? —  
He is my guard — naught shall affrighten!  
God is with me! God is with me!

I do not fear! I do not fear!  
Though crash the thunder in its wild rage shrieking!  
I know therein my Heavenly Father's speaking! —  
Earth's King and Lord! earth's King and Lord!  
If lightning flashes downward rending,  
God's messenger's are earthward wending,  
I do not fear! I do not fear!

I trust in God! I trust in God!  
E'en in the storm his mighty power unfoldeth —  
His kingly strength which all the world upholdeth!  
O pray to Him! O pray to Him!  
E'en when the fearful tempest beateth,  
His love to our assistance fleeteth!  
I trust in God! I trust in God!



## THE STORK'S ADVENT.

SEE! see! see! The stork is o'er his old tree  
What is he doing o'er it?  
He seeks to find his last year's nest,  
And seats him for his summer's rest,  
Good stork — we'll praise him for it.

Hi! hi! hi! His mate is flying by,  
Dame Storkie, thou must speed thee!  
Thy spouse will seem too long alone!  
The house is far too large for one!  
To share it he doth need thee!

Hark! hark! hark! How clatters now the stork!  
That is his way of singing!  
Now both are warm and safe at rest,  
Though still too large for them the nest!  
Soon will their young be winging!

—♦—  
WHOM I LOVE.

WHOM I love thou askest me?  
Father, and mother, sister and brother.  
All I love that human be.  
Their love, I'd pay it o'er and o'er,  
So I love them, so I love them,  
Ever more and more!

Whom I love, thou askest me?  
I cannot see Him, yet understand Him,  
God in Heaven — it is He!  
He loves me too, and I'll adore,  
And I'll love him, and I'll love him,  
Ever more and more.

—♦—  
THE STARS.

IN the dusky distance of the heaven, —  
Lovely twinkle golden stars at even,  
Friendly there the God-given beacons glimmer;  
Thus do angel's faces glow and shimmer,

God, who from our sight thyself concealest,  
From the sky thy wonders thou revealest.

God, my trust, whose power doth amaze me,  
From the dust thy power shall upraise me.

In the Heavens can my soul observe thee ;  
On the earth O grant that I may serve thee.

—◆—  
BEE SONG.

WHAT fragrance ! and how fresh and sweet !  
Exhales the blossoms from !

They seem prepared their guests to greet,  
We shall a handsome welcome meet,  
Nor are we dull nor dumb !

So come we with our hum, hum, hum ;  
So come we with our hum !

The flower dust so fine and clear,  
Is ours, — so we come  
And fill our little baskets here,  
And with our yellow buskins steer  
Straight back again for home.  
So with our happy hum, hum, hum ;  
So with our happy hum !

What pleasant work is it at home  
In our well ordered dome !  
We make the wax and honeycomb —  
And sing our olden rhyme — and roam  
In freedom to and from !  
So with our joyant hum, hum, hum ;  
So with our joyant hum !

# ELIJAH.

---

FLOWERS that died in the buried years,  
Awaked from their graves in the bitumen,  
Upon the flickering chandeliers,  
Bud and blossom in flame again !  
Would that the alchemy of my line  
Might waken the deeds and thoughts of men  
From the dead past, to bloom and shine  
Upon the earth again.

## PRELUDE.

Secession's curse had fallen on  
The states which God created one,  
And still unfaithful to its trust,  
And still pursuant of its lust,  
And still the blinded sport of hell,  
Besotted Israel,  
With the same madness which had rent  
The bonds of union, onward went  
To deeper crime and punishment.

"Three years shall pass, and but by me,  
As the Lord liveth, there shall be  
Nor dew nor rain." The prophet spoke :  
With wrath and fear King Ahab shook,  
And from the Tishbite's presence strode,  
Sullen beneath the curse of God.

Thrice had the circling seasons passed,  
Winters that brought the northern blast,  
But brought no sleet — no driving hail,  
No manna of snow upon the gale! —  
Summers whose floods of flame poured forth,  
Relentless on the unscreened earth!  
The brooks, unfed, soon ceased to run;  
    Withered the herbage in the sun;  
The starving kine, with panting tongue,  
    Went moaning, moaning, up and down,  
The shade of the seared trees among,  
    And over fields all parched and brown,  
With gait unsteady, staggering, reeling,  
Helpless and speechless, but appealing  
For succor by their mute despair;  
    'Till faint with utter thirst and crazed,  
    With their wild eyes all fixed and glazed,  
They fell and died! Then on the air,  
Grown poisonous in the ceaseless glare  
Of the fierce sun that never paled,  
Foul as the stench of hell, exhaled,  
Fell mother of all foul disease,  
The fetor of their carcasses!

And not the herds alone, but they,  
Created lords of all that God  
Had else created, were the prey  
Of multitudinous death that strode  
Over the wailing land, and sowed  
Grim corpses wheresoe'er they trod!

And deeper misery followed then  
As unchained tigers from their den,



As furies from the realm accursed,  
The vilest passions of vile men  
Upon their shrieking victims burst,  
And flooded the polluted land  
With untold anguish, such as never  
Might be again, — though earth should stand  
Forever and forever !

## BOOK I.

For judgment at Samaria's gate,  
In royal robes King Ahab sat,  
Before him lay the fields all dry  
As the hot sands of Araby ;  
Above him scowled the brazen sky ;  
Around were famished, sickly crowds,  
That heedless, one another thrust  
Among the whirling, billowy clouds  
Of suffocating dust.  
Nor flattering courtiers gathered round,  
Nor menials bending to the ground,  
Nor gorgeous throne, nor jeweled crown,  
The sadness of the king could drown !  
Could he for tinsel gauds forget  
The prophet's curse hung o'er him yet ?  
No ! — came to him the happy time  
Ere yet his life was tinged with crime !  
Ere yet the sorceress of the north,  
Had lured him with her cunning wiles,  
And with the witchery of the smiles  
That on her lip or in her glance,  
In coy or wanton dalliance,  
Or lingered now or now shot forth

Like the gay humming-birds that hover  
Enamored the blossoms of summer over! —  
The swan-like beauty of her form ;  
The mad out-gushing of her warm —  
Her burning passion ; — and the grace  
That marked her of Phenissa's race ! —  
Of all he thought : and of the hour  
When yielding to her conscious power  
He left Jehovah's shrine and fell  
    Before Sidonian Bel !  
And in that falling made the state  
The hapless partner of his fate !

Vicegerent of Heaven's Majesty ! —  
O Conscience ! Thou canst sleep till we  
May deem thy power obliterate ;  
But thou dost rouse at last, though late —  
Nor wealth, nor arms, nor iron will  
Then can thine utterances still !

And there sat she ! — throned at his side,  
Jeweled and pale with queenly pride —  
Pride which nor God nor man could quell —  
Unmoved by ruin or by death,  
Like her own goddess Ashtoreth —  
    Imperial Jezebel !  
Gleamed like a star her fierce eye now,  
Or like the diamond on her brow :  
For in his face with pain inwrought,  
    In absent eye and bosom swelling,  
Right well she read whereon the thought  
    Of her sad spouse was dwelling ;

Half with resentment, half with shame.  
Her secret heart was all aflame,  
Quick to her cheek the hot blood came!  
The flame burst forth in angry glance,  
And in these words found utterance :

“ My curse upon the prophet ! — would  
That he might die as do the brood  
Of the unfed and famished poor  
On barren hill and dusty moor !  
Were I a man for one brief hour,  
The sniveling hound should feel my power !  
The head of the accursed — thing, —  
What is there that it might not win ? —  
No sweeter offering could he bring  
Who best would please his sovereign ! ”

To this the king : “ Were it not well  
With utmost caution to demean  
Our royal selves, sweet Jezebel ?  
Put on again thy brow serene.”

Then thus the incensed queen : “ Am I,  
A Tyrian princess, taught to school  
My tongue, and stoop my royalty ?  
Know that with you in equal rule  
I share this sovereignty ; nor shall  
You, nor your maudlin Hebrews all —  
No ! — not the traitor whom you place  
Above my house to watch the peers  
And holy priesthood of my race —  
Let the truth twinge your royal ears ! —

Not Obadiah — though he were  
All the perfection of a saint,  
Which you in your rapt fancy paint,  
Shall lead Queen Jezebel to forget  
Aught that of right belongs to her! —

She is, and will be sovereign yet,  
Though all the hirelings who stand  
To lick King Ahab's royal hand,  
His minion's treachery should abet!  
The varlet! He shall die the death!

Through him the sacred fire is dim  
Upon the shrine of Ashtoreth:  
And mute the horn and hushed the shell,  
Among the groves of mighty Bel!  
The angry gods for this withhold  
The genial rains from field and wold!  
Come, Tyrian maidens, let us hence:  
Astarté claims our reverence!  
Go forward, priests! my maidens, you  
And I will join the retinue:  
Then come my royal guards, and then  
My people all may join the train:  
Who knows but we may thus appease  
The outraged gods and goddesses?"

She said, and rising from her throne,  
The steps of ivory swept down,  
And to the temple led the way,  
And priests and maidens haste to obey.

With trump and cymbal, shout and song,  
The haughty queen is borne along,  
By the obsequious throng.

## BOOK II.

Poor monarch ! on whose hapless head  
The penalty was visited  
Which ever must await the weak,  
Who, only great in station, wear  
Honors too high for them to bear ! —  
Who dare not boldly turn and seek  
A certain danger, but with eyes  
Blinded by their perplexities,  
Or heedless grow, or desperate,  
And yield them passive to their fate.

O hapless is the state wherein  
The ruler's self irresolute,  
Is in its exigency mute,  
Nor dares condemn the traitor's sin,  
Nor dares sustain the wholesome law,  
Nor dares the rebel overawe,  
Nor boldly dares their cause avow,  
But, helpless driveler, lets them seize  
All practical advantages  
Which could accrue to them if he  
Were sharer in their treachery,  
And by his imbecility,  
Tells what to do, and shows them how.  
Oh, it were well, if then there were  
Ever some faithful minister,  
On whom the trust could safely fall,  
In failure of the principal :  
Such minister King Ahab had,  
A man whom he well knew to be,  
Fit for responsibility,  
And him into the presence now he bade !

The fretted king his palace sought  
Through the carved gates of cedar wood,  
From the far heights of Lebanon hewed,  
With golden fantasies o'erwrought ;  
Through archways built of polished stone  
That mirrored all that looked thereon ;  
Then trod the tessellated floor  
Of columned court and corridor.  
In the dead court no fountain played ;  
The leafy crowns, the robes of shade,  
Graced the old terebinths no more ;  
The sapless palms no fruitage bore ;  
The vines lay dead, unmoaned, unwept,  
And snaky sunbeams o'er them crept !  
Too precious far to waste on them,  
The treasures of the springs that still,  
From the cool rocks dropped gem by gem,  
Their sparkling wealth to pool or rill !

The portals of an inner room  
Opened as he approached, for well  
The warder's practised ear could tell  
That step, and knew his lord had come.

"Benoni, call my steward hither :"  
The page addressed, with salaam bow  
Flits from the presence soft as snow  
Wind-borne, and soon returning thither,  
Proclaimed in fit and courtly phrase,  
"Thy servant and my lord obeys,  
And humbly at the door doth wait  
Thy will, most august potentate."



Then, at a sign, the golden door  
Gave way, and then as aye before,  
As aye before and evermore,  
There as elsewhere the broad earth o'er,  
The mean man, in his swollen state,  
Received the homage of the great.

The servants marked the royal hand,  
And vanished without more command.

A friendly greeting passed, with naught  
Of or reserve or deference;  
For one, too honest for pretence,  
And one too anxious to give thought  
To artificial difference,  
Had met as men — as men who feel  
The burden of the commonweal.

Reclined they on the rich divan,  
And thus the king began :

“Hast found Elijah yet? He seems  
To flee our grasp as though he were  
Not substance, but a thing of air —  
A phantom, such as mock our dreams.”

Then Obadiah : “O my lord,  
Most faithfully have I obeyed  
Thy mandate : wheresoe'er I heard  
His secret home the prophet made,  
In cliff or cave, in glen or glade,  
There have I searched, but searched in vain :  
For as the mirage of the plain,

The seeming goodly oasis,  
 That fills the traveler's soul with bliss—  
 Great palms by healthful breezes fanned,  
 And runnels trickling o'er the sand,  
 And browsing beast and feasting man,  
 That marks the resting caravan, —  
 But all — all false ; a thing of lies,  
 That still as he approaches, flies, —  
     Even thus from me hath fled the seer  
 Ever most distant when he seemed most near."

Exclaimed the king — " O God ! when shall  
 Death, satiate, cease his carnival?  
 Could I secure the seer, 'twere hard  
 Should not the skies be soon unbarred !  
 O be he angel ! be he man !  
     Or be he fiend in human guise  
     No sight more welcome to mine eyes,  
 Has ever greeted them or can."

The master's words but little heeded  
 The man, and thus proceeded :  
 " Thou dost remember how when bidden  
 Of God, by Cherith he was hidden,  
 And fed of ravens, heaven-taught  
     To bear to him his daily meed  
     At eve and morn of flesh and bread,  
 We sought for him and vainly sought :  
 When to Sarepta fled the seer,  
 The bootless chase we followed there —  
 And often felt but never saw,  
 A presence that filled all with awe —

We felt that presence as we feel  
The presence of the clouded sun :  
We heard how she, the widowed one,  
Sparing for him her oil and meal,  
Thereby diminished not her store,  
But found it ample evermore !—  
How from the dark world of the dead,  
Her son came when the Tishbite prayed !  
O King ! such prophet hath not been  
In Israel, nor wrought therein  
Such deeds, since when on Horeb trod  
Moses, the man of God !  
Nor mayst thou hope to find him till  
Thou find him by consent of HIM  
Who speaketh from the cherubim,  
And ruleth all things by his will !—  
Nor mayst thou hope for that consent,  
O King !—till thou repent !”

At these bold words a moment flashed  
King Ahab's eye with rage, and dashed  
Was his quick cheek with passion, then  
His cooler sense resumed its rein  
And all was calm and fair again.

Yet not all calm — as some wild blast  
Goes rushing like a maniac past,  
One breath, at once its first and last,  
Out-breathing and then dying :  
Then quick thoughts follow, and the sighing  
Irregular of the wind's chafed breast ;  
So, with sad thoughts his soul oppressed —

And well I know this drouth is meant  
For discipline not punishment —  
For states established upon crime,  
May seem to prosper for a time,  
But soon or late destruction sweeps,  
Or from its rest the lance of God  
Upon the land like lightning leaps —  
And into dust erelong is trod  
The memory of the state that dare  
To curse Jehovah's righteous power  
By trampling human freedom down —  
Such frequent throbbing followed, when  
The passing passion swept his heart  
And spake King Ahab then:  
"O my good friend, for friend thou art,  
And in a time like this, when fall  
Without distinction, upon all,  
Our common sorrows, teaching us,  
How foolish and how frivolous,  
The empty gauds that we permit  
To blind us to our common dust,  
To sever souls that else were knit,  
In kindred love and mutual trust,  
It is not stooping, when I own  
The thorns that lurk beneath the crown,  
The griefs that weigh my spirit down !  
I have done wrong ! — by fault of mine  
Jehovah's altars are forsaken,  
And the mad populace awaken  
Their obscene orgies at the shrine  
Of Bel and Ashtoreth, and dye  
Their souls in dark idolatry !

They sin and die — they rot and burn  
With plague — they perish and through me :  
Yet does not tenderest mother yearn  
Over her first-born, when its eye  
Turns in its last dumb agony  
To fix on her, than I for them ! —  
Against my will I do the things  
Which God and my own heart condemn ;  
For there are stronger powers than kings,  
And he who wears a diadem,  
May flutter, eagle-like, with chained wings !”

“ Against thy will ! — thy wings enchained !  
Aye ! they are chained ! and to thy shame !  
O King, be worthy of the name !  
If, but thy rightful rule regained,  
Thou shouldst drive out the hungry pack  
Of northern wolves, and waste their den ;  
If, with true heart, thou wouldst again  
Honor Jehovah, and call back  
His banished servants, that would be  
Worthy thy sceptered royalty !  
Then should the swelling clouds exude  
Their rainy balm on field and wood ;  
Earth’s bursting heart again should cheer  
The rounded sheep and fattened steer ;  
And the glad globe again should shine ;  
With blooming pledge of corn and wine ;  
And thus the surest pledge be given  
That thou art the approved of heaven !”

Thus Obadiah : and replied  
The king : “ Bitter thy words but true :

Let us my friend, the herds divide, —  
The fields divide, and then we two,  
Each with his troop will journey through  
The land, to see if yet enow  
Of water be in brook or spring  
To keep the beasts from perishing :  
And if some unfrequented sward,  
Unfed perchance, may yet afford  
The remnant of the royal stud,  
Some scanty, yet sufficient food.  
This our first task and chief — yet not  
Our sole : it may not be forgot,  
We seek Elijah — not his life —  
'Twere shame to wake the ancient strife —  
But chance the years are past wherein  
Israel must suffer for his sin,  
And the strange Tishbite's prayer may gain  
For us the boon of rain. —  
And truth I would confession make  
Of crime perhaps, or dire mistake,  
For self and for my people's sake.  
Then may the people, long misled,  
Drive out these vermin that have bred  
Among the state's sores, and the grim  
Abominations of the north,  
Leave loathing, and adore thenceforth  
The Lord Jehovah, and in Him  
Rest with a faith that shall not dim !  
And who knows not that he for this,  
The empire that now severed is  
May reunite, and on the throne  
May place the king that thus shall own  
Him God, and Him alone.



All this we seek ; and now depart  
Nor let night's raven plumes turn gray  
In the faint morn, or ere thou art  
To-morrow on thy way.  
Ere then a trusty hand shall bring  
Our more especial ordering."

Thus spake the king nor yet was he  
Unconscious of inconstancy  
Nor even of inconsistency,  
And now, nor more of conference had  
Nor wholly hopeful, nor all sad,  
The minister obeyed the king.  
Tis such obedience that saves  
The shaking state, when indecision  
Has made its power a derision,  
When half are ready to be slaves  
And half to be the facile tools  
Of oligarchs and anarchists,  
When every knave does what he lists  
Despite alike of him who rules,  
And of the law which like a wall  
Is guarding and protecting all !—  
'Tis then the prudent and the good  
Ever obedient, are more  
Punctilious than e'er before,  
Lest the unthinking crowd should give  
To order the contempt that they  
Cherish for the executive,  
And thus break up and sweep away,  
Beyond all power to cement  
The sure foundations laid in blood  
And strong in time and precedent !—

'Tis then, lest they should jeopardize  
The law-protected liberty  
Of those that are already free,  
That with an uncomplaining tongue  
They bear the gall of chronic wrong —  
So led unto the sacrifice,  
The master went a patient lamb,  
A sheep before his shearer dumb  
And opened not his mouth,  
So many a bondman of the south  
And so in Cleveland prison some  
Endured unmurmuring martyrdom  
Until deliverance came !

### BOOK III.

A mountain from a broad vale sprung  
With terraces embossed, and graced  
With snowy shepherd cots, that hung  
Like jewels at its waist !  
Samaria crowned the summit, and  
It lay reposing on the heath,  
Like a huge camel on the sand,  
His load of spice and gems beneath !  
And as some fair Circassian girl,  
With peach-bloom cheek and teeth of pearl,  
The glory of the caravan,  
Bought as a bride for the sultan,  
So turbaned with the setting sun,  
The haughty city shone !

There stood Astarte's fane : half hid  
An artificial grove amid —

Whose trees, yet fed with painful care,  
Where all was waste, grew green and fair!  
So fair, that sin it seemed to forbid  
The sin that bade them flourish there!

The queen and the great concourse with her  
Meanwhile ascended thither:  
Viewed from the grey heights o'er the plain,  
The myriads that formed her train,  
Seemed like a snake, that slowly rolled,  
Coil after coil, and fold by fold,  
Its hideous hugeness, black and cold!  
Seen nearer, all its splendor showed,  
The gilded standards flashed and glowed,  
And spear and helm and priestly dress  
Shone in their jeweled gorgeousness!  
The queen herself rode up the height  
Borne on a mule of milky white,  
Proud of the housings which he wore,  
But prouder of the load he bore.

The temple reached, upon the ground  
She lights — her garments like a cloud,  
Floating her graceful shape around:—  
On each side sways the surging crowd,  
Obsequious, that their mistress may  
Find unimpeded way.

Enwrapped in mystery and gloom,  
Within the sacred adytum,  
Where the full day might never come,  
The goddess had her shrine:  
Carved o'er with many a quaint design

And mystic symbol, and above,  
Reposed within a dim alcove,  
Veiled with a web of woven gold,  
Her effigy, a wondrous stone,  
Dropped by herself from Heaven down,  
So the tradition told.

He who profane dare pass within  
The holiest precinct, for his sin,  
Strange agonies would seize on him,  
And racking pain in joint and limb,  
And only his deserved death  
Appease offended Ashtoreth!  
Yet Jezebel with fanatic zeal,  
And reckless of the people's weal,  
Maddened, and ready to lay down,  
For her false gods, her life and crown,  
Ventured the dark within, and set  
Upon the shrine her coronet, —  
Of gold, and with glittering gems adeck;  
And from the ivory of her neck,  
Unclasped her chain of pearls, of price  
All speech beyond, and fabulous size,  
(King Ahab's present to his bride),  
And laid it down the crown beside!  
The priests applaud the sacrifice,  
She heeds them not, but passes out  
Trembling and flushed at her own daring,  
With step so firm and queenly bearing,  
So goddess-like and grand,  
The multitude a moment doubt  
If not their queen have perished, and

This be Astarte's self descending,  
To punish them for her offending !  
A moment only, and then seeing  
Her safe, she seemeth now to be  
Some favorite of the deity,  
Some heaven-guarded being.  
With one impulse they fall,  
And with one voice aloud they call  
" A miracle !  
A miracle !  
Astarte Jezebel !  
Astarte Jezebel !"

Scorning the abjects, as they lie  
Adoring her divinity,  
She passes on as though she were  
A goddess — the proud Lucifer !  
And mounts a throne prepared for her.  
Then to herself : " O this is well ! —  
All thanks to Ashtoreth and Bel ! —  
For what hath been my girlish dream  
Shall to the letter be made good  
By action of my womanhood,  
And Sidon's gods shall be supreme !  
Now, for the Tishbite seeks the king,  
If he be found ? — why then it is  
My life or his !  
And that vile sneak, that toad, that thing,  
That pitiful whining chamberlain —  
I hate him ! — long ere this were slain,  
Did I not hope through him to get  
The prophet in my clutches yet !

I'll manage the old lion first—  
Then for the jackal! Both be cursed!"  
The people rise: the depths profound  
With music fill, that floats around  
Waking the echoes that were mute  
In rock and tree, with voice of lute,  
    Harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer!  
And moving to the music come,  
The temple's dim recesses from,  
    Willing slaves of a hellish creed,  
    Astarte's priests with horrid deed  
    Unutterable, consecrate  
    To the vile rites they celebrate!  
Twelve virgin priestesses, all pale  
    As whited marble, as their dress  
Of haziest lawn—a vapory veil  
    That floated round the loveliness  
It draped but hid not—passed before  
The priests, and strewed their pathway o'er  
Pomegranate blooms and myrtle spray,  
    And flowers of storax and zukkum tree,  
And every blossoming gift of May,  
    Blooming with fragrance and fair to see!—  
Fair to see!—but far more fair  
Were the flashing palms that scattered them there!  
Fair to see!—but fairer yet  
Each manna-white brow and eye of jet,  
And rounded shoulder and little wrist,  
That gleamed through the web of tissuey mist!

In, purple robed, then came twelve priests,  
    Bearing salvers of silver, whereon



The bloody entrails of slaughtered beasts,  
Ghastly and quivering shone :  
And followed them twelve more that were  
Swinging censers of fuming myrrh,  
And cinnamon and fragrant thus,  
And sandal-wood and calamus,  
Aromatic and odorous.

These of the priests the chief and arch,  
And following were many more ;  
Yet little boots it what they bore : —  
With aspect grave and drooping head  
And slow and solemn tread,  
Around the Asherah they march ;  
This was a shaft of cypress wood,  
Surmounted with an image rude  
And hideous — part beast, part human, —  
The limbs and body of a woman,  
The head a heifer's — symbol fit,  
Of the vile worship rendered it,  
Whatever of grace in mien and dress  
Still culminating in beastliness !  
They girt it round — a living wall,  
And on their bended knees they fall ;  
And toward the idol bowing, utter  
Strange jargon and unmeaning cant,  
In wailing tones and suppliant,  
Mingled with howlings dissonant ;  
And incantations fierce they mutter,  
And curses fearful ; oath and spell  
Redolent with the fumes of hell.  
They rise — and in the gloom and night,  
The fane within, they pass from sight.

Not so the maids: they watch the sun,  
That floats, a burning hulk, upon  
The ocean of the western skies —  
They gaze with fascinated eyes,  
Until it sinks, and nought remains  
Of the huge wreck, but shattered stains —  
The fragments of a myriad dyes!  
Nor watch they long — as from a trance  
Awaked — they join in song and dance!

## SONG.

Day is departed  
Night with her train,  
Steals up the mountain side  
From the grey plain.  
Loved of the mighty Bel,  
Shaming the asphodel,  
Bring we our prayer  
Here to thy fane!

Empress of evening!  
Giver of dew!  
Come to thy faithful ones?  
Shine in the blue!  
Humbly we kneel to thee,  
Eager we watch for thee,  
Rise at our prayer,  
Giver of dew!

Goddess! Astarte!  
Bride of the night!  
Lighten the heavens, and  
Gladden our sight!

Holy and beautiful !  
List to the dutiful !  
Answer our prayer,  
Bride of the night !

Thus sang the circling nymphs entwined  
Or over-arched with arms denude,  
And graceful swaying vines ;  
Their tresses floating in the wind,  
That played melodious interlude  
Among the tremulous pines.  
They pause : delirious response  
From myriad throats break forth at once,  
And mingle with the beat of drums,  
“The goddess comes ! she comes ! she comes !”  
For the crescent moon in the hazy blue,  
Was gleaming the dusty ether through !

What followed it were crime to name,  
What rights obscene — what deeds of shame :  
The muse may not pollute her verse,  
Nor need she more rehearse.

#### BOOK IV.

The evening passed ; the sorrowing moon,  
Beautiful priestess of the blue,  
Pale as a maiden from a swoon  
Recovering, the starred temple through,  
Deftly her silvern urn had borne,  
Lest on the pitied earth should fall  
The baptism of forbidden dew !—  
And then some song funereal  
The sad stars sang until the morn !

And now the truce of night hath ceased,  
And the vindictive Sun begins  
Over the ramparts of the east  
To hurl his javelins !  
All deadly now, but direst death  
Presaging, when the gaping vents  
Of high noon's brazen battlements  
Are open, and he showereth  
His shafts all pitilessly thence,  
A blazing pestilence !

Now wearily upon the road,  
Against all hope still hopeful striving,  
Supporting by his steel-shod goad  
His own uncertain steps, and driving  
The cattle flagging or astray  
Before him on the dusty way,  
Toils Obadiah : soon a rock  
Its friendly shade hangs o'er him  
And there a moment he delays,  
Giving the young men with the flock  
To pass brief space before him,  
And kneeling prays :

“ O who alone art God ! if not  
This sin-cursed land have overpassed  
Thy boundless mercy — if thou hast  
Thine Israel not all forgot,  
O heed not thou their wickedness,  
But turn and bless !

“ The flocks are dead — no blossoms burst  
Forth from the barren earth and cursed,

And thy poor Israel — they pine  
And perish, as not thine !  
O heed not thou their wickedness,  
But turn and bless !”

Then from his knees he rose, and glancing  
Up to the summit of the rock,  
He saw a man advancing,

Whose every reverent snowy lock,  
And calm grey eye and saintly air,  
And silvery beard, that graceful flowed  
Over his robe of camel's hair,

Down to his leathern zone — all showed  
Elijah : Obadiah well

Knew him the prophet, and he laid  
His face unto the ground, and said :  
“ My lord Elijah, thou ? ” The seer

Replied, “ I am : go thou and tell  
Thy master I am here. ”

“ What have I done that thou shouldst bring  
Thy servant to the angry king,  
That he may slay me. There is not  
A kingdom or a nation where  
For thee King Ahab hath not sought ;  
And he hath made the princes swear

Thou wast not with them hid ;  
And now thou dost thy servant bid  
Go, tell my lord that thou art here :

And it shall be when I am gone,  
The spirit of the Lord shall bear  
Thee hence I know not where ;  
And then the king shall come anon,

And I found false by him, shall die  
Disgraced — slain for a seeming lie! —  
But I thy servant love the truth,  
And fear Jehovah from my youth!  
Was it not to my lord revealed  
What part I played when Jezebel slew  
Jehovah's prophets? I concealed  
A hundred of them in a cave,  
And fed them there; now should I do  
What thou dost bid, — a liar's grave  
Shall open for me though I be  
True to my God and true to thee."

Then thus Elijah answering :

"As lives the Lord Omnipotent,  
He whom the hosts of Heaven adore,  
Whom I in reverence stand before,  
Surely will I to-day present  
Myself unto the king."

O words with meaning over-fraught,  
Laden until submerged with thought,  
Like an o'erburdened ship that hides,  
Her wealth within her pregnant sides!  
They spake far more than met the ear,  
They spake the land's deliverance near!  
To-day, the seer should meet the king; —  
To-morrow should the welkin ring  
With echoing tramp of coming rain! —  
To-morrow should the rivulets leap  
From rocky nook and craggy steep —  
Curvetting, dancing o'er the plain,



---

And sing again, and sing again,  
Their merriest refrain !

Strong in these words — assured no less  
By the impassioned earnestness  
Of tone and eye and lineament  
Of him who spake, than the intent  
And purport of the words he spake,  
Which not the dullest might mistake,  
The gladdened Obadiah went  
To seek the king :—nor sought he long,  
Bred from a boy those hills among,  
Familiar with each pass therein  
As with the face of nearest kin,  
What way King Ahab must pursue,  
And where to find full well he knew,  
Nor wide diverged their course yet led,  
And o'er the interval he sped  
Like a lost stag that scents the herd,  
Nor straighter could have flown a bird,  
And ere long saw the royal camp  
Pitched where a gushing fount once sprung,  
And where some scattered palms still clung,  
And still the moisture from the damp  
Soil sucked persistent — there a pool  
Turbid and foul replaced the cool  
And copious spring — the scant supply  
By man and beast sought eagerly.

There, 'neath the insufficient shade,  
The king had his encampment made,  
Soon as the climbing sun forbade

To travel further : — at the door  
Of his tent seated, he glanced o'er  
The landscape, suffering his eye  
    O'er dell by dell, and height by height,  
Slowly to pass and leisurely,  
    When Obadiah caught his sight.

“ Benoni — does the distant haze  
Confuse my vision as I gaze?  
Come hither : — is not that a man  
Hastening toward our caravan ?  
It seems, Benoni, likest one  
Most faithful, but a few hours gone.”

“ O King — thy thought is ne'er amiss :  
It is my lord — it is — it is ! ”

Nor lingering doubt could long remain,  
Or in the king, or in his train.  
Panting with haste, the pilgrim came,  
His face rubescent as with flame,  
And brow and cheek and beard were wet  
And glistening with beaded sweat,  
With his great news, his eye agleam,  
    Shone brightly as if it were fired  
    With oldest vintage, or inspired  
As the crazed priests of the Baalim,  
    But clear as a gem amid the sand  
In the still depths of a shaded stream,  
Or as the eye that from Abarim  
Undimmed beheld the promised land !

His waiting words, all ripe for speech,  
    Upon his lips hung tremulous ;

Then without order, as if each  
Were waiting to be uttered first,  
And pressing all at once, had burst  
The plastic door, they came, and thus :—

“Elijah — I have found him — waits  
Thy coming —”

“Waits for us !

Now, by the gods ! he overrates  
Our yielding—the imperious  
Beggar — to think to domineer  
Over his king ! We wait him here !  
Slaves ! arm and fetch the snarling seer !”

“My lord, if I may speak, though true  
And wise thy words, yet for the sake  
Of thy poor starving people, who —”

“Enough — we go — and yet to make  
Himself our peer ! — to wait us there ! —  
He hath done that no other dare !”

Two mares, the fleetest of the stud,  
Sprung from the best Arabian blood,  
A present from the Ishmaelite,  
Their skins all glossy, and as white  
As almond blossoms, soon were dight  
In costliest caparison,  
Were mounted, and like wind were gone.  
Steep, slope, and valley skimmed they o’er,  
Regardless of the load they bore.

In the cool shadow of a ledge,  
Beneath its overhanging edge  
The prophet waiting sat ;

Nor rose he, but continued seated,  
When by the halting horsemen greeted ;  
    King Ahab wroth whereat,  
Broke through the awe he felt but now  
For that calm eye and angry brow,  
And in his anger spake — “ Art thou  
He that doth trouble Israel ? ”  
Now rose the seer ; his mantle fell  
    About his feet : his finger pointed,  
And his eye blazed upon the king,  
Who cowered like some guilty thing : —  
    He felt that this was the anointed  
    Prophet of God : no priest of Bel  
Fawned on him now : — ashamed, afraid,  
He trembled as Elijah said : —

“ I have not troubled Israel :  
But thou King Ahab : thou and thine,  
    That have forsaken Elohim —  
Jehovah’s statutes and his shrine !  
    And thou hast followed Baalim !  
Now therefore send, O King, and call  
To me at Carmel Israel all ;  
And the prophets of Baal four  
    Hundred and fifty, and the priests  
Of the lewd Asherah twenty score,  
    Whom Jezebel daily feasts ! ”

BOOK V.

Ho for the gathering ! they come !  
The myriads of Ephraim from  
    Their famed Samaria press,

And from her herded hills, that sleep  
About her, as o'erwearied sheep

About their shepherdess !

And o'er Esdraelon journey far  
The husbandmen of Issachar !

And from the north the men of Dan,  
From Jordan's springs, and Laish, won

In fight from the Sidonian :

And mariners of Zebulon :

And Asher's sons from Lebanon :

And from the far south Simeon :

And from the borders of the land

Came Reuben's swarthy shepherds, and

Manasseh's stalwart herdsmen ; nor

Did Gad keep back his sons of war !

Men used to seize the ready sword,

Forsaking in the field the plow ;

The controversy of the Lord

Brings them to Carmel now.

Mount of the vine ! — whose fertile slopes

Each passing cloud had wooed and kissed,

And every maiden mist —

No more to welcome them he opes

His wealth of leaves wherein lay hid

Full many a glistening pyramid

Of nectared amethyst !

Gone was the pride of Carmel — gone

The green wood that he doated on !

The groves of oaks and pines that shed

An emerald halo round his head,

All verdureless and scragged stood ;  
The wild goat and the mountain fox  
Still sought a refuge mid the rocks  
And crisp and tangled underwood.  
But refuge only : for their food  
They wandered down the mountain side,  
Where babbled the perennial tide  
Of noisy Kishon — e'en now fed  
By rills that flashed like silver thread  
Among the stones to which they fled,  
And with the lizards sought to hide !  
Kishon — that in his greatest length,  
Swollen by freshets swept acrost  
From distant Tabor, with the strength  
Of a young giant, as to his cost  
Unwary Sisera found :  
Now, shrinking 'mid the shadows wound  
A rill, o'er which a child might bound.  
Yet his dear olives still stood by,  
And his loved laurels lingered nigh,  
And drooped and pined in sympathy.

The place was wisely chosen. Here  
Between what was and what had been,  
Dismal the contrast showed and clear —  
The saddening fruit of sin !  
Here, if at all, the state might be  
Redeemed from its idolatry.  
And here was full provision made  
For the vast throng — wood, water, shade :  
As here, where readily one might  
Sweep with a glance o'er all the land,



From Lebanon's proud and fir-crowned height,  
To the more modest hills that were  
About Samaria — here the grand  
Display of the Almighty hand  
Found fitting amphitheater.

And the time came : and from the tops  
Of Jordan's hills, with sheen aglow,  
The silver sandaled morning tripped  
With quick elastic step, and tipped  
With radiance, rock and tree and copse,  
Down to the plain below !

And there the gathered thousands stood,  
Shading the earth for many a rood,  
Nor ventured up the mountain side,  
But rolled against it, like the tide  
Of the beach-baffled flood !  
Above, surrounded by his foes,  
The holy seer undaunted, rose,  
His tall thin frame, with watching worn,  
And waste with fasting, towered, upborne  
By strength supernal, and his eye  
Beamed in the slant light of the morn  
With more than mortal brilliancy.  
Toward him the throng spontaneous bent,  
With eye dilate and ear attent,  
And silent stood to catch each word, —  
So silent, that you might have heard  
The white-winged waves that low and sweet  
Cooed and fluttered at Carmel's feet, —  
Or Kishon, wandering in the dells,  
Tinkling his silver bells.

The prophet spake, and clear and strong  
His stern tones thrilled the startled throng  
To where its farthest fringes trod,  
“How long flit ye from limb to limb?  
Serve ye the Lord if He be God!—  
If Baal, follow him!”

He paused—the issue which he made  
How could they meet, or how evade?  
Trimmers and changelings! that they were,  
Although the prophet’s metaphor  
Had stripped them of their thin disguise,  
And left no room for compromise,  
They were unwilling to decide,  
But from the issue sought to hide  
In silence, that which ever is  
The mean and juggling artifice  
Of moral cowardice!

Weak and misguided herd! On them  
To pity more than to condemn,  
Without rebuke, without a frown,  
The prophet’s princely soul looked down,  
He spake as to an erring child,  
With voice at once both firm and mild:

“I, and I alone—remain  
I—Jehovah’s only seer,  
But four hundred and fifty men  
Are Baal’s prophets here.  
Let them furnish bullocks twain:  
For themselves the choicest slain,

Crown the pile which they uprear :  
Let no kindling coal come near :  
Let them pray their gods to hear :  
I will bow before the Lord,  
And will call upon his name :  
Be he God, that thus implored,  
Answereth in flame."

No silence now : all Israel  
Responded : — "It is spoken well."

Then to the priests Elijah spake :  
"Ye are many, and well may make  
Your trial first — choose ye your steer —  
Dress it, but place no fire near,  
Then bid your gods uphold their fame  
In oracle of flame!"

The wily priests this challenge fair  
Would have refused, but did not dare.  
They took the bullock which was given  
And offered him a sacrifice,  
With shrieking and insensate cries ;  
And, as if by some demon driven,  
They madly danced the altar round,  
They pressed their faces to the ground,  
They lifted up their hands to heaven :  
They cast them prone : they abject crept :  
They madly on the altar leaped,  
With howl and groan, grimace and tear,  
And still o'er all the shout would swell,  
"O Baal, hear! O Baal, hear!"

But no response — no voice there fell,  
No answering oracle!

And morning grew to noon : and now,  
When most propitious was the hour,  
For Baal, god of the sun, to show  
His plenitude of power,  
Elijah mocked with bitter taunts  
The pitiable miscreants.

“Cry out aloud — he is a god! —  
But in discourse absorbed and deep,  
Or in the chase — or chance asleep,  
And must be waked! — aloud! — aloud!”

With shrieks more fearful than before  
More wildly round the pile they dash ;  
Like ravening wolves their teeth they gnash :  
Their keen knives in the sunshine flash !  
A breath! — in agony they roar! —  
Spurts the warm blood their garments o’er,  
And drip their brandished blades with gore.  
From many a self-inflicted gash.

Nor ceased they their mad prophesying,  
Till the bronzed day lay pale and dying —  
Yet came no god — no flame divine,  
No answer — no response — no sign !

Hail, holy eve ! The prophet’s soul  
Sees what his eye may not behold,  
Against the temple turrets rolled,  
In curling and murky wave and scroll,

The smoke of the evening sacrifice :  
Up to the heavens he sees it rise,  
Growing purer in its ascending :  
And when to the shining bars it clings,  
He sees the angel Forgiveness bending  
With outspread wings.

Then holy time and fit — the seer,  
Bidding the people to draw near,  
Prepared an altar for the Lord,  
Building it of twelve massy stones —  
Twelve ! — the full count of Jacob's sons !

The patriot ! — not by deed or word  
Would he concede that they might sever  
Their union ! Never ! never ! never !

He trenched the altar round, and when  
The ready victim on the wood  
Was placed, he bade the pile to flood  
With water, and to flood again,  
And yet again to pour and pour,  
Till from the altar, with the drench  
Thrice drowned and saturate — it flowed o'er  
And filled the trench.

Now all with expectation burned,  
All eyes unto the prophet turned,  
Who stood erect, calm, confident,  
The ideal and embodiment  
Of the great office which he filled,  
Grandest and noblest of his guild.

The turbid surface of this world,  
The godless clouds and passionate air,

By every mad impulse are hurled,  
Tumultuous, restless, everywhere !  
The quiet of the holy stars,  
No violence breaks, no passion mars ;  
True children of the soul divine,  
In his tranquillity they shine :  
Enraged as those the priests appear,  
And undisturbed as these the seer !

Unto the altar drawing near,  
With hands uplift together laid,  
And eyes on heaven fixed, he prayed :

“ O Lord, the God of Abraham,  
Of Isaac, and of Israel,  
That thou art God, and that I am  
Thy servant, O let this day tell :  
And O, to-day, let it be known  
That all the things that I have done  
Are done according to thy word :  
Hear me, O hear me, Lord ! —  
That all the people may discern  
That thou, Jehovah, truly art  
God only, and that thou dost turn  
To thee again their heart.”

He ceasing, swift fire from the skies  
Fell and consumed the sacrifice —  
Consumed the wood, and stones, and dust,  
And drank the flooded trench, and thrust  
Its hissing tongue in every cleft,  
Till not a drop was left !



The multitude, awe-smitten, prone  
Fell, and upon the earth lay strown,  
As in the harvest lies the grain,  
Or on the battle field the slain :  
Then rose tumultuous, and along  
From lip to lip ran through the throng  
A low electric undertone,  
Like the premonitory moan  
The mountain gives, ere it awakes  
Its slumbering furnaces, and shakes  
The earth, and makes the forests nod,  
Then simultaneous they break out,  
And o'er and o'er shout answered shout :  
"JEHOVAH — HE IS GOD !  
JEHOVAH — HE IS God !"

# WAR POEMS.

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TO ABRAM LINCOLN.

MARCH 4, 1861.

MAN of the hour! Goes up for thee  
The nation's fervid prayer to heaven  
That thou mayst have the strength of seven,  
The wisdom and the energy.

Unto its principles connate —  
Born with it in the revolution —  
Embodied in the constitution —  
If thou bring back the wandered state :

If thou shalt guard the interests vast  
Of sections, giving the ascendant  
To North and South : if, independent  
Of all control of clique and caste,

Firm for the right, but not severe,  
With no unnecessary terror  
Coercing crime, reforming error,  
All unto all thou shalt endear :

Man of the people, if thou be  
Fit for the burden laid upon thee,  
The nation's gratitude shall crown thee  
"FATHER AND GUARDIAN OF THE FREE!"

And thou shalt link thy name with HIS  
First in the chair to which thou risest,  
In battle chief, in council wisest,  
And share his apotheosis.



## JAMES BUCHANAN.

LET no one curse him. If he bear  
The memory of his own misdeeds  
Not in the utterest despair  
Of deepest hell—where Vengeance feeds  
His sateless maw—not there can be  
A fiend accursed more curst than he!

Can he forget?—who basely crushed  
Freedom, when for her right she strove  
In infant Kansas?—how he hushed  
Her death-cry?—how his minions drove  
With bullet and with bayonet  
The emigrant back?—can he forget?

Can he forget perverted law  
Through him perverted and for him?  
Dred Scott! It should his heart-strings gnaw  
And haunt his sleep with specters grim!  
That spirit will not down! Forget!—  
Though dead, it should pursue him yet!

The frauds performed beneath the eye  
Of him who sware a solemn oath  
To guard the nation's treasury  
And honor—and betrayed them both:

High-handed shameless thefts, and he  
Suspected as accessory :  
Conniving at the villainy !—

His falsehood manifest and gross :  
His criminal duplicity :  
His weak and pusillanimous  
Pretence that not by law could he  
Restrain a mob with plain intent  
To overthrow the government :

His nurture of secession clans :  
His mean and despicable course  
Toward them, who fellow-partisans,  
Would not impose by fraud and force  
Slavery on virgin soil, despite  
Their oaths, the people's will, and Right !—

Heroic Anderson immured  
In sea-girt Sumter, with no aid  
Afforded him, but ill-secured  
From famine, or from cannonade :—  
The nation's banner trampled low  
A scoffing for a ribald foe :—

The air surcharged with voices dread :  
The Union rent : the very halls  
Of Congress echoing to the tread  
Of men in arms : the arsenals  
And fortresses by traitors held :  
The nation's dirge by traitors knelled !—

If these the thoughts that must pass through  
The old man as he sits in his  
Retirement — these that shall pursue  
Him like the scourge of Nemesis —  
In hottest Tartarus can be  
No fiend accursed more cursed than he!

Then let none curse him ! His grey hair  
Should spare him that : and it not needs  
That we should curse him : he must bear  
The memory of these dire misdeeds !  
And that were curse enough for one !  
Leave him to that and God alone !



## FROM THE NORTH.

Aug. 25, 1861.

I N the hoar years ere from the earth  
Were all the spawn of Chaos gone ;  
When yet in brake and glade had birth  
The mammoth and the mastodon ;

Swept from the North the Glaciers down  
In a resistless caravan : —  
Mammoth was crushed and mastodon,  
And earth prepared for coming man !

When Vice and Art with equal step  
Had followed where the eagles went, —  
When Rome was rotten, and the world  
With her corruption redolent ;

Came from the North the Goths apace,  
And swept corruption from her seat,  
And earth begat a nobler race  
A manlier and more complete !

Now when the Southern saurian feeds  
On human hopes and human hearts,  
And Roman tyranny and crime  
Have found their Southern counterparts,

Another flood sweeps from the North !  
Beware of its resistless tide !  
Room for the Glacier and the Goth !  
The Union must be purified !



### THE PANIC.

Dec. 1860.

THE nation sits in terror ! crouching low,  
Like an affrighted madman 'mid the tombs :  
Her brow distort — her glaring eye aglow  
With frenzy and with fear : and froths and fumes  
Her slavered lip : and hiss and grate her teeth :  
And 'neath her clenched nails her quick flesh quivereth !

It is the throe of life ! For now the fiend  
Is driven forth ! — the demon at whose nod  
The sire, the matron, and the babe unweaned  
Unholy holocaust accursed of God ! —  
At the fiend's beck these was she wont to bring  
And lay at slavery's shrine the dreadful offering !



It is the throe of life! For sits above  
He who of old cast out the unclean horde  
In far Judea! With a look of love,  
He speaks, and she shall recognize her Lord!  
Let the fiend rage! — for cometh of this strife  
Freedom, and Lasting Peace, and Sanity and Life!

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A DREAM.

Aug. 26, 1861.

I LAY upon the sofa after dinner,  
And read the second time the day's despatches,  
And from the outer world passed to the inner,  
Closing unconsciously my eyelid's hatches.

And then I dreamed, but knew not I was dreaming,  
I thought me in Gethsemane — before me  
The Man Divine, in holy radiance beaming,  
And Judas and his band with faces stormy.

And while I looked the Master had vanished,  
And in his stead there stood a matchless maiden  
In queenly beauty — on her hair a planished  
Gold cincture blazed, — with diamond letters laid in.

And I read "Liberty." Her robe star-studded,  
Of misty azure lawn, her zone encinctured: —  
Her silken zone, o'er which her bosom budded,  
And which the Heavenly trine of colors tintured.

And where the High Priest stood I now saw standing,  
His reverence, Bishop Polk — and in the places  
Of those the Jewish priest was late commanding,  
To my amaze, I saw familiar faces.

Letcher and Wise and Lee, and A. H. Stephens,  
And Beauregard, and Mason and his black son,  
And many more, in groups of fives and sevens,  
And in a place secure was Claib. F. Jackson.

Anxious I looked to see who stood for Judas :  
Whoe'er it was, a paper he was holding —  
A name thereon — imperfectly I viewed, as  
The name was mostly hidden by the folding.

I saw two letters only — the initial  
J., and the last one, S. — and so concluded  
That Satan still retained his chief official —  
And then the whole was on my gaze obtruded !

It was Jeff. Davis — then I saw his face too —  
It was Jeff. Davis ! — how could it be other ?  
Since ne'er found Satan in the human race, two  
Rascals so like, as brother to twin brother !



#### WE MOURN.

OUR hearts are sad : ashamed we stand :  
We sing our songs of joy no more :  
For pagan temples fill the land,  
And pagan rites, and pagan lore.

The mighty work our fathers wrought,  
Their faith, their prayers, their zealous war,  
The blood they shed — all, all was nought,  
If Anti-Christ be conqueror :

If still by swamps of Pontchartrain  
The negro hold his rites obscene ;  
And Asia's son build Boodah's fane,  
Where once the cross of Christ has been.

Thy hosts, our God no more advance :  
Their arms are hushed—their lips are dumb!  
For into thine inheritance  
The idols of the nations come.



## NOLI ME TANGERE.

LET us alone, you beggarly knaves !  
For by our account you are much in arrears,  
Though you've paid our postage for eighty years,  
And guarded our coasts and kept down our slaves !  
We want nothing to do with you ! let us alone !  
Your degraded society lowers our tone !  
Let us alone ! Let us alone !

We were willing to govern as long as you'd yield  
To our whims, and were ready your betters to please,  
But if all that's to end, and our fat offices  
Are taken away, then can never be healed  
Our division : 'Tis plain what we always have known,  
Your degraded society lowers our tone.  
Let us alone ! Let us alone !

If you will consent to shoulder the sin  
And disgrace of the slave trade, while we take the  
gain  
Perhaps you may not then solicit in vain

For us, with our chivalrous views, to come in,  
And still suck the marrow and leave you the bone !  
But now your society lowers our tone !  
Let us alone ! Let us alone !

We never expected when we took the forts  
And the mints and the arms and munitions of war,  
That you mean thieving Yankees would ask us  
therefor —

We never once dreamed of you closing our ports  
And coming to claim them again as your own !  
We say your society lowers our tone !  
Let us alone ! Let us alone !

You were so slow about it, we thought you afraid  
To reinforce Sumpter — so eight thousand men  
Whipped eighty of yours, and could do it again —  
But had we foreseen all the fuss it has made  
We would not have touched it ! but now it is done  
We're afraid you'll come down here and lower our  
tone !  
Let us alone ! Let us alone !

Let us alone ! or we'll ship no more corn  
To feed your starved paupers — our cotton we'll sell  
At the highest cash price as a favor, if well  
You'll behave and not trouble us, else we are sworn  
Not to touch your vile coin, — unless, as is known,  
We can steal it ! For that might not lower our tone !  
Let us alone ! Let us alone !

Let us alone ! If you don't we shall arm  
Our negroes against you — and you ought to be  
Afraid of their prowess, for we are, and we

Of their rising are living in nightly alarm! —

You would better beware of our strength ere it's  
shown,

We insist your society lowers our tone!

Let us alone! Let us alone!

Remember the deeds of our sires, how they clipped

The claws of the Lion, or could if they would, —

How they drove out the British, or would if they  
could, —

While your dastardly Northerners soundly were whipped

In every battle! Yes, every one!

We say your society lowers our tone!

Let us alone! Let use alone!

The fact is, we don't like the prompt issuing forth

Of the thousands in arms at the President's call!

We assure you we do not approve it at all!

We can not abide your United North!

It reminds us of hemp! we don't like your backbone!

We repeat, your society lowers our tone!

Let us alone! Let us alone!

Our Beauregard is coming to take

Your capital from you, as soon as he can!

Old Abe and his cabinet, every man,

We expect to hang! and we think we shall make

Your regiments run! We want Washington!

But don't you touch us — 'twould lower our tone!

Let us alone! Let us alone!

## THE ST. LOUIS SLAVE PEN.

IT fronts upon the city street,  
It shrinks not from the gazer's eye—  
The slaver's pen and mart — the seat  
And hold of legal tyranny.

A temple of the Man Divine  
Stands near — so near the captive's wail  
Might penetrate its sacred shrine  
And turn the guilty Brahmins pale.

Why opens not the vault of hell  
Beneath, to swallow it, as of old  
Korah was swallowed? How can fell  
Vengeance her doom so long withhold?

The curse of God upon it fall!  
His curse be on its dungeons dim!  
His curse be on its frowning wall!  
His curse be on its lattice grim!

Oft have I seen in the hot noon  
Crowding the dormer window there,  
The thralls that strove from sultry June  
To catch a waif of freer air.

A mother there, whose lighter hue  
Proclaimed her of our Saxon kin,  
Would let her baby's fingers woo  
Through the stern grate the sunlight in!

And in the room beneath among  
Foul ledgers and pest-breeding scrolls,  
The ghoul — the panderer to wrong,  
Sat brooding o'er the price of souls!



Lower with bolt and rivet tells  
The sullen door, what victims groan,  
And clank their festering manacles,  
In noisome cell, and chamber lone.

It tells what pitiable fate  
Awaits the hapless wretch who dare,  
Being of the race unfortunate,  
Forget the bondsman's gait and air —

Or who perchance has dared to flee,  
To wrench the irons from his hands,  
And taste the sweets of liberty  
In bosky swamps and bottom lands —

Or dared to let his unpruned love  
Stray truant from his master's whim —  
Or dared obey the One above  
In disobedience to him !

O none can know the broken hearts —  
There broken, but the righteous Lord !  
The inquisition and its arts  
Is in America restored !

The curse of God upon it fall !  
His curse be on its dungeons dim !  
A curse upon its frowning wall !  
A curse upon its lattice grim !

Its hour has come if ye be men !  
Its walls are weak before your frown !  
Down with the slaver's gloomy pen !  
Down with the Bastile — down !

## DAVID.

DAVID read Greek with me in college. — Black  
Was he as Kedar's tents — black as the clouds  
That nurse the summer lightnings ; and his hair  
Curled like them on his knotted poll ;  
A scar — a relic of old servitude  
Ugly and huge — athwart his forehead lay ;  
His slanted eyes shone like two crescent moons,  
His nose retreated from the offensive world  
And sought repose upon his mustached lip  
Beneath whose quivering marge the pillared teeth  
Their two-fold ivory piled — a giant's causeway :  
He was not beautiful — but yet there was  
A certain manly dignity about him  
Which won respect. His nature, tropical,  
Sensuous, intense, and somewhat animal,  
Found prose too tame and so expressed itself  
In rhyme and rhythm. And when the burden was  
His people's woes, a wild Jeremiad  
Came from his pen all rank with trope and curse,  
Once, in the war when the confederate arms  
Were for a day triumphant, in despair  
He wrote out this, — and showed it unto me.

## A FAST DAY PSALM.

Smite thou our foes, O God !  
Our foes and thine  
Pursue them with thy rod,  
And scourge the race malign !

Do thou in anger cast  
Thy lightnings down,  
Blazing and hot, to blast  
Forest and field and town!

Destroy their yearning kine,  
Send not their grain,  
Or shower or blessed shine,  
And blight their sugary cane!

Their rice fields water not,  
Their cotton waste,  
Cause their ripe corn to rot  
And fig and vintage blast.

In counsel and in arms  
Alike confound :  
Let dangers and alarms  
Encircle them around !

Whatever stings and galls  
Upon them pile,  
Dismay their generals  
And scatter rank and file !

Their perjured President  
Give unto us,  
That he be fitly sent  
To his end infamous !

Have they not sought to crush  
Order and law  
With slavery's iron teeth  
And adamant jaw ?

Our stars — that, like the dawn,  
Shone, Freedom's crown, —  
Has not their dragon drawn  
From heaven the third part down ?

And bear they not his mark  
Upon their brows ?  
And is he not the dark  
God of their prison house ?

Have they not sworn by him  
With bloody lips ?  
Curse them, O God, and dim  
Their day with dense eclipse !

Curse them, and blast and blight,  
With wrath divine !  
And drive forth to the night  
Our enemies and thine !



### THE WAR.

WRITTEN AT ST. LOUIS.

WAR hath its evils, but the time of peace  
Hath its no less. When in the summer heat,  
'Neath the hot noon the weary sickles cease  
Their plashing cadence ; and the rustics seat  
Themselves to rest where shading branches meet,  
And watch the flickering air, and fall asleep ;  
And all is still ; — e'en in the ripened wheat  
Whistles no bird : — then from the hollows deep,  
Serpent and lizard glide, and o'er the dreamers creep !

So when Peace gives her summer to the state,  
Corruption's nestlings from their caverns steal,  
With wily glittering eye and head elate,  
And coil around the sleeping Commonweal!  
And hide their venom with their pledges leal!  
O native land, since thus thou wast accursed,  
Welcome the thunder of Bellona's wheel!  
Welcome her storm clouds that in carnage burst  
Remorseless, 'mid the writhing monsters by thee nursed!

And welcome now! For this is better far  
Than were the thefts and treacheries of last year!—  
Better than that a single radiant star  
Should from my country's standard disappear!—  
Better than that forever should inhere  
In her the vestiges of barbarism!  
The precepts of our fathers grow more dear,  
Now that our brows are moist with war's red chrism,  
And glows in us afresh the fire of patriotism!

The Union stood with something of Divine  
In its great condescension to the fears  
Of its antagonist, and gave no sign  
Till Sumter fell. Then no unmanly tears,  
But thunders woke, such as the goatherd hears  
Beneath Vesuvius ere it belches forth  
Upon the hamlets of the mountaineers  
Its hidden fires! From shop and smithy swarth,  
From farm and field, to arms, sprang the united North!

The eager patriots pressed into the ranks  
From Hoosac's slopes and from the shops of Lynn,  
From Erie's strand and Hudson's villared banks:  
And Pennsylvania sent her yeomen in:

And the great West furnished the Wolverine,  
    Buckeye, Hoosier and Sucker for the war:  
And April heard the primal battle din,  
    When Massachusetts soldiers fell before  
The mob, and stained with blood, the streets of Baltimore!

Bosom and brain both are throbbing and beating,  
    Sad Massachusetts her dead mourneth over,  
    She of the soldiers both mother and lover,  
Sendeth to Maryland sorrowful greeting:  
    “Lay them out tenderly,  
    Gently and tenderly.”

Slain are her sons! O the pang that thrills through her!  
    Yet was it glorious! — brother and brother  
    Slain for their country! O, for their mother  
Lay them out gently, and send them unto her!  
    “Lay them out tenderly!  
    Gently and tenderly!”

Anguish and glory twofold is upon her —  
    Freedom's protectress! The first blood to gain it  
    She shed, and sheds now the first blood to retain it!  
Great is the sorrow! — but great is the honor!  
    “Lay them out tenderly —  
    Gently and tenderly.”

Such was the message of the Governor:  
    Sad — passing sad! But other thoughts soon filled  
The public mind. Soon used to scenes of gore,  
    Men heard with calmness tales that once distilled  
    The cold sweat from their brows, and even chilled



Their very heart's blood. Now to Washington,  
And camps wherein the gathered armies drilled,  
We turned, and from them turned to gaze upon  
St. Louis, and the empire of the setting sun.

ST. LOUIS, MAY 8TH, 1861.

THE city is quiet ; and so is the sea  
Before the typhoon : and so is the air  
Ere the tempest bursts : but beware ! beware !  
For sleep may presage the throe of death !  
The surface is calm : but it may be  
That typhoon and tempest are lurking beneath !

I hear the clangor of arms as I pass :  
And women whisper with bated breath :  
And bearded men mutter between their teeth —  
This group for freedom, and this for the guilt  
And shame of our nation — alas ! alas !  
Of war to the knife and the knife to the hilt !

And the nightly patrol of an armed police :  
And the daily departure of timid ones :  
And the workshop's hush, where the engine drones  
No more its song, nor the hammer drums  
The dreamy, monotonous notes of peace !  
All mark the time till the crisis comes !

And the ominous tone of the daily press :  
And the gathered troops that respond to the call  
And muster in field and arsenal —  
These for the Union, and those to defend  
Rebellion : their meaning the blindest may guess :  
But One only above foreseeeth the end !

The city is quiet : and so is the air  
E'er the tempest bursts ; and so is the sea  
Before the typhoon ; and the streets may be  
Barricaded tomorrow ; and desperate men  
In the conflict of arms ! Prepare ! — prepare !  
To fight for your country ! to win, or be slain !

Such was the cloud that overhung the great  
Metropolis of the West — a cloud more dense  
Than all her smoky furnaces create —  
And that no springtime breeze could banish thence !  
Nor lasted long the anguish of suspense :  
For trampling on the counsel of the good  
Treason went headlong to its consequence  
And dewed the grassy fields of May with blood,  
And Innocence was crowned with Freedom's martyr-  
hood !

Shone bright the jeweled grass where Morning touched  
her dewy feet,  
The white tents ranged beneath the trees seemed like  
an anchored fleet,  
A myriad leafy bannerets waved from every gladsome  
tree  
While billowy hillocks glistened through them like an  
emerald sea.  
Missouri's brave militia wove their evolutions gay  
Among the oaks of Lindell grove upon the tenth of May.  
O loyal hearts that for the stars and stripes beat  
warmly yet,  
Beware ! for treacherous leaders for your feet a snare  
have set !

For Beauregard and Davis each they've named an  
avenue,  
And would have raised ere now the rebel standard but  
for you.  
What mean those cannon from the southern foe in  
secret sent?  
What mean those guarded muskets stolen from the  
government?  
They mean that though some honest but misguided  
men are there,  
Secession, like a deadly plague, has poisoned all the air!  
Let Jackson in his impotence and fury fume and stamp!  
He is a traitor foiled, and this is a secession camp!

Hark! hark! the tramp of soldiery! In compact  
columns from  
The barracks and the arsenal, four thousand strong  
they come;  
Of Germans and Americans, for each his race forgets,  
Of regulars and militia, of Zouaves and cadets,  
With loaded Minie muskets and with bristling bayonets;  
With heavy cannon threatening peril from their brazen  
throats,  
While the nation's standard over all in pride and glory  
floats.  
Camp Jackson is invested: upon each eminence,  
East, west, and south, the cannon stand, and hurl  
defiance thence!  
Cheer up ye true hearts in the camp! Quail, traitorous  
rebels, quail!  
Shake every coward knee, and every coward cheek  
turn pale!

The time for parleying is past — no terms are given now!  
The foe must fight the government or to its power bow!  
Your camp is but a slaughter pit if that ye dare resist,  
And on his own head be the blood of each secessionist!  
They surrender at discretion, let shouting fill the air.  
For the Union, for the stripes and stars, for Lyon and  
for Blair!

Were honest men disgraced thereby? No — no — it  
was no shame,  
Though loyal to your state to own your country's higher  
claim!  
The overwhelming force no doubt struck terror to the  
hearts  
Of traitors, you so soon found out and foiled their  
fiendish arts:  
But you feared not: you would not shrink from death  
nor honored scars,  
But never — never would you fight against the stripes  
and stars!

Hurrah! hurrah! for Lyon, for Boernstein, and for  
Blair,  
Who strangled in its nursing, the first whelp secession  
bare!  
Let the she-wolf in her fury up and down the Ozarks  
roam!  
Let her gnash her teeth with rage and slaver o'er her  
lip with foam!  
But they'll hunt her from the mountains! she shall  
find no covert there!  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Lyon, for Boernstein, and for Blair!

Now wave your guests a long farewell, ye trees with  
    bannerets green,  
For march the prisoners disarmed the loyal ranks  
    between!  
Thank God, as yet no blood is shed, though careless of  
    their lives,  
The citizens stand gazing with their children and their  
    wives,  
And yet there's always danger in the midst of mar-  
    shaled troops,  
Were fitter place for you your homes, you gay appareled  
    groups!  
Were fitter place for you your homes! for hark! what  
    noise is this?  
What cursing of the Dutch, what mingled oath, and  
    groan and hiss?  
Not men are these, but demons, broken loose from  
    Tophet's gates—  
And they're shouting for Jeff Davis, and for the  
    Confederate states!

How long think you, these soldiers will this rampant  
    treason bear?  
How long be patient 'neath the taunt,—“Fire cowards,  
    if you dare!”  
Like veterans for an hour endure they all these raw  
    recruits—  
But ye who sow the seeds of death, take now their  
    bitter fruits!  
For cursing, and for paving stones, and pistol shots, is  
    due  
A dire reward, and maddened men send Minie balls  
    to you!

The act was rash? Concede it : but repentance comes  
too late,  
And men must learn what folly 'tis to tamper thus with  
fate!

O lovely vale of Lindell Grove, the blood upon thy sod,  
Shall hallow thee forevermore to Liberty—to God!  
Let hand of slave ne'er curse with toil—let foot of  
slave ne'er tread,  
Upon the consecrated soil, where lay thy martyred dead!  
O sacred spot, whose chrism was the blood of Emily,  
Wave never banner o'er thee save the banner of the free!

O what a pang shot through the public heart  
When Ellsworth fell! shame to Virginia! shame!  
That son of hers should act the assassin's part,  
And bring dishonor upon Jackson's name!  
But quick the dastard's soul was sent to flame,  
And Justice gave her signet to the deed!  
Warren and Ellsworth! on the roll of Fame,  
Rank they together! Honor's highest meed  
To both alike for aye be gratefully decreed!

Ere long the traitorous horde had gathered head  
Upon Manassas, and the impatient press  
Indignant at delay the populace fed  
With loud complaints of seeming sluggishness:  
"Why was the Capitol held in duress?  
Forward to Richmond! Drive the rebels back  
E'en to the gulf"—spake utter foolishness!  
The army moved upon the foe! alack!  
And fled amain, with Ruin hard upon their track!



A dirge for the heroes — the heroes who fell!  
The vales of Manassas are rich with their blood!  
They burst on the foe like the sea at its flood,  
'Mid the hissing of balls and the crashing of shell!  
On heroes, on  
Till the field be won! —  
Long ye have fought, and bravely, and well!

What though the cannon were spawning like hell  
Fire and death-hail, brood upon brood,  
What though the iron-winged fiends which they  
spewed,  
Rushed through the air with hiss and with yell!  
Still on and on,  
And ye should have won!  
For long ye fought and bravely and well!

Their batteries carried, the foe fled pell mell,  
And ye to their stronger intrenchments pursued,  
In the mouth of their mines the fight ye renewed,  
Through batteries masked, through forest and dell,  
On and on,  
O could ye have won!  
For long ye fought and bravely and well!

Fierce, fierce was the carnage! And mad with its smell  
The enemy's horse! How their charge ye withstood  
Till the dead lay around you for many a rood!  
All that ye did shall proud history tell!  
How on and on,  
If the field might be won,  
Long ye fought, and bravely and well!

How smote every blade like the sledge of Martel! —  
And as your heart's love grim Battle ye wooed,  
When Davis rode forth on his charger milk-hued,  
Death on the pale-horse and followed by hell! —  
How on and on,  
If the field might be won,  
Long ye fought and bravely and well!

Toll for the heroes a sorrowful knell!  
Toll for the brave men scattered and strewed,  
On the field of Manassas, like leaves in the wood!  
With weeds drape the altar and muffle the bell!  
On and on!  
They should have won!  
For long they fought and bravely and well!

Mingle your sorrows peasant and belle!  
Bride doff forever your vail and your snood!  
Fresh orphanhood and fresh widowhood!  
Woe chasing woe with an unebbing swell!  
On and on,  
If the field were not won,  
Long they fought and bravely and well!

Though lost was the field — though disaster befel  
Our forces, the Union can not be subdued!  
War! war! till the foe shall for mercy have sued!  
War! war! evermore! against all who rebel!  
On and on,  
Till the field be won,  
On like the brave at Manassas who fell!

Blood for blood ! from the heart's inner cell,  
Vow and prayer is — blood for blood !  
Justice and vengeance — the hopes of the good —  
And the cries of the wronged, the prayer compel !  
Then on and on,  
Till all be won,  
And they be avenged at Manassas who fell !

A modest scholar at the Council Board,  
An unobtrusive, quiet gentleman,  
When the war came he woke his sleeping sword,  
And rode the soldier foremost in the van,  
From lip to lip in admiration ran,  
How he, the hero of the German war  
Skilful in fight and masterly in plan,  
Unostentatious all his honors bore,  
Till Carthage ! Then he shone all that he was before !

The gush of grief that followed when we knew  
Our Lyon slain, is past — but not the gloom  
Tartarean into which our hearts withdrew ! —  
Still would our sorrow linger round his tomb !  
The sword reversed, the pall, the drooping plume,  
The solemn music, and the measured tread  
Of mourners — fitting all — for they inhume  
Not the dead warrior only — but the dead  
Hopes of our hearts sink with him to his narrow bed !

The cressets of Night in the Heavens grew dim,  
And Dawn was impearling the orient's rim,  
And Morn from her sapphire embattlements threw  
Her banner of glory — the red, white and blue.

And then marshaled Lyon his hosts for the fray,  
And they pressed to the field in the youth of the day ;  
And proudly they waved as the foe came in view,  
Their banner of glory—the red, white and blue.

O flag of our country — still proudly it waves  
'Mid rattle of muskets and clashing of glaives !  
On heroes ! nor falter, while floats over you  
Your banner of glory — the red, white and blue !

The soldiers are halting — their leader is gone ! —  
“I'll lead you,” shouts Lyon, and beckons them on,  
And falls ! Waved there never o'er bosom more true,  
The banner of glory — the red, white and blue !

Hurrah ! for the rebels and traitors have flown,  
Hurrah for the Union ! the day is our own !  
And Springfield has blazoned with radiance new  
Our banner of glory — the red, white and blue !

What shall the end be ? Either we restore  
The Union to its status, but more free—  
Stronger, more glorious than it was before  
Or be the slaves that we deserve to be !  
Yet dream not that the struggle brief shall be  
If perishes this mighty Union — rife  
With living and organic liberty !  
Motes die unnoted : but the mortal strife  
Of dying gods must be commensurate with their life.

Our Union must not perish—for therein  
All hope is culminate : the blood and toil  
Of good men for two hundred years has been  
Spent without stint for us : our common soil,

Race, language, interest, at length must foil  
The Demon Treason! — when shall round him twine  
Relentless the great Anaconda's coil!  
Lo! where God writes upon the crystalline  
Secession's destiny in yonder waning sign!

•

## THE COMET.

STAR, that comest with sword of flame,  
What is thy mission? “I come to dare  
To deadly battle the Northern Bear;  
I come for victory and fame!

“Across the heavens I stretch my sword,  
And the constellations of the North  
Are trembling at my coming forth,  
And soon shall they own me for their lord!”

Star, that comest with sword of flame,  
A vaunter and a braggart thou art!  
Thou comest with boasting, but thou shalt depart  
In a few brief days, in haste and shame!

Little in substance and great in show,  
And fading in luster, and hasting away  
Like a frightened ghost in the morning grey —  
Type of secession! to Hades go!

But the stars in the blue shall shine and shine  
As in the past! — No cycles of time  
Shall pale them! Secure, serene, sublime! —  
Submissive to law — law-giving — divine!

## EUROPEAN RECOGNITION.

FROM slimy swamps dismal with trailing moss,  
From gloomy forests dark with boding pines,  
From glades that baleful elves aye flit across,  
Where venom'd snake with venom'd snake intwines.

Where scorpions fester in the teeming earth,  
And buzzards crowd the pestilential sky,  
A thing of monstrous and unnatural birth,  
To old world tyrants sends a piteous cry.

Secession's whelp ! although its senses are  
Scarce quicken'd yet, discerns the kindred signs,  
Instinctive knows its congeners afar,  
Instinctive for their recognition whines.

The British ogress ! who hath drank the blood  
Of myriads slain in mines and factories,  
Who waters India with a crimson flood,  
And tramps unpitying on the poor Chinese, —

Whose lying lips bewail the negro's wrongs, —  
Hypocrite ! had she ne'er a part therein ?  
Whom Ireland curses with unnumbered tongues —  
In her the bastard state discerns its kin !

The despot who, to gain the Gallic crown,  
In patriotic blood his saber dyed ;  
Who thrust, relentless, virgin Freedom down,  
And rules through perjury and parricide, —



The new-world monster marks the whetted jaw,  
And bloodshot eye, and visage stern and grim,  
Admires his hate of liberty and law,  
And knows its like and counterpart in him !

So seeks its recognition. Let them join !  
Like must to like. Together let them fall !  
We rest reliant on our cause divine,  
With God and Freedom stronger than them all.



## MONODY FOR S. A. DOUGLAS!

DEATH chose a fitting time  
To seal that forehead with his chrism !  
In manhood's sheen and prime,  
Dead ! — with the words of patriotism  
Still burning on his lips !  
Ah ! Now his fame can suffer no eclipse !  
It was a destiny sublime !

He saw his native land  
In mortal conflict with her foes,  
And rose  
Serene and grand  
Above the strife  
That marked his stormy life, —  
Above the partizan  
The patriot rose, the Statesman, and the MAN !  
In that pure atmosphere  
His soul found true repose —  
Found there her home at last,  
And rising still she from our vision passed,  
O glorious close,  
And fitting to his radiant career !

## TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MARCH 31, 1862.

MAN of the hour ! I pause and gaze on thee  
As on some statue, by the sculptor wrought —  
That stands the symbol of the Deity,  
Serene above the multitude distraught.

How great is goodness ! what is all the art  
Of statesmanship ! O what are place and power !  
What massy grandeur shows the honest heart  
That guards the nation in this stormy hour !

Thine the rough greatness of some granite cliff,  
Beneath whose guard the clustering hamlets sleep,  
Itself unmoved if smile the sun or if  
Its furrowed brow the angry tempests sweep !

Therefore thy words are freedom's : — such the breeze  
Born from the mountains, is and aye must be !  
So Scot and Swiss, Hungarian, Tyrolese,  
And Tennessean, mountain-born, are free !

As turn the travelers in some Alpine pass  
Enraptured to the Jungfrau, and behold  
Nor crag, nor cliff, nor cavern, nor crevasse :  
But crystal sheen alone, and burnished gold :

So, past its peril, shall the nation turn  
To thee, and see thy glory from afar,  
Nor shall thy human blemishes discern,  
But brightness that shall pale the morning star !

## DAY-BREAK.

THE golden-pinioned breezes lift  
The incubus from Liberty!  
The morning breaks! The storm-clouds drift  
Tumultuous to the southern sea!

In their Cimmerian depths immersed  
Their thunders rage, self-ruinous;  
And from their ragged fringes burst  
The storms that lately threatened us.

Beneath where blaze their lightnings down  
Blood red, alas! the torrents run,  
And strong men strew the thickets brown  
Of Henry and of Donaldson!

O vainly to yon bastioned isle  
The clouds are anchored strong and fast!  
The North-wind steeds but breathe the while,  
And fate is certain — first or last.

The North-wind sweeps o'er Number Ten:  
Their holds the hosts of darkness flee:  
And in the sunshine smile again  
The villages of Tennessee!



## HOW LONG, O GOD!

HOW long, O God, how long  
Shall Might the giant be  
The henchman of the wrong?  
The soldiers of our free republic pine  
Chained, wan, in rags, and starving and in prison

As if the Lord had not arisen  
    The leader and the champion of the free !  
We and our cause are thine,  
    And yet our foes are desperate and strong !  
How long, O God, how long !

How long, O God, how long  
    Delays the jubilee  
Of prophecy and song !  
The poor slaves, half embrutened, watch its sign  
    As beasts in winter watch the tempest's warring,  
Not proud, but meek and uncomplaining,  
    Or only uttering their complaint to thee !  
They and their cause are thine !  
    And yet their foes are desperate and strong !  
How long, O God, how long !

How long, O God, how long  
    Shall earth rock like the sea !  
How long our homes among  
    Shall Fear and Hate shed influence malign,  
    And Battle's maddened devotees assemble,  
And wife and mother watch and tremble  
    Lest ere the night fall they shall hopeless be !  
We and our cause are thine !  
    And yet our foes are desperate and strong !  
How long, O God, how long !

## PITTSBURG.

WHEN honor calls, it is not much to yield  
Our sons—our brothers ! We can see them die,—  
If they but perish in the open field, —  
Whether be ours defeat or victory !

Welcome for them an enemy who draws,  
As they, cool, self-possessed, and undismayed —  
Trusting in God, his weapon, and his cause —  
And meets his manly foeman blade to blade !

But when, hyena-like, the savage creeps  
With velvet step upon our unarmed men,  
And butchers them defenceless, heaps on heaps,  
We grudge the holocaust to carnage then.

Blister the lips that speak of cowardice !  
Who fled the field ? Whose dead unearthed are seen ?  
The powdered rum shows where the blenching is  
And whose the courage of the charged canteen.

Pæons to them who painful vigils keep  
With honored wounds upon a couch of pain ;  
Peace to the brave on Shiloh's field that sleep,  
Their name — their memory without a stain !

The blood root shall a richer ichor shed,  
Where spun the streams from slaughter's gory spur,  
The bath flower ope its blossoms pale and red  
From paler cheeks and pools far ruddier.

Above their sacred graves — the soil they trod,  
The oaks shall weave them garlands evermore !  
The river yearly rise and kiss the sod  
Where they their ensign to new glory bore !

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## ANTIETAM.

CLEAVING their way with bomb-shell and blade,  
Cleaving their way through the wooded ravines,  
Cleaving their way by battle and raid,  
Devils by instinct and tyrants by trade,  
Bring to the border their human machines !

Barefooted dirt-eaters bred from the sands,  
Drafted unwillingly into the ranks,  
Squatters and trash from the slaveholders' lands,  
Fiends, with the kidnapper's stain on their hands,  
Drive back our front and environ our flanks !

Shame to our soldiers to scatter from these !  
Never should manhood succumb to such foe !  
Sweep to the southward these cullings and lees !  
Minions and pimps of slave breeding grandees —  
Drift from the Stygian lakes overflow !

Over the border the spawn throngs as when  
Frogs from the Nile became Pharoah's curse !  
Poor doomed Hagerstown ! Children of Penn,  
If ever these pests pass the river again,  
Ye are deserving your fate and worse !



Glory ! The hosts are advancing ! the tramp  
Of hoofs is heard, and the clank of steel !  
The foe in haste is removing his camp !  
The pitcher of Gideon breaks ! and the lamp  
Of the hero shines on the commonweal !

Glory ! the thunder of rifled guns !  
Glory ! the hissing and bursting of shell !  
Charge down the mountain, Columbia's sons  
Glory ! the enemy runs ! he runs !  
As the rebel angels rushed to hell !

Hark to the stallions that terrified neigh !  
Hark ! they are mad with the scent of blood !  
Hark ! to the charge the trumpets bray  
And the steel-edged lines move on their way,  
Like angel hosts sweeping the guilty flood !

Piles upon piles the enemy lies,  
Piles upon piles our soldiers lie,  
The woods of Antietam are shaken with sighs  
Of him who is wounded and him who dies,  
But God hath given us victory !

Nobly, O nobly, our soldiers have done !  
Back to the slave marts the soul dealers fly !  
Back to the sand hills the dirt-eaters run  
Over the river in haste they have gone !  
And God hath given us victory !

## AN INVITATION.

BY the memory of olden deeds heroic which our  
sires

Shared together, sung in golden verse and breathed  
by conscious lyres,

By the glorious lakes and wolden, where they lighted  
freedom's fires,

Where they fought and where they rested in the  
mighty bivouac

Leave your heresy detested ! and to loyalty turn back !

We'll forget your broken honor ! We'll forget that  
you've forsworn,

All the wrong that you have done our country that  
you've rent and torn,

How you've pierced and placed upon her bleeding  
brow the crown of thorn !

We'll forget your mad attempt to cast the fane of  
freedom down !

We'll forget that e'er you dreamt to build your bastard  
state thereon.

We'll forget your mad endeavor to roll back the wheels  
of time,

And to curse the land forever with your statute-san-  
ctioned crime,

Crime whose parallel was never since the earth was in  
its prime !

We'll forgive your oaths unholy, and your perjury of  
soul,

Your iniquity and folly — we will overlook the whole !

We'll forget the deeds inhuman that were at Manassas  
done,  
Bedlam gifts for maddened woman — amulets of finger  
bone,  
Skulls that sight did once illumine rasped with steel  
and pumice stone,  
Baskets rich with ivory molar from a wounded Yan-  
kee's gum,  
Wrested from the alveolar ere he went to Kingdom  
Come,

Not shall Sumter's fortress burning, not the flames  
of Lexington ;  
Not the sorrowful inuring, here of husband, here of  
son ;  
Not the orphaned eyes upturning to the Just and  
Holy One :  
Waken anger to our faces ! We will shut our eyes and  
ears,  
And will wash the bloody traces from the blushing  
earth with tears !

Not the ice of deep December shall be colder than  
our ire,  
Blows no wind shall wake an ember, stronger love  
shall quench its fire :  
We are brothers, we'll remember, children of a com-  
mon sire !  
Buried be our ancient grudges ! Burn our fresh-lit  
hatreds dim !  
What be we that we be judges ? Vengeance be alone  
to HIM !

Not in sternness unrelenting will we turn away from  
you ;  
Could you turn but half repenting, all our love would  
gush anew,  
You should find our hearts inventing ways to let the  
flood rush through !  
Were we pure as alabaster, and no debt against us  
scored,  
We be scholars of the Master, we be servants of the  
Lord !

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TO THE NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

BLOSSOM, that to the Night alone  
Unbosomest thy purity,  
Each princely star stoops from his throne  
To catch a nearer glimpse of thee.

And dreaming Earth, her breast impearled  
With thee, her dearest gem would keep,  
Thou daughter of the upper world,  
And clingeth to thee in her sleep.

And human eyes, that know the stars  
And beauteous earth, still turn to thee —  
And darkness lifts, and Hope unbars  
The future, where her treasures be.

O native land, would that there might  
Some star of earth or heaven illumine  
Thy darkness, and that on thy night  
Some flower of Hope again might bloom.

## FREDERICKSBURG.

THE Rappahannock's swollen track  
No more can hold our soldiers back ;  
Not they who ne'er a danger shunned,  
Shrink at the guarded heights beyond ;  
Nor fear to cross the plain below,  
Swept by the cannon of the foe ;  
Each belching from its paunch defiled  
A flood to swallow a man child ! —  
Nor fear the rebel marksmen keen,  
Who haunt each thicket and ravine ;  
Who lie their rifle pit amid,  
And by yon broken wall are hid ;  
Who to a Union soldier were  
More dangerous and deadlier  
Than their own symbol in the brake,  
The reptile fiend — the rattlesnake !

Our braves go o'er the stream ! Alack  
For thousands cross to ne'er come back !  
O heavy hang the clouds and grey  
For victory is not ours to-day !  
There needs not rain, for tears and blood  
Shall drench the earth with ample flood !  
The clouds are wearing shroud and pall —  
To-day — to-day our soldiers fall,  
As in the Mississippi's brink  
The flooded forests plunge and sink !

Yet fear they not to fight and fall  
At duty's and their country's call !

And goes brigade upon brigade  
As gaily as if on parade ;  
Not blindly, but intelligent  
Of all they stake in the event ;  
Attent to what the leader saith,  
The heroes march the march of death !

Though hissing shot and shrieking shell  
Rend the thick air like fiends from hell,  
And through the compact masses rush  
As hurricane through brake and bush,  
Yet, 'mid the storm and carnage thick,  
The broad crevasses close as quick  
As close the ocean's parted lips  
Upon the wake of passing ships !  
Their groaning comrades strew the heath,  
Yet on they march the march of death !

O mothers ! be ye proud that runs  
Your dearest blood in these your sons !  
O wives ! be proud if at your knees  
Prattle and climb the sons of these !  
O maidens ! by these heroes wooed,  
Glory in this their martyrhood !  
O Earth, be proud ! for men ne'er trod  
Thy breast ere this more like to God !  
And heaven ne'er saw to it arise  
A more ennobling sacrifice !  
With God above and self beneath  
They grandly march the march of death !

They charge ! they charge ! or hope inspires,  
Or furious desperation fires !



They beat against the enemy  
As on the dark rocks beats the sea!  
Their ranks are shattered in the shock,  
As is the surge upon the rock!  
And yet not unavenged they fall,  
For many a blade and many a ball  
With traitor's blood is dripping wet! —  
And many a loyal bayonet  
Finds in a rebel heart its sheath,  
Ere end our braves the march of death!

Forever cherish we their name,  
They passed above in cloud and flame!  
Far better thus than rot and die  
Upon the Chickahominy!  
Better than slow delay, which is  
The near akin to cowardice!  
Their eyes grew dim, and brighter grew  
Those terraced heights before their view!  
Upward and upward rose the stair,  
For Glory placed her ladder there!  
And Honor gave her starry wreath  
To them who marched the march of death!



## ARKANSAS POST.

OUR eastern lines no more advance,  
Our troops draw back from Vicksburg height,  
Alone with noble Rosecranz  
Our stars still blaze triumphant light,

Now, brave McClernand, is the hour!  
Smite, and at once, the rebel host!  
Free all the west, and crush the power  
Concentered at Arkansas Post!

The traitors fear no danger near;  
Our troops are worn and miles away;  
But not too far nor worn they are  
To smite a foe or join a fray.

They force the hostile wilderness,  
The sky their tent their couch the ground,  
Through swamp and bayou-on they press  
And gird the rebel bastion round,

With thunder booms and screeches harsh,  
Now through the air the bomb-shells ride;  
Shot echoes shot, from wood and marsh,  
From gun-boat and from river side!

And step by step the foe gives way!  
And step by step our men come on!  
One charge! Hurra! Hurra! the day  
Is ours! Hurra! the fort is won!

The white flag waves! No longer flaunt  
The signs of treason, and of shame!  
Up mount the stars!—irradiant  
With glory and eternal fame!

Hail to McClernand!—who in spite  
Of orders, fought! A man is he,  
Who dare for country and for right  
To take responsibility!

The martinets of formal war  
Such ready prowess may dislike ;  
West Point may vote irregular  
The way our rough backwoods-men strike!—

So does the foe ! He has a dread  
Lest rules and forms be overset !  
So has the sneaking copperhead  
Of Lincoln and of Lafayette !

But we have praise and laurel bays  
For him who dare a crisis know,  
Whose loyal word or loyal sword,  
Lawless or lawful, smites the foe !



## THE REBEL'S HYENA SONG.

A GIFT for the fairest ! No Indian shawl,  
The choice of an orient merchant's stall,  
No mountain of light from the mines of Brazil,  
O no, I have something more delicate still !  
The daintiest gift for the one I know  
Is a breastpin carved from a Yankee's toe !

No curious locket of work unique,  
No odorous casket, no vase antique,  
No pearls, no bracelet with gems inset,  
No gossamer vail, no pendants of jet.  
The daintiest gift for the one I know  
Is a breastpin made of a Yankee's toe !

O loveliest one ! when the time is full  
I will pledge my bride from a Yankee's scull !  
On her neck she shall bear his teeth astring !  
And I'll place on her finger a shin bone ring !  
And her bosom white shall heave and glow,  
Neath a breastpin made of a Yankee's toe !

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### OF ARMING THE SLAVES !

**A**RMS for the slaves ! Let all be set  
To drive the traitors from the land !  
If needed let a bayonet  
Be placed in every loyal hand !

The choice of our Circassian blood  
We pour like water ! It is wise !  
To save the land there is and could  
Not be too great a sacrifice !

And is the negro's life so dear  
It may not be for freedom spent ?  
Or be we mad that we revere  
That slavery that our country rent !

The negro is too low ? Shall pride  
Destroy our country ? Be we fools ?  
Too low ? — do we not fight beside  
Our very horses and our mules ?

Whoever is my country's foe —  
Whoever is untrue to her,  
There is no menial hind too low  
To be his executioner !

Nay, he who is a man within,  
Who truly plays a patriot's part,  
Is better in a dusky skin  
Than any with a traitor's heart !

The meanest of the race of Ham  
Is higher upon Honor's list  
Than traitorous Vollandigham,  
Or any vile secessionist !

Arm the black hand ! Or else our doom  
Awaits us, and a Paschal morn,  
When shall be heard in every home  
A wailing for the eldest born !

Let the black hand secession stun —  
And strike the latest rebel dead !  
And the black heel to dust crush down  
The rattlesnake and Copperhead !



## THE PIC-NIC.

ONE day to pleasure ! In the crowded wains,  
That with our laughter shake,  
We skim the rail, as the low flying cranes  
Skim o'er the reedy lake.

Farewell the city with its dust and din !  
Hail to the glad green woods !  
That offer shade and couch and song within  
Their grassy solitudes !

The steam car shrieks and pauses, and the crowd  
Gurgles upon the earth  
Gorgeous and blithe, as if an evening cloud  
Brake in a ripple's mirth !

The music calls : adown the grassy slopes  
The gay procession winds :  
The grove is reached : and Mirth his treasure opes,  
And each a jewel finds.

Some swarm the rope, and seek uneasy bliss  
In Copenhagen rude :  
In gathering nectar from the willing kiss  
Of the mixed multitude.

Some throng the oft replenished cask in which  
For all athirst is mead,  
Icy and fragrant, generous and rich,  
The luscious lemonade !

Some weave gay measures to the witching tone  
Of pipe and violin :  
Some pensive wander on the hills alone,  
Or sit the dells within !

Some rest in quiet groups beneath the shade  
And plait the oaken leaf,  
And crown their foreheads with the comely braid :  
Honor how fair and brief !

Some older and more grave with thoughtful brow,  
Talk of the jarring state —  
Of fell revolt — of homes once happy, now  
Blasted and desolate !



O cursed war, that e'er to the delight  
Of youth dost sorrow bring !  
O slavery that on all things casts the blight  
Of crime and suffering !

Come star-crowned Night ! Come heavy-lidded Sleep !  
Our weary spirits bless !  
And sport and grief both bosom in the deep  
Wave of forgetfulness !

Come rather Thou, Divinest, in whose hand  
Are all things small and great,  
Teach us, wherein we can not understand,  
To trust, and watch, and wait.



## THE SORCERESS.

UNDER the dwarfed palmetto tree,  
Wrinkled and warped and sear is she,  
The sorceress sitteth by the sea  
Muttering her grim litany  
Of imprecation and curse and ban  
On all that fight for Liberty  
And for the rights of man !  
Droning a litany of hell,  
To which the dismal chorus is  
The prisoner's groan, the bondsmen's moan,  
The thwack of the scourge, the rattlesnake's hiss :  
The sorceress sitteth by the sea,  
Her hair grows white and her arm grows thin,  
And the wrinkles crimp her yellow skin,  
But the shark's teeth shine her mouth within,  
And her fish grey eyes give a glare like tin,

And she gloats on the thought of her horrible sin,  
And droning her litany of hell,  
    She weaves a spell,  
    Deftly and well,  
Braided of seaweed and knotted with shell !  
And the copperheads creep among the leaves,  
Watching her fingers as she weaves,  
Mimicking every braid of hers,  
    Back and forth, and forth and back  
    Follow they the sinuous track —  
    They wind and wind,  
    Until the black  
And loathsome knot of treason is twined.

Once she was young and fair, and then  
    She gave to the beauty and bloom of youth  
    The beauty and bloom of justice and truth ;  
    But the lust of gold has come with time,  
    And she hath wedded her age to crime,  
And she is the scoff and scorn of men.

O sorceress singing by the sea  
Chuckle no more in fiendish glee  
All thy charms have faded away  
Power is henchman to justice to-day  
    On the island sands  
    The fortress stands  
Ankle deep in the ocean spray  
    But no more over  
Its mounds can treason's banner hover  
    And thou shalt strain  
    Thine eyes in vain  
That impious standard to discover

The starred flag leaps in the salted air  
Over the sons of freedom there.  
For Freedom from her snowy tents  
    Over the yeasty bay has come  
    Gliding lightly over the foam  
And leaped upon the battlements !  
Rosy daughter of the skies,  
She waves her flag in the bracing air  
Over the sons of Freedom there,  
But waves aloft her saber bare,  
    And from her eyes  
Flashes defiance to her enemies !

Wagner is lost and Gregg no more  
Keeps the avenger from the shore,  
    And comes to wave on Sumter's wall  
The crown he wore in days of yore  
The flag of Freedom your hate and dread  
    And Sumter stoops his kingly head  
    To receive again the coronal.

The sorceress wakes from her dream of sin  
For over head the bombshells spin,  
And they fall her votaries amid  
And they fall where her teraphim are hid  
Among her soldiers armed and strong  
And where the weak in terror throng  
And streets and temples and homes among :  
    Shells curse laden and belching flame  
    For He hath gathered the men of the north  
    And He hath armed and sent them forth  
Whose Vengeance never misses its aim !

Poor blind dupe of self and hell  
The sorceress weaves a snare for her feet  
And she weaves herself a winding sheet  
    When she weaves her spell  
    Deftly and well  
Braided of seaweed and knotted with shell.

Poor blind dupe of self and hell  
Froth and fume and rant and rate  
Dote and mumble and drivel and prate  
Gnash and gnaw and grind and grate  
Scold and curse and imprecate  
In aimless rage and impotent hate  
Helpless must thou poor crone await  
But wait not long thy hurrying fate  
For the iron fleet at the ocean gate  
    Shall burn thy palace and blast thy state  
    Shall leave thee charred and desolate !  
    Till the fiends that make thy souls their spoil  
    Shall think they tread their native soil  
    Black as the grim and midnight pit  
    That Sumter was when thou winnest it :  
    And then that sea girt Colosseum  
        Shall render anthem from pennon and bomb  
    The sea shall shout the glad *Te Deum*  
    “ *Io ! The Jubilee is come !* ”  
And the souls of them that for the right  
    Have won a hero's martyrdom  
    Heroes all — or black or white —  
Shall look down from their crystal height —  
And in the music of bugle and drum  
    Feel again their old delight !  
    But the snake shall be torpid, and cold and numb,

To poison no more the air of night  
No more with cold eye's glare to fight  
And the lips of the sorceress shall be dumb,  
And cold and blue as with mildew blight,  
And the good and true shall bury the twain  
Snake and sorceress out of sight  
No more to befoul the air again!  
And their burial place shall with salt be strown  
That never may plant of health grow there  
But it shall be forever bare  
Or but with poisonous weeds alone  
Black and clammy and deadly o'ergrown.

---

## THANKSGIVING HYMN.

1863.

O GOD, thy children hither come,  
But not — not as of old they came :  
The gathered circle of the home,  
Is here, but not — ah ! not the same !

The grand-sire and the grandame come  
The mothers and their little ones,  
Concealing their hearts' martyrdom  
For absent sires and absent sons.

Their hearts with love and sorrow fraught  
Would to thy sacred feet draw near ;  
They bring their vows, but they have not  
Their altar nor their offering here.

No altar their's of stone and wood,  
No fruit of vine or fold they bring,  
Their altar is the field of blood,  
Husbands and sons their offering.

And yet in gratitude they lift  
Their prayers for this — the noblest land,  
Rejoiced to bring so great a gift  
For her — a sacrifice so grand.



#### THE PRICE OF PEACE.

WHAT was the price we paid for peace?  
Women and children weighed with gold  
Innocent babes and christian wives,  
Body and spirit, thews and lives;  
Virgins of virtue and perfect mold —  
God! at the thought the blood runs cold,  
Chaffered for, bid for, bought, and sold! —  
And this without surcease!

What was the price we paid for peace?  
Never to have the Capitol  
Free from the slaver's lash and law,  
Free for the heart and lip to thaw;  
Never to have in either hall  
Uttered by men of manly speech,  
All that the Bible and reason teach —  
And this without surcease.

What was the price we paid for peace?  
Ever corruption creeping in  
Warping our conscience from the good,  
Breeding a race of mongrel blood:



Ever becoming more akin  
 Unto the wronged in hue and skin,  
 Unto the wronger in his sin,  
 And this without surcease !

What was the price we paid for peace ?  
 Bibles pervert and pulpits dumb,  
 Freemen hunting — may God forgive —  
     Hunting the self-freed fugitive,  
 Laws to exclude the negro from  
 Every gleam of millenium,  
 Every hope of Christ to come.  
 And this without surcease.

Such was the price we paid for peace !  
 Better the fiery tides of war,  
     Better our maids should die unwed,  
     Better be bridal robes blood red,  
 Better be mothers weeping o'er  
 Sons that in agony they bore,  
 Better be suffering evermore,  
 Than crime without surcease.



# THE CALL FOR FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

1864.

THE northern clarion rings again  
 And answering hosts of northern men,  
 With hearts of fire and arms of steel  
 Rise to defend the commonweal !

On every village green appears  
The little squad of volunteers.  
Nor now as once, alone the fair —  
With Saxon and with Celt is there,  
The freeman in his dusky skin ;  
    Glad to avenge his injured race,  
    At once he takes the proffered place,  
And shows he has a soul within !  
    O traitors ! blush ye not, to think  
That these whom ye have made your thralls,  
    Whom ye have scorned as but a link  
Somewhere twixt men and animals,  
    Should in emergencies like these  
Exhibit manlier qualities  
Than e'en the best of you possess !—  
A noble self-forgetfulness !—  
Such love of country as you had  
Before you were secession mad !—  
Such love of freedom as you ne'er  
Had e'en when at your best you were :—  
Courage the equal of your own —  
    Your own whose special pride it is  
    To boast no taint of cowardice !—  
No English yeomen in the hour  
Of Cressy or of Agincourt,  
More heroism could have shown,  
Than the brave blacks who met their end,  
At Hudson and at Milliken's Bend !  
Swell high, O northern surge ! as strong  
As the huge streams that drive along  
    The icebergs from the polar sea !  
Woe to the ship whose destiny,

Or foolish pilot brings its path  
Too near that iceberg in its wrath !  
Woe to the hapless mariner  
Who, doomed, has risked his life in her !

---

SONG.

WHEN Secessionists and rebels by Jeff. Davis were  
misled,  
And sought that Union to destroy for which our  
Fathers bled,  
Good Abram Lincoln thought it wrong to part whom  
nature wed,  
The people chose him President, and thus their ballots  
said :

“ Lincoln, link on  
The States to the Union ! ”

“ Link on,” said he to Scott and Grant, “ your  
companies and squads,  
Link on your regiments of braves who fear to face no  
odds,  
Link on your arms beneath the battle flag that o’er  
you nods,  
Link on, link on, ye heroes, for your country’s cause  
and God’s.”

Lincoln, link on  
The States to the Union.

“ Link on,” said he to Welles, “ your iron armor to your  
ships,”

“ Link on,” said he to Chase, “ your greenbacks and  
your treasury chips,

“Link on,” said he to Seward, “if you can with  
friendly grips,  
Those foreign chaps, if not we’ll fight, and he’ll be  
best who whips!”

Lincoln, link on  
The States to the Union.

The good work given him so well the President has done,  
That all link on Abe Lincoln’s name to that of Wash-  
ington!

O nobly shall he end the war secessionists begun!  
Hurra, hurra, for Lincoln, and our land forever one!

Lincoln, link on  
The States to the Union.

And then brave boys when we have whipped the traitors  
and once more,

Shall peace and freedom reign from ocean shore to  
ocean shore,

We’ll link on to the maidens dear whose love we won  
of yore,

And rest secure from the alarms and from the toils of  
war!

Lincoln, link on  
The States to the Union.



#### THE MURDERER.

GO—thou art free—thou that didst lift  
Thy hand against our mother’s life,  
Thy life—it is that mother’s gift,  
Go—fear not the assassin’s knife.  
Our mother has no son so base:  
We leave that to a lower race!

And yet, the scaffold is too good  
For traitors such as thou hast been,  
And yet the viper's poisonous blood  
Should but pollute the guillotine  
And yet the hangman's hand would smutch  
And blacken at thy guilty touch!

Yes thou art free, if such as thou,  
Canst aught of pleasure find, 'tis thine;  
Howe'er we judge thee, we would now  
Leave vengeance to the One Divine:  
We say not anything to add  
Unto the suffering thou hast had.

O fallen, fallen! Morning Star!  
To think of what thou mightst have been!  
We look upon the heights afar  
Where the untempted walk serene!  
Great God! That of the creatures be  
One equal to such infamy!

Go! If the viper with his kind  
Still consort keep, we hunt him not,  
And the hyena still may find  
Some desert place by man unsought.  
And they both would well beware  
The haunts where the avengers are!

When once our blood was hot, and we  
Were moaning for the newly slain,  
Then to have met our soldiery  
Yea, though thou bore the mark of Cain  
The signet of the Almighty would  
Have not restrained their thirst for blood.

But they are cooler now — they have  
No tiger's thirst — but they are men  
As generous as they are brave,  
And would not cause a pang of pain  
Unneeded to the basest thing  
That crawls the footstool of the king.

Go — stand beside the countless graves  
At Gettysburg — go stand beside  
The island that the river laves  
But never with its cleansing tide,  
Though it should pour tenfold a flood  
Can wash therefrom the stain of blood!

Go back to Richmond where thou satst,  
As sits in Tophet, Satan crowned,  
And with thy unconquerable hate,  
Hurl thy despotic mandates round :  
And let the prison walls rehearse  
Into thine ear the prisoners' curse!

If that indeed thou canst repent,  
Go, kneel thou by the grave of Him,  
The noble, martyred, President !  
And pray that thou mayst be forgiven  
Of country, and the Dead, and Heaven!  
Nor into outer darkness driven.

Yet, ere thou go, look once upon  
The sorrow of that mother's face —  
Look on the flag thou tramplest down —  
The stars thy madness would displace,  
Look on the glory of the land  
That thou didst blast with sword and brand! —



What thou hast been she will not think, —  
What thou art now she asks thee not, —  
Yea, and will never break the link  
That nature at the birth time wrought, —  
And she remembers thou wast once  
Among the number of her sons.

---

JAN. 11, 1865, 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

ALLELUIA to God! Missouri is free!  
Bear! — bear the glad tidings o'er mountain and sea!  
Shout hills! on whose brow rests a chrism of gore —  
Freedom's vow, by the bloody baptism of war!  
Shout prairies that fold to your bosoms our braves!  
Ye shall shrink never more from the footsteps of slaves!  
Tis the fiat of God! — the people's decree!  
Missouri is free! She is free! she is free!

Blaze, bonfires blaze! Your merriest peal  
Ring bells, and ring loud, for the glad commonweal!  
No more shall our matrons be sold in mart,  
And the auctioneer's voice be the knife in their heart!  
No more shall our maids wear the slave-dealer's chain!  
No more shall they kneel to their masters in vain!  
O Christ, the Consoler! All glory to thee!  
The prison door opes, and the captive is free!

O Christ the Consoler! Thine — thine is the word,  
And this the acceptable year of the Lord!  
No more shall the fugitive tremble in fear  
And crouch in the bush when the blood hound is near!

No more shall perversion of judgment compel  
A compact with death and a union with hell!  
The prison door opens! Lo God wields the key!  
The captive — the bondsman — is free! — he is free!  
Where skulks the guerilla? Who fly to the South? —  
As the wild fowl of Autumn — the stream to its mouth!  
The blue coats pursue! Ha! rebel, for thou  
Who once chased the slave, art the fugitive now!  
Shoot him down in his tracks, as a panther or wolf! —  
Or with whirlwind of battle sweep into the gulf!  
No room for the traitor here longer shall be!  
Missouri is free! Missouri is free!

The Celt and the Teuton the tidings shall learn  
Nor more from our borders in sadness shall turn. —  
From the slaveholder's couch — from the slaveholder's  
    shame,  
From the slaveholder's gold vainly proffered to them, —  
Preferring a life of hardship and toil,  
'Neath heavens severer and steriler soil, —  
But come with their labor and blessing to thee,  
Missouri the free! Missouri the free!

Missouri the free! How thy prairies grow fat!  
How the tasseled maize glints on the plains of the  
    Platte!  
How thy princes, the hills, are with purple y-clad!  
How thy valleys with freedom and thrift are grown glad!  
How thy wheels and the shafts of thy factories throb!  
And the hammers pulse strong in the veins of the Knob!  
Such — such shall thy happier destiny be,  
Missouri the free! Missouri the free!

## THE REPENTANT REBEL.

“A word with you, good minister,  
I know that I must die ;  
I thank you for your kindness, sir :  
God bless you, and good bye.  
I suffer, but it is not pain  
That makes me moan and start,  
Alas — alas, I bear the stain  
Of guilt upon my heart.

“A wilful truant from my home,  
A wanderer I trod,  
Threefold a traitor to become,  
To mother, flag, and God :  
But now I swear allegiance new,  
With this uplifted hand,  
To God, — and mother dear, to you, —  
And to my native land !

“O could my mother come to me,  
Or could I go to her,  
I should not murmur then to be  
A wounded prisoner.  
O mother — mother ! — would these lips  
Could tell you I repent : —  
That you could know before I die,  
Your son is penitent !

“It seems so cold ! — so dark ! — how dark !  
Yet still to life I cling —  
I heard my mother's voice ; — or hark !  
An angel's rushing wing !”

“My son — my darling son !” she cried ;  
She stood within the tent :  
And in his mother’s arms he died,  
A rebel penitent.

---

GIVE ME BACK MY MISSING ONES.

“SORROW, O sorrow !  
After the battle  
They on the morrow,  
Lay with the wounded,  
Lay all neglected,  
Where the storm beat,  
All unprotected,  
Swept by the sleet !

*Chorus* : Never, never, never,  
Till death shall dissever  
Body and soul,  
Shall cease my wailing,  
Howe’er unavailing,  
Give me back my darling sons !  
Give me back my missing ones !

“After the battle,  
Captured by rebels,  
Driven like cattle  
Were my poor darlings !  
Better were prison  
Better were cell,  
Than Wirz’s dead line,  
Than Wirz’s hell !

*Chorus* : Never, never, never,  
 Till death shall dissever  
 Body and soul,  
 Shall cease my wailing,  
 Howe'er unavailing,  
 Give me back my darling sons !  
 Give me back my missing ones !

"Ye that are kissing  
 Your brave returned ones  
 Find me my missing  
 'Mong thirteen thousand !  
 Never a head-stone !  
 Never a list !  
 Where are the lightnings ?  
 Merciful Christ ! —

*Chorus* : Never, never, never,  
 Till death shall dissever  
 Body and soul,  
 Shall cease my wailing,  
 Howe'er unavailing,  
 Give me back my darling sons !  
 Give me back my missing ones !

"Be they forgiven  
 While unrepentant ? —  
 They who have driven  
 Me unto madness ?  
 God all eternal  
 Blast them and shame  
 To the infernal  
 Dungeon of flame ! —

*Chorus :* Never, never, never,  
Till death shall dissever  
Body and soul,  
Shall cease my wailing,  
Howe'er unavailing,  
Give me back my darling sons!  
Give me back my missing ones!"

---

GIVE BACK MY MISSING ONES.

HER cheek was wan — her dress was worn  
Her face was strangely old,  
But the weird brightness of her eye  
A tale of sorrow told.  
And still she sang in low, sad tones,  
"O give me back my darling sons!  
Give back — give back my missing ones!"

She visited the Congress halls,  
She paced the White House round,  
She wandered through the hospitals  
And many a burial ground:  
And still she sang in low, sad tones,  
"O give me back my darling sons!  
Give back — give back my missing ones!"

She stood beneath the frowning walls  
Of citadel Monroe,  
And begged to see the rebel chief,  
And tell her tale of woe.  
And still she sang in low, sad tones,  
"O give me back my darling sons!  
Give back — give back my missing ones!"



She stood upon the crowded streets,  
And watched the soldiers pass,  
And hope, and uttermost despair  
By turns were in her face.  
And still she sang in low, sad tones,  
"O give me back my darling sons!  
Give back — give back my missing ones!"

Beneath the flag she loved — her hands  
And face to heaven uplift —  
One winter morning dead she lay  
Enshrouded by the drift.  
No more she sings in low sad tones,  
"O give me back my darling sons,"  
For she hath found her missing ones!

# SONGS AND HYMNS.

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## OUR LAND.

OUR land — it is our song, our prayer,  
The Lord shall make it his!  
The joy of all the earth — how fair  
Her situation is!

When God her future shall unfold  
And place her throne on high,  
The mightiest monarch shall behold  
And haste in terror by.

As have her husbandmen subdued  
The wildness of her soil  
Our God shall make our harvest good  
And well reward our toil.

How beautiful her cities are  
By ocean, lakes and streams —  
Her goodly homes, her fertile farms —  
God's love upon them beams.

---

## SLEEP BOYS IN BLUE.

COLD falls the dew,  
Bright stars now gleam,  
Brave boys and true,  
Sweetly they dream!

What though their graves  
Numberless be, —  
High waves the flag  
Over the free.  
Sleep boys in blue,  
And dream the dream through,  
Good night to your form,  
But good morn to your fame.

Of them at home,  
Pale Sorrow speaks,  
And tears must come  
Oft to her cheeks!  
Loving and long  
Angels enwreath  
Garlands and song!  
Glorious death!  
Sleep boys in blue,  
And dream the dream through,  
Good night to your form,  
But good morn to your fame.

Some as ye fell  
Cannon defied!  
Some in the cell  
Famished and died!  
All, all shall rise,  
Spurning the sod,  
Up to the skies,  
Up to your God!  
Sleep boys in blue,  
And dream the dream through,  
Good night to your form,  
But good morn to your fame.

Cherish their fame,  
Blazon it high !  
Suffer their name  
Never to die !  
Heroes they fell !  
Foemen to wrong !  
Cherish it well !  
Cherish it long !  
Sleep boys in blue,  
And dream the dream through,  
Good night to your form,  
But good morn to your fame.

---

DOWN BY THE OLD GARDEN GATE.

DOWN by the old garden gate I stand,  
Thinking of days gone by,  
When Mary took my offered hand,  
But could not lift her eye,  
For though my thought was uttered not,  
Her heart well knew its mate !  
O how divine a joy was mine  
Down by the old garden gate.

“ Fall into line for your native land ! ”  
That was the cry that came,  
I heard the call, my Mary, and  
It set my soul aflame !  
Thy words of cheer, my Mary dear,  
Took from my breast its weight,  
In parting from my love and home,  
Down by the old garden gate.

Our noble corps fought through the war,  
From where brave Lyon fell,  
For dearer was our country's cause  
For them we loved so well :  
With Sherman we marched to the sea,  
Through the Palmetto state,  
But everywhere I saw thee there  
Down by the old garden gate.

O native land, forever stand !  
My duty to thee done,  
I came to meet with flying feet  
My own beloved one !  
The orchard I came hurrying by,  
I knew that she would wait,  
And watch for me beneath the tree  
Down by the old garden gate.

I hear the brides-maids laugh and talk,  
I see them through the pane,  
They now come down the graveled walk,  
The parson down the lane :  
An hour of bliss and joy is this !  
My heart is all elate,  
For Mary said we should be wed  
Down by the old garden gate.



## MISHAWAKA.

**H**AIL Him — whom every world obeys !  
Our God ! Our refuge strong !  
Our King ! — our lips shall sing his praise  
In a triumphant song !

His presence with our fathers came :  
He led them o'er the sea ;  
His mighty hand upbuilted them,  
And made them strong and free !

'Twas He who gave us equal laws,  
And taught us to be just ;  
'Twas He maintained our right and cause !  
And we in Him will trust.

We know that having once begun  
His purpose will not bend :  
But still His grace will carry on  
The work unto the end.

Yes, He the land with grace shall crown  
As with a diadem,  
Till she appear from heaven come down —  
The New Jerusalem !

Till wedded to the King — alway  
In glory she appears !  
So be a century her day  
And hers a thousand years.



## PEACE.

BLESSED angel ! Blesséd angel !  
Of a glad Evangel,  
Speed thee on thy way !  
Sunlight and salvation,  
Bringing to the nation,  
Welcome, O thou star of day !



Hail victorious ! Hail victorious  
Banner starred and glorious,  
O'er our heroes borne !  
Viewless hands unfold thee,  
Viewless hands uphold thee,  
Golden-fringed with radiant morn,  
Fringed with golden rosy morn !

Hearts are yearning ! Hearts are yearning  
For our braves' returning  
To their homes again !  
O, the countless number  
On the fields that slumber  
In the strife for freedom slain !

Never, never ! Never, never,  
Shall our Union sever,  
War its work has done !  
God, that reignest o'er us,  
Peace, sweet Peace restore us !  
Be our land forever one !

---

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING.

THE Lord is our ruler — Jehovah alone —  
The earth is his footstool, the heavens his throne,  
And we are his people — the sheep of his fold —  
His care and his chosen — as Jacob of old !  
Then praise we Jehovah — the sky is his throne —  
Jehovah is king — and Jehovah alone !

Our fathers he brought o'er the path of the sea,  
To found here a refuge — a home for the free,  
And mid the dim forests — the deserts untrod —

They planted our Zion — the church of our God !  
Then bless we Jehovah — the sky is his throne —  
Jehovah is king — and Jehovah alone !

He nursed us — he fed us — he led us along —  
By the hand of his kindness — till stalwart and strong,  
And when on our neck would the kings place their  
yoke,  
He smote our oppressors — our fetters he broke.  
O laud we Jehovah — the sky is his throne —  
Jehovah is king — and Jehovah alone !

And when we forgot the just vows of our prime,  
And loved our misdoing, and clung to our crime, —  
How good — yet how fearful and just is the Lord ! —  
He smote all our land with the edge of the sword !  
O fear we Jehovah — the sky is his throne —  
Jehovah is king — and Jehovah alone !

Our land is the Lord's, and our nation his son,  
And by it shall justice and judgment be done —  
His arm is our fortress, his word is our sword —  
O happy the nation whose God is the Lord !  
Then worship Jehovah — for we are his own,  
And one is our master — Jehovah alone !



#### COME TO OUR LAND.

**G**OD the Creator ! our Father eternal,  
Come to our land — nor thy coming delay !  
Come in thy power and glory supernal  
Winged as the Morning, and robed as the Day !

Thine was the hand that did make us a nation,  
Take thy dominion — come to the throne !  
Ride in thy majesty ! — bringing salvation !  
Enter thy heritage — make us thine own !

Thine are our havens, our cities, our prairies :  
All to our land thy beneficence yields :  
Grass to its kine — to its eagles their eyries :  
Strength to its forests, and fat to its fields !  
Thine are its commonwealths : — all hast appointed,  
Gave to them border and boundary stone :  
Gave them as King the Redeemer, anointed :  
Thine is the nation ! O make it thine own !

Come as to Israel ! — Captain and Warder !  
Scatter the legions of Darkness and Death !  
Smite ! — till thine enemies flee in disorder !  
Warriors of Amalek ! — children of Heth !  
Hope of the nations ! — Messiah ! — the promised !  
Take thou the scepter ! and claim thou the throne !  
Teach us, Redeemer, to watch till thou comest !  
Jesus, Immanuel ! Come to thine own !



THE REPUBLICANS ARE LOOKING BLUE.

Nov. 1866.

WHAT color should a true man be ?  
The color that the traitors tore  
From out the banner of the free,  
But that a rebel never wore !  
All through the war our boys looked blue,  
And so a rebel hates the hue !

The sky grows grey at night, when grey  
Disease creeps up from bog and fen,  
But morning breaks ! and healthful Day  
Bathes all the sky in blue again !  
The sky is blue and blue is true,  
And so a rebel hates the hue !

With flag and garland and rosette,  
With heaven's hue, the blue, the true,  
Deck balcony and parapet !  
God bless the blue ! God save the blue !  
Let galaxies its draperies strew,  
God bless the rebel hated hue !



### THOU ART COMING WITH THE SPRING.

THE maple buds are swelling, love,  
My crocus is in bloom ;  
And fragrant from its waxen leaves,  
My hyacinth fills the room.  
Upon the last year's flower stalks,  
The blue birds sing and swing ;—  
And I listen for thy coming, love,—  
Thy coming with the spring,—  
Thou art coming, thou art coming,—  
Thou art coming with the spring !

I'll wait for thee at the fountain, love,  
That you said was like my eye ;—  
The sun does not yet reach it, love,  
But 'twill shine there by and by.



“ SCHOOL IS OVER.”







The warm breeze flits along the glade,  
And fans me with its wing,  
And tells me thou art coming, love, —  
Art coming with the spring, —  
Thou art coming, thou art coming, —  
Thou art coming with the spring.

The old oak leaves are falling, love ;  
The leas are turning green ;  
The red bud corals soon will grace  
The brow of the ravine !  
I welcome in the longer days —  
Ah ! thou hast heard me sing !  
But I knew thou wert coming, love, —  
Wert coming with the spring, —  
Thou wert coming, thou wert coming, —  
Thou wert coming with the spring !



OVER THE SEA DWELLS MY DARLING.

OVER the sea dwells my darling,  
In a cot by the wave-girted shore,  
But LOVE arches over the distance,  
And she dwells in my heart evermore.  
The cloudlets with roses o'erflushing,  
The blue of the sweet summer sky,  
But recall the dear grace of her blushing,  
And the blue in the heaven of her eye.  
Ever my thoughts, Alice darling,  
Are the image and echo of thine,  
Each record of LOVE in thy bosom,  
Hath an answering record in mine.

Over the sea dwells my darling,  
In a cot by the wave-girted shore,  
O Memory ! open thy treasures,  
And present me the vision once more.  
O, is it the wave that embosses  
The beaches with sparkles and stems ?  
Or is it a sea-nymph that tosses  
To my darling her garlands of gems ?  
Is it the sunshine that dances  
With radiant feet in the coves !  
Or the rapturous light that upglances  
From the eyes of a myriad Loves.

White as the wings of the sea gull,  
Are the garments that cling to the girl,  
But fairer the feet that are shaming,  
With their beauty, the mother of pearl.  
The dove-pinioned wavelets she heeds not,  
That nestle and flutter behind,  
And she hears not the cry of the sea gull,  
And she hears not the sigh of the wind.  
Ye waves at her feet that are plashing,  
And ye breezes around the lea,  
O, whisper my name to my darling,  
To my darling far over the sea.

# NEW SAGAS.

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## PRELUDE.

(1.)

WHEN some great master strikes the organ keys  
And from the chaos of unuttered sound  
Evokes a song replete with harmonies,  
No string so dull but doth thereto rebound :  
And answers come from all the echoes round !  
When lightnings flash, or when the Aurora glows,  
There wakes a thrill in e'en th' insensate ground ;  
And o'er the electric wire no longer goes  
Earth's rede of greed, but some angelic message flows.

(2.)

Mine eyes have seen the infinite cords that reach  
Eternity, smit by a hand divine ;  
Mine ears have listened to the song in which  
All spheres and souls, and force and law conjoin  
In chords ineffable to lips like mine ;  
Yet as the dull may troll the master's song,  
Yet as angelic language on the line  
Of the electric wire may flash along,  
O, thought divine, find place my rugged notes among !

(3.)

My song shall be of conflict — of the moans  
Of that great Atlas who doth hold the skies  
Of Barca on his shoulders ; of groans  
Of anguish and the unavailing cries  
Of slaves, in more than mortal agonies :  
Of Hesperus, brother of Atlas ; of his star  
That where the sun sets did in splendor rise :  
Of states belligerent — and of Hopes that are  
Like a new dawn that bursts from the pure heights afar !

## I.

## THE WAIL OF ATLAS !

I am a monarch born,  
I of the ebon skin,  
Child of the Midnight,  
Greater than Apis,  
Older than Jupiter  
I am Atlas,  
Brother of Hesperus.

Mine is the continent,  
Stronger than ocean ! —  
None of my borders  
Can the Sea enter,  
Though at the gateway  
The waves crouch submissive,  
Though they go moaning  
About it forever,  
Groaning and lapping,  
The threshold forever !

Mine are the genii,  
Mighty and gloomy,  
Mailed in a cloud  
They ride the sirocco !  
Guarding the deserts,  
And blasting the guilty  
That enter unbidden  
Into my dwelling !

Mine are the couches  
Of rubies and diamonds !  
Mine are the marshes  
Whose lilies are ivory !  
Mine are the rivers  
Whose sands are all gold !

Mine is the ostrich  
Outstripping the storm wind !  
Mine the leviathan,  
King of the river :  
Mine the behemoth,  
The lord of the lake :  
Mine the giraffe,  
With a neck like a tower :  
Mine the cassava,  
And cocoa and palm !

Mine are the jungles  
Unreached of the sunlight :  
Mine are the haunts  
Of the lion and leopard :  
There lurks the boa,  
That is my temple,

And there the gorilla,  
Armed with a thigh bone  
And gnawing a skull,  
Mumbles and chatters a hideous liturgy,  
Over a screed of his primitive parchment,  
Over a remnant of blood drabbled skin !  
He is my worshipper : I am a god  
Stronger than Baal and older than Jove.

Long have I guarded,  
Jealously guarded,  
The founts of the river :  
Kept them secluded,  
Inaccessible, sacred.

Such is my dwelling place :  
Here were my children,  
Strong thewed and knobbed,  
With head like a cocoanut,  
Bodied like palm-trees,  
Footed like camels,  
Nostriled like lions,  
Hardy and rugged  
And used to the rain !  
Mine is the land and mine are the people !  
Mine have they been since the ages begun !

Where are the ancient Egyptians ? —  
They that builded the pyramids,  
They that sculptured the sphynx ?  
What has become of Misraim ?  
What has become of the Pharaohs ?  
Memnon and Jupiter Ammon ?



Even their mummies are ashes!  
What can avail their inscriptions? —  
What their hieroglyphics?  
Lo, as the sands of the desert  
Hideth their shrines and their temples,  
So the sands of the ages  
Cover their name and their fame!  
Let them perish — invaders!  
Not of my soil or my kin!  
I and mine shall endure!  
I am the child of the Sun!

Perish the Turks and the Arabs!  
Perish the Dutch and the English!  
Perish the kidnapping races!  
Children of cross and of crescent!  
    Slavers and eaters of men!  
Perish the hunters of ivory!  
Perish the hunters of diamonds!  
    Not of my soil or my kin!  
I and mine shall endure!  
I am the child of the Sun!

Once a reverend man  
Brought the CHILD and his mother!  
Over the isthmus to me,  
Brought the CHRIST and his mother!  
Christ is stronger than fate is!  
Him I acknowledge a king,  
And with outstretchèd hands,  
    Own him as God!

There are white sailed ships in the west  
And the wild Sea beateth his breast  
In anguish and unrest !  
Woe is me !

They have seized my sons on the sands !  
They have bound my daughters with bands  
Of iron, on ankles and hands !  
Woe is me !

There are mothers that plead in vain  
For babes from their bosoms ta'en,  
For babes that are snatched and slain !  
Woe is me !

And the robbers jest and jeer !  
And the shriek of my maids I hear !  
But 'tis not death that they fear !  
Woe is me !

Above the shout of the bay,  
I can hear them wail and pray,  
As they sail in shallops away !  
Woe is me !

There's a robber's land in the West !  
And the wild Sea beateth his breast,  
In anguish and unrest !  
Woe is me !

What bearest thou unto the western isles  
O shallop, that dost bound along the waves  
Over the Genoan's path ! The Ocean smiles  
Upon thee, and with silvern ewer laves

Thy glowing feet : the way with gems she paves !  
What is the treasure which the treacherous Sea  
Guards so securely over the countless graves  
That mark her passionate moods, — the graves that be  
Fruits of her lawless and capricious cruelty !

The pilgrim landing in New England now,  
Hath brought thereto a Bible — Christian law —  
And liberty : — alas ! — what bringest thou ?  
Seal up the hatches ! From the coast withdraw  
Beseech the Sea to ope its cavernous maw  
And swallow thee and thy cargo ! Let the Wind  
Woo and betray thee with its treacherous flaw !  
But pass not to the shore, nor leave behind —  
The slave's curse, entailing woe on all mankind.

The dark Mists creep along Virginia's shore,  
The cold dark Mists with their empoisoned breath, —  
As if the river of the evermore,  
Were gray with phantoms from the vaults of death :  
With trooping phantoms whereat shuddereth  
The soul — and with their grisly robes eclipse  
The feeble Morning that long tarrieth :  
And the poor slaves over whom its venom drips  
In the deep shadows lurk and curse with ghastly lips !

## II.

## THE CURSE OF UMBAWA !

I am Umbawa,  
Prince of Mpauqwa !  
On the gaboön,  
Under the moon,

Had I my birth-place :  
Under the burning  
Eye of the Sun !  
I am Umbawa,  
I am a prophet,  
I am a prince !

This is Virginia,  
Mother of mists,  
Mother of shadows,  
Mother of devils,  
Mother of forests,  
Rivers and marshes !  
Pray to the devils,  
To curse her, my children !

This is the Dismal  
Swamp, my children.  
Bring here your fetishes,  
Those which I gave you.  
Bring in your offerings,  
Corn and tobacco.  
Worship the devil,  
Worship the rattlesnake.  
Field mice are devils,  
Black ants are devils.  
Give them your corn,  
And give them tobacco.  
Corn they will eat  
And tobacco they leave.  
Corn is the white man,  
Let disease eat him,

Ague and rheumatism,  
Palsies and fevers  
Wasting his flesh  
And rotting his bones.  
War is a black ant,  
It shall devour him,  
Hunger the devil  
Shall eat up his children.  
Thus I lay on him  
The curse of Umbawa !  
You are tobacco  
Nothing shall harm you  
Nothing shall touch you  
Dark as tobacco !  
Only the rattlesnake  
Shall creep around you  
After the white man !  
Worship the snake.

## III.

## THE PROPHECY OF ULALA !

I am Ulala,  
Priestess and Princess  
Older and wiser  
Than is Umbawa !  
It is not good  
To worship the snake,  
What are your fetishes  
Have I not made them ?  
Beautiful Ellen  
Teaches me Bible

Teaches the lesson  
Of Jesus the good one !  
Pray then to Jesus  
And not unto devils !  
Rice is the white man  
Some shall the ants eat,  
Some shall be seed  
That shall prosper and grow.  
Yes they have wronged me  
Stolen my children  
But the good Jesus  
Bids me forgive them.  
This is Virginia  
Mother of shadows.  
I am the child  
Of the land of the Sun !  
And I forgive them  
Jesus will bless them.  
You are tobacco  
Nothing cares for you  
But the great Jesus  
He made you for something  
Keeps you for something  
And the tobacco  
Shall grow with the rice.  
I am Ulala  
And this is my blessing !

## IV.

## THE SLAVE.

The slave is but a chattel, to be held  
Subject exclusive to the master's will ;



He may be mortgaged, auctioned, articted,  
Be rented, pass by heritage or bill :  
His personality in law is will :  
He has no name, and none can ever gain ;  
He can own nothing : in no mercantile  
Transaction can he enter : can maintain  
No suit, nor can be sued : he ever must remain

That which he is, a chattel personal  
To all intents and purposes soever :  
He has no rights, parental, marital  
Or of religion, and can have them never :  
The master may his wife and child dissever,  
Impugn and safe, unbridled and unchecked :  
A slave may be intelligent and clever :—  
His mind with lore, his life with goodness decked,  
But negroes have no rights which white men need  
respect.

Who does not know the history ? Who need trace  
The flimsy nets wherein the nation fell !  
Let Charity the hateful page erase,  
Nor to posterity the story tell !  
And yet what boots it ? Chance it were as well  
At times to laugh at folly, and drive off  
The clouds of woe — the mists of grief dispel :  
And if our jingle shall seem somewhat rough,  
'Tis for the subject matter suitable enough.

THE REMARKABLE ADAPTEDNESS OF THE AFRICAN  
TO HIS CONDITION AS A SLAVE.

Considerate Nature, when she forms a man,  
Or makes a boy has still a definite plan :  
Nor was the negro framed by accident,  
But Nature wisely made him as she meant.  
A certain purpose was in what she did,  
Nor has she thoughtlessly her purpose hid.  
How well a skin of polished ebony suits  
A fellow born to black his master's boots :  
His nose is flattened, what is that for? Well,  
That was to prevent his having too nice a smell,  
Lest in some gust of passion he destroy  
With hasty chastisement some useful boy ;  
Nature endowed him with a scull so thick,  
It can't be broken with a moderate stick.

While to invite a booting for his sins,  
Considerate Nature gave him tender shins,  
His hair crisp curled : 'tis evident from that  
He need not clip it, and should wear no hat :  
Able to bear a clime all noons and Junes  
How much is saved in shirts and pantaloons,  
Then his flat foot — how neat is the device  
For planters who need laborers in the rice :  
Boldly the boy may enter on his toil,  
Fearless of sinking in the treacherous soil,  
For if the mud be just too thick to drink  
His breadth of sole forbids that he should sink.  
O happy we, to whom it doth betide  
That God's and Nature's plans thus coincide,

The plan of Nature Scripture takes to nurse,  
And seals the nigger's destiny with a curse.

How fortunate when will and appetite  
Both have their way, and find that both are right !  
How well it was to have the Scripture damn  
To endless bondage every child of Ham —  
Cursed be Canaan ! Evermore shall he  
Servant of servants to his children be !  
Or if the master be of such a mind  
As is to orthodoxy uninclined  
'Tis just as well — to him the negro's shape  
Declares him the own brother of the ape :  
To lift to the white man, as appears,  
(See Darwin) needs at least ten thousand years :  
Why make a face at that which one must sup,  
Let's use the nigger, and let use him up !

Such were the monstrous sentiments which found  
Protection in the muniments of law  
Whereby securely was the victim bound,  
And powerless placed beneath the dragon's paw  
Until the nation came to view with awe  
The idol it created — to displace  
Him whose revealings cloud-robed Sinai saw, —  
To rear its Juggernaut, and with abject face  
Prone in the dust to lie — contemptible and base !

Yet some there were who dreamed that there might be  
A tenderer relation, and they told  
About a patriarchal slavery  
Like that subsisting in the days of old,  
Where slaves were bought, they said, but never sold !

An idyl, innocent as a school girl's dream!  
A pastoral poem of the days of Gold!  
Our slavery patriarchal! Let a gleam  
Of truth shed on that myth a momentary beam!

Ah, there were chains, and whips, and brands and gangs  
Of fettered men and women, and the gloom  
Of the slave prison, and the bloodhound's fangs  
Wet with fresh blood, and the too sudden boom  
Of the swift bullet, and the certain doom  
That waited ever, even for those who were  
Most favored!—those where soul and love illumine  
The form voluptuous and the features fair!—  
Whose beauty bloomed to find its fruitage in despair!

## V.

## GENTLE MARY.

Gentle Mary of the dairy,  
Was she lass or was she fairy?  
Was she sylph-like? Was she elf-like?  
She was but her perfect self like  
Eyes of azure darting pleasure  
From a gossamer embrasure,  
Locks all flaxen, neck all waxen,  
Features regular and Saxon,  
Ne'er a farmer found his armor  
Proof against the lovely charmer,  
Yet this creature formed by nature  
So complete in every feature,  
So transcendently resplendent,  
Was a slave, a slave's descendant.

Child of Ethiop ! Could not Lethe  
In forgetfulness enwreath thee ?  
Nay, all round thee did but wound thee  
With the thought of that which bound thee !  
Free the rivers where in shivers,  
Free the sunshine glints and quivers :  
Free the hovering cloud above her  
Lingering, lingering like a lover :  
Free the thrushes in the bushes ;  
Free the snakes among the rushes :  
Free the plover in the cover :  
Free the rabbit in the clover :  
Wasp with sabre, bee with tabor  
Jeer at her enforcèd labor :  
E'en the olden chestnuts wolden,  
Rich with arabesques quaint and golden,  
Glistening in the moon new risen,  
Seemed to her a gilded prison :  
And the dapples of the maples  
Seemed but clustered chains and staples.

Who rides under the elm yonder,  
Where the roadways meet and sunder ?  
Sits so lightly and so knightly,  
Smiles so fair and speaks so sprightly ?  
Ill betideth where he rideth,  
And the trembling bondsman hideth,  
Many martyrs of his barter,  
Know the victims in the quarters,  
That were boughten up for cotton,  
As of God and man forgotten ;

E'en the braver of them quaver  
At the coming of the slaver.  
Cease the rambles and the ambles  
Of the lads in groves and brambles :  
Pets are hid in nooks unthridden,  
By their saddened, heavy lidden  
Mothers, fearful lest the others  
Should be sold as were their brothers,  
Down to Florida the torrid,  
To the everglades dank and torrid.

O'er the meadows creep the shadows  
Through the poplar palisadoes  
Shades more numberless, more somber  
One afflicted soul encumber,  
She was roaming through the gloaming  
When she saw the trader coming,  
And as sudden as if Odin  
Armed and helmed the lawn had trodden,  
Terror grewsome on her bosom  
Fell like death blight on a blossom ;  
And a chillness and a stillness  
As it were a sudden illness :  
To their sources all the courses  
Of her life the vision forces,  
Like the current of a torrent  
Fled they from the thing abhorrent.

O the tokenless unspoken  
Anguish of a spirit broken !  
How the sorrow of the morrow  
Sword like pierced her spirit through !



How with swelling and rebelling  
Of her soul she reached her dwelling  
Broken hearted, faith deserted,  
Even hope itself departed.

Imps of malice, feeling callous,  
Poured an overflowing chalice,  
Still by question and suggestion  
Devilish and most unchristian,  
By misplacing and false tracing,  
Mixing up and interlacing,  
With pretenses to the senses,  
Duty, causes, consequences,  
Till they spurred her to the border  
Of despair and of self murder !  
Such her sadness, such her madness  
She had greeted death with gladness !

Then her burning eyes upturning,  
With unutterable yearning,  
Watched she Sirius march mysterious,  
Watched and watched till all delirious.  
Then came whispers soft as Hesper's  
Answers to the softest vespers :

And as hazes from the mazes  
Of the wood the Morn displaces,  
So were rifted and uplifted  
All the clouds that on her drifted :  
Slowly, slowly from the lowly  
Maiden passed her thoughts unholy,  
And her riven soul was shriven  
And she knew her doubts forgiven.

When with choral the Auroral  
Bands along their pathway floral  
Flashing hastened, she was chastened  
And her soul on heaven fastened.  
Then a luminous, more than human,  
Nimbus fell about the woman !  
In her weakness, in her meekness  
In her maidenly uniqueness,  
You had thought her a god's daughter  
Going like a lamb to slaughter !  
Went she queenly and serenely,  
Suffering, suffering, O how keenly,  
But transcendently resplendent  
As a star on Night attendant :  
In her splendor did she bend her,  
To the buyer and the vendor —  
Went a manacled Diana  
To the swamps of Louisiana.

Bring forth your maidens to the pillared front  
Of the hall : place them upon the block :  
The Sheriff is unto the business wont :  
An expert he in handling human stock :  
He knows what they are worth, and when to knock  
The chattels down : he has no scruples nice :  
His sensibilities receive no shock,  
Or aught indelicate see, when he who buys  
Insists on knowing for what he pays so high a price.

Who bids for Mary — fair and golden haired,  
Young, educated, christian : to the pen  
And to the needle trained, and thus prepared

To meet the wants of various sorts of men :  
So young, too — scarce six years since she was ten ;  
See how she blushes — how she droops her lids !  
See how she trembles like a frightened wren ! —  
I cannot often offer you such kids :  
Start with a thousand dollars, gents : who bids ? who  
bids ?

## VI.

## THE EGYPTIAN SPHYNX.

Its form half buried in the gathered sands,  
Its piteous eye for aye to heaven uplift,  
Motionless, dumb, and questioning, it stands —  
The Egyptian Sphynx : while round it shift and  
shift,  
The circling sands, borne by the Samiel swift :  
And over it the golden sands of even,  
Soulless as fate, aimlessly drift and drift !  
Still the mute marble questions, but from heaven  
No God responds, no answering oracle is given !  
  
Thus with the slave ! He stood his hands uplifting  
In speechless prayer, that said — “ How long — how  
long ! ”  
And still the unheeding stars went drifting, drifting,  
Drifting the dumb eternities among ! —  
The unfeeling stars ! which saw not when the strong  
Like the death angel of the desert swept  
Over the weak, heaping up wrong on wrong,  
That hid the o'erwhelmed sufferer, and kept  
The patient Sphynx beneath ! And still the heavens  
slept !

## VII.

## THE ANSWER.

Yet is no wrong, however woven in  
The framework of society, but shall  
When God shall lay his finger on the sin  
Reveal its weakness at the touch and fall.  
The granite mountains tower vast and tall  
On a thin crust! — How long they thus have stood! —  
'Till beat the molten billows 'gainst the wall!  
And then the mighty fabric, like a wood  
On the Mississippi, sinks in the fiery flood!

Honor to him heroic who dare face  
A public wrong — who neither courts applause  
Nor stands in fear of popular disgrace :  
Who at opinion crystallized in laws  
And trenched in ancient custom, does not pause,  
Who into battle led by love and duty,  
Never from them his fealty withdraws,  
Nor fears the frown of rank, nor scorn of beauty,  
Nor the expiring Cesar's cry of "Et tu, Brute?"

Hark 'tis the sound of thunder — 'tis the war  
Of the river that has burst through the crevasse,  
It is the rumbling of an earthquake, or  
The rush of flames — the voice of clouds that pass,  
Or wind that drives their black and shuddering mass  
With lightning scourges howling to their den!  
Hark to the pulsing of the rhythmic base!  
That sinks to surge, to surge and sink again!  
Nor thunder nor storm! — it is the tramp of armed  
men!

Hark to the shock of battle,— to the clank  
And clang of arms — to the defiant yell  
Of them that charge upon the serried ranks  
Of flashing bayonets — to the shriek of shell  
And boom of cannon ! — To the ebb and swell  
Of billowy life that ebbs in blood at last,  
And sweeps its undertow to nether hell !  
The field is strown with corpses grim and ghast !  
Death drift ! — that marks what way the tide of battle passed !

The land is filled with widows and the black  
Betokenments of unavailing woe :  
And orphans wait for them that come not back,  
Whose kiss of love they never more shall know :  
And maidens nurse a grief they may not show  
For those whose names they may not dare to call :  
Sing, evening winds, your dirges soft and low !  
For the land's dead — her noblest sons of all !  
For never again shall earth behold such heroes fall !

The dead are buried ! When with them shall lie  
The bitterness, the malice, the unfair,  
Ungenerous judgments, and the jealous eye ?  
When from the battle field the murky air  
Uplifts and all the clouds that linger there,  
Then shall some poet, from a height divine  
Beholding, to their sacred shrines repair  
And wreaths of song about their brows entwine !  
But heaven reserves the task for nobler hand than mine !

## VIII.

## THE SONG OF HESPERUS.

I am the giant Hesperus !  
I am the brother of Atlas !  
Mine is a heritage ample !  
Mine are the hills of Virginia  
Clothed in forest and sunlight !  
Mine are the plains of Nebraska,  
Where with the joy of the hunter,  
The steam car chases the bison.  
Alaska is my daughter :  
She lives in a palace of crystal :  
In furs of snow she robes her  
And is crowned with the Northern aurora !  
I have girdled my lands  
With belts and ribands of iron :  
I have jeweled my States  
With cities and schools and churches :  
Mine are the ships of the Hudson,  
And the treasures of California :  
Mine is Massachusetts —  
She is mother of men !  
Mine is Louisiana,  
She is my hope and my darling !  
Mine is the Mississippi,  
Daughter of snows and of mountains —  
Mother of cities and farms !  
Mother of Louisiana,  
Who is my hope and my darling,  
Who shall have for her dowry,  
All the wealth of the seas !



Once in the long ago,  
Over the ocean came Freedom  
Guarding the ships of the pilgrims,  
Guarding the ships of the quakers,  
Guarding the cavaliers !  
Over the ocean Religion  
Came in the vessels, with Freedom,  
Guarding the hopes of humanity,  
Guarding the worship of Christ.  
Wide was the sea, and the journey  
Was long and men slumbered.  
And out of the hells there stole  
A fiend with the wing of a Vampire,  
And with the scales of a cayman,  
Fish-eyed and breathing flame,  
And bearing a casket of curses !  
He poisoned the bread of my people,  
And poisoned their hearts and betrayed them  
To sin — to sin against Christ !  
Out of the wings of the Vampire  
Came a darkness, and out of  
His scales sprang trammels and fetters !  
All the flame of his mouth  
Was turned to wailings and curses !  
All the glare of his eyes  
Was changed to a look of despair !  
Woe to my land, it was cursed !  
Woe to my land, for the wailing  
Of slaves and the clanking of chains !  
I am stupid and soulless ;  
I cannot pray to the Christ ! —  
But my children were praying

And the Christ heard and he answered.  
Then were thunders awakened,  
Clouds of sulphur and flame  
Rolled o'er the earth with the marching  
And countermarching of men !  
Then was the gleaming of muskets,  
Then from the mouths of the cannon,  
Burst the showers of shell :  
Burst like the rain of Vesuvius.

Men saw war on the earth,  
I beheld war in the heavens !  
What declareth the book ?  
"THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR !  
THE LORD IS HIS NAME !"

Never an earthquake is born  
But of the lightnings of heaven !  
Men saw war on the earth,  
I beheld war in the heavens,  
Michael the archangel  
Warring in heaven with Satan,  
Over the field of battle,  
And in the sulphurous darkness !  
And he prevailed, and the demon  
Heavily fell to the pit ! —  
Down through the infinite ether !  
Down through the womb of the earth !  
Down through the infinite spaces !  
Into the bottomless pit !

Then out of the darkness  
Grew the wing of the vampire.  
All the curses and wailings

Grew to breathings of flame ! —  
Broken trammels and fetters  
Grew to scales of the cayman ! —  
All the look of despair,  
Changed to the eyes of a fish !  
Then to the hells stole back  
The fiend in the form of a fiend,  
Never more to return !

Lo, in the sky triumphant,  
Michael in burnished harness  
Rode in a star drawn chariot !  
And a mighty procession  
Of heroes and angels were with him !  
Washington followed by Lincoln,  
Lincoln with Jackson and Lee !  
And I beheld, O wonder,  
In that mighty procession  
Bands of heroes in blue ! —  
Bands of heroes in gray !  
Those battled wisely for freedom,  
These battled blindly for wrong !  
Yet, since battled they blindly,  
When from the heights of the ether,  
Purely they saw, they did join them  
Unto the bands of the good !

All my land is free ! —  
Is free from ocean to ocean !  
Hark ! for I hear a song  
And a shouting of " Allelulia !"  
    Borne above the Atlantic  
        And the roar

Of the frantic  
    Waves along its shore!  
Comes the shouting of the free,  
For the triumph over wrong!  
Comes an anthem full and strong  
    Of a throng  
Whose heart bursts forth in song!  
In a song that echoes long  
The happy hills and jubilant clouds among!  
    Allelulia !

Over the prison  
    Of the slave  
Is the star of liberty uprisen!  
    And the wave  
Of the dawning day  
    Enamels  
The horizon with its spray! —  
God hath spoken  
And hath broken  
    All the trammels  
That have bound his children to the ground!  
    And the æons  
Shall reëcho with the sound  
    Of their peans !

    Allelulia !  
Again and again !  
    Allelulia !  
For the Christ reigneth and shall reign !  
    Allelulia !

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### JERUSALEM.

THERE is a land upon whose purple hills  
The burdened presses stream with ruby wine;  
The honey from the rifted rock distils;  
The fields are black with heavy-uddered kine,  
Whose glossy sides like polished ebon shine;  
Screened by the palm tree from the glare of noon,  
The merry husbandmen in groups recline:  
The year is there almost a ceaseless June,  
Blest with Arabia's balm — uncursed with its simoon.

It is a glorious land! Its border set  
With mountains needeth no protecting wall:  
Upon its lap smiles sweet Genesaret,  
To whom a hundred sunlit brooklets call,  
The voices of a girlish festival:  
And Jordan like a sleeping giant lies,  
In his Briarean arms embracing all:  
And sculptured in the marble of the skies,  
The graceful towers of consecrated Salem rise!

City of Peace! My spirit turns to thee!  
What wonderful remembrances are thine!  
How strange has been thy varying destiny!  
I see the incense rising from thy shrine,  
And the shekinah — influence divine —

Is in thy holy place! —and like a gem,  
Or a bright star of even, thou dost shine!  
And then I see thee waste! Thy diadem  
Is fallen, and thy scepter broke! Jerusalem!

O sacred city! To the shock of war  
When Joshua led the tribes, and thou wast won,  
The Moon looked downward from her radiant car,  
A glad spectatress: — and the fiery Sun  
Reined in his steeds, and lit up Ajalon,  
Till Jacob o'er thy foemen might prevail!  
The jackals lapped their reeking gore that run  
In crimson torrents down the craggy vale!  
And the rude echoes howled and mocked their dying  
wail!

The thirsty sword leaped ravenous from the sheath,  
And drank in blood as eyes drink in the light;  
And from the lurid sky, relentless Death  
Hurled the huge hail upon the Canaanite!  
How the poor wretches vainly strove by flight  
To cheat the arm of Vengeance! But too long  
Had they despised the holy and the right.  
Strong were their towers, and their bulwarks strong;  
But stronger was thy God! — th' eternal foe of wrong!

The freighted years, a light oared fleet, sped by,  
And many a change, for good or ill, they bore;  
And o'er the waves of time, the minstrelsy  
Of the sweet Psalmist, came above the roar  
Of hostile armies, and the din of war!  
Then Judah's noontide sun burst from the clouds,  
And showed a noble argosy, and o'er



Her laden decks, ran Labor's busy crowds,  
And the white dove of Peace sat perched upon the  
shrouds !

How the Jew glories in those days of gold !  
When Libanus and Ophir brought their hoard  
From its concealment in the mine and wold,  
And into Zion's lap the offering poured :  
And the rough stones, in the deep hillside stored,  
Until they shone like gems the workmen wrought :  
And ocean's isles and grottoes, unexplored,  
Unknown till then, for palms and pearls were sought !  
Rocks, rivers, mountains, seas — each its own treasure  
brought !

Their beauties met and melted into one,  
Just as a thousand different charms unite  
In female loveliness, or as the sun  
Blends rays of varied hue to form the light :  
A stillness, hushed almost as that of night,  
Unbroken by the hammer's echoing blows,  
Reigned when the temple of the Infinite,  
Bright as a cloud that in the sunlight glows  
Gorgeous and glorious on Moriah's mount arose !

Then Zion, thou wast beautiful ! The Morn  
Skipped o'er the sea to kiss thy golden brow !  
To thee the Moon trilled from her silver horn,  
Her nightly melodies, as soft and low,  
As Erie's in its gentlest flow,  
Or the hushed breathing of a sleeping child !  
Hope from thy radiant towers saw her bow

A thousand times reflected, when the mild  
Light drove the storms again back to their mountain  
wild !

Alas ! That this should change ! The Chaldee came  
Quenching thy brightness as the boist'rous waves  
Of the fierce sea might quench a taper's flame !  
Thy slaughtered children made their homes their  
graves !

Whom the sword spared became the Conqueror's  
slaves ! —

To grace his triumphs were thy princes led !

Hunted like beasts of prey, to the dark caves  
And rock-girt glens, the scattered remnant fled !  
And the proud foe defiled thy temple with his tread !

Long years of woe were thine ! How long — how  
long !

Thy streets were empty save where whitened  
bones

Lay crumbling the rank grass and weeds among !

Yet from their exile came their banished sons,  
And reverently raised thy fallen stones !

And healed the breaches of the siege and sack !

And dance, and wine, and beauty's soothing tones,  
Half hid thy griefs, and made the heavens less black,  
Yet was thy glory gone, and never more came back !

Time passed. A band so bright, the Magi thought

Their clustering robes a star, swept through the sky ;  
And as they passed, the list'ning midnight caught  
The swellings of their mystic melody :

Hark to their song ! “Glory to God on high !

Peace be upon the earth! Good will to men!"

They paused o'er Bethlehem, and hovering nigh  
Watched earnestly its sleeping depths awhile, and  
then  
Left Night and Silence to resume their reign again.

Jehovah had come down to earth. "He came

Unto his own and they received him not:"

His soul so pure that on his snowy name

Not Hatred's self could find a taint or spot:

But they forgot his kindness — they forgot

The hungry thousands whom his hand had fed;

The sighs he hushed; the suffering whose lot

Had won his sympathy; the tears he shed,

And condolence he gave to those who mourned the  
dead.

Alas, that so much goodness should have died!

Befriending all — all unbefriended, he

Trod his lone way: street, temple, river side,

Field, vineyard, highway, — saw his charity:

His love was like a never ebbing sea,

Which brought to all health, hope and happiness: —

And him they crucified! His agony —

Earth trembled when she saw its bitterness! —

And the Sun veiled his face to hide his deep distress!

This Salem, was the crowning of thy crime! —

Of all the progeny of hell the worst!

And direful was its punishment! The time

Of Vengeance came! On thee, of God accursed,

The vials of his fearful anger burst!

War, Famine, Fire, Dissension — gorged the maw  
Of hungry Death, and slaked his horrid thirst !  
Despair leered nigh, and licked his bloody jaw !  
And Retribution pointed to her changeless law !

And Zion fell ! Her temple and her walls  
With corpses and their kindred dust lay blent :  
And Beauty, which had graced her princely halls ;  
And Valor, which in peril never bent —  
To them the plowshare left no monument ! —  
And partial Fame nor urn nor statue gives,  
Nor need she, for the shafts of time are spent  
Not vainly on her marble narratives ;  
And Salem in the memory of her children lives.

The mournful record of their country's doom  
And of their own, her banished offspring roam,  
But hopeful still their eyes look through the gloom,  
And catch the light of glory yet to come :  
They read the pages of the sacred tome,  
With aching hearts and cheeks with tears all wet ;  
And fondly turning to their ancient home,  
Bursts from their pious lips, " O Zion, let  
My hand forget her cunning, when I thee forget ! "

They dream — perchance it may not be a dream —  
Though the long night succeed the murky even,  
Along the east shall wake the early beam,  
And earth be gladdened with the smile of heaven !  
And Salem's children wandering unforgiven,  
Nurslings of Shame and foster sons of Woe,  
Shall be no longer from their country driven !

The fir tree shall displace the thorn ! The myrtle grow  
Where grows the briar ! And Peace shall like a river  
flow !

Messiah comes ! The laden heavens bend  
Where rolls his ponderous chariot on high !  
O Son of David ! From the skies descend !  
Most Mighty ! Gird thy sword upon thy thigh,  
And lead to battle and to victory !  
He comes ! His standard to the breeze unfurled  
And Judah's mail clad warriors clust'ring nigh !  
Woe to the foemen where their shafts are hurled !  
They fight ! — they win ! — and He in triumph rules  
the world !

Well have they fought, and beautiful their prize ! —  
Most beautiful and worthy to be won !  
See from her dust Jerusalem arise !  
Her walls of crystal flashing in the sun,  
Like Winter's icy halls on Lebanon !  
Her domes of pearl, with roofs of solid gold,  
Gleaming like clouds up which the young beams run  
( When Morn's refulgent gates their leaves unfold )  
And scatter showers of light o'er mountain, sea and wold !



1860.

'TIS midnight — and the watching stars  
From the abyss of blue look forth,  
Through clouds that float in rifts and bars,  
And greet with joyous shout the earth ! —  
As bright-eyed nymphs beneath the sea,  
Shout to the mariners in their glee !

“Hail to the year — the new born one —  
Let the cloud banners wave and nod —  
Earth’s shadow stretching to the sun —  
Great gnomon on the dial of God —  
Points to the Zenith! Peal and chime  
Salute thee! Youngest-born of Time!”

So sang the stars — as erst they sang  
When earth upon her untried wing  
Lay floating, pausing e’er she sprang  
Upon her course a beauteous thing,  
As some bright bird of plumage rare,  
Reposing on the conscious air.

Join we the shout — let no eclipse  
Fall on those words of hope and cheer!  
Let human hearts and human lips  
Give welcome to the Newborn Year!  
Bid care be gone from soul and brow  
The saddest should be happy now!

O child, to whom thy sport and play  
Are full of deepest import, be  
Thy heart still merry while it may;  
Long may all care be far from thee! —  
They whom thou lovest best caress thee! —  
God and good angels bend to bless thee!  
Happy New Year!

O Youth! in whose ambitious eye  
Burns the desire for man’s estate,  
Resolved that no destiny  
Shall hinder thee from being great —



Be thine the more enduring fame —  
The splendor of a spotless name!  
Happy New Year!

O Maiden — in whose yielding ear  
The vow and prayer of burning love  
Hath found acceptance — if the year  
All that thou hop'st and more shall prove —  
That is our wish for thee — may he  
Win thee and wear thee worthily!  
Happy New Year!

O Mother — watching as the years  
Bring to the fruitage each young vine,  
Be thine to see all that endears  
Of grace and gentleness entwine  
About thy nurselings — this shall be  
The burden of our wish for thee!  
Happy New Year!

O thou loved land, whose myriad homes  
Confer new peace on vale and hill  
Themselves all beautiful — whose domes  
Of state are domes of justice still —  
Earth's joy and pride long mayst thou be —  
Just and united — strong and free!  
Happy New Year!

Republicans! — all hail! — that dare  
Beard haughty Misrule on his throne!  
Ye that are not ashamed to wear  
The badge of honored Jefferson!

Who love your land — her righteous cause —  
Her Constitution and her laws !

Happy New Year !

Ho ! every laborer for the right !

Ho ! every lover of the true !

Ho ! every warrior in the fight

With the fiend Wrong ! Good cheer to you !

Yes ! and to you our foemen even —

For why judge we the gift of Heaven ! —

Happy New Year !

O if the good the Father hath

Unasked and unapproached, cast down,

Thick as the snow upon our path —

The good he gives to every one —

Be not abused, the New Year shall

Be Happy New Year unto all !

Happy New Year !



#### DESPAIR.

I AM weary — I am weary

Of the world all dreary, dreary ;

Gloomy thoughts around me gather

Vultures gathered round their prey ;

Sorrow still pursuing sorrow

Chase my suffering spirit through ;

And with claws relentless mark they

Ever with fresh scars their way !

Murky clouds the heavens cover ;  
Birds of evil omen hover  
O'er my head and with their dismal  
    Croaking fill the fetid air ;  
Earth appears one dark upheaval  
From the dread domain of evil —  
O'er whose scoria are wandering  
    Blinding Hate and chained Despair !

O for the relief of Madness  
From this mania of Sadness !  
O for the relief of death —  
    If death indeed can bring relief —  
For To-day groans with his sorrow,  
And his brother is To-morrow,  
And the long, long future may but  
    Bring unutterable grief !

God or Fate ! — all dreadful Power ! —  
How thy frowns in terror lower !  
    From the present — from the future  
    Turns my soul in horror back ! —  
Cursed of God — of man deserted —  
Blasted, ruined, broken-hearted —  
All my sky is blackness — growing  
    Ever denser and more black !



## THE BURNT OFFERING.

THE snow was deep and the wind was cold,  
And the forest was bare of green and gold,  
When my first-born God let me hold.

I kissed, and kissed it, and let it entwine  
About my heart, and they said its eyne  
Were like its mother's, but most like mine.

Waked by my treasure into birth,  
New loves and loves unknown gushed forth,  
As fountains from the gladsome earth.

From my soul's depth they rushed amain,  
First bounding up to God and then  
Flowing unto my fellow-men.

I felt new love for Him who came  
To suffer for me and bear my shame,  
And I gave him my darling, I gave him my lamb.

In fitting prayer, devout and low,  
A good clerk spake my silent vow,  
And placed upon my lambkin's brow

The signet of God — the Triune name !  
Ah soul ! how soon thou sawest thy lamb  
A holocaust — consumed in flame !

For God accepted my sacrifice ;  
Before my unexpectant eyes,  
His swift fire fell from the open skies !

The fire of suffering fell from heaven !  
And with the offering I had given,  
The altar of my heart was riven !

The forest is bare of green and gold,  
The snow is deep and the wind is cold,  
But no sweet lamb my arms enfold !

Yet is my sorrowing spirit calm,  
For a sweet voice, where'er I am,  
Whispers these words of cheer and balm, —

“O murmur not if God receiveth,  
Thine offering of the gift He giveth,  
Unseen by thee, thy lamb still liveth.”

---

CHARITY.

THE wind blows cold ; the mother oak  
Bares to the storm her shivering form,  
And with her drapery, seeks to cloak  
Her nurslings, that from snow and sleet  
Hide in the leafage at her feet.

The wind blows cold ; but colder still  
I trow, will be the charity  
That they who starve 'neath yonder hill  
Shall hear in word or read in eye  
Of any Christian passer by.

The pitying clouds that swept the sky  
In snow enfold the sward and wold,  
Lest some unheeded herb may die.  
But who — who brings in their distress,  
Cheer to the starved and penniless ?

Great God ! — when groan the crowded floors,  
And creaks the wain beneath the grain  
That from thy garner ever pours,  
When stalled and pampered cattle shine,  
And rich corn gluts the fattened swine,

Shall thy poor starve ! Hear thou their wail,  
And their wild cry of agony !  
Thou, who didst once in flesh envail  
Thy divine glory, come again,  
And teach the brotherhood of men !

---

THE GOOD MAN'S EVENING.

IN the summer of the North-land  
Day is never lost in night,  
But the evening rich, and golden,  
Melts into the morning light.

Such a day the good man's life time,  
No night following its even,  
Which, irradiant with blessing,  
Mingles with the dawn of heaven.

And the glory of the dawning  
Plays about his brow serene,  
And his locks, all white and bleached,  
Glisten in the sheeted sheen.

Glow's his eye, but not with passion,  
In his soul no lust consumes,  
Soul and eye and cheek, all ashen  
The descending day illumines.

In this life though still engagèd,  
He the better has begun ;  
Such an one was Paul the agèd,  
Such the loved and loving John.



Doubt it not, O unbeliever,  
Such an one there sometimes is —  
Here and there is held in reverence  
Some angelic man like this.

Happy they who share his presence  
Until Death, the Angel, calls ;  
Happy he whom God thinks worthy  
Of his mantle when it falls.

— ♦ —  
WOMEN !

PERHAPS most women may be reckoned pretty,  
But of the truly beautiful few are there ;  
Each has her fault : Sonora, Ellen, Kitty,  
Are passable no doubt, but nothing farther,  
Sonora is a tall and comely maiden,  
Dark haired and fair, dark eyes, with lips most luscious,  
With bosom white as baby hands e'er played in,  
But then Sonora has most horrid tushes !  
Well, Ellen. She's good natured, plump and rosy,  
Wifely, industrious, everybody likes her,  
The very lass to make a homestead cosy,  
But Ellen's arm — it's like a marlinspike, sir !  
And Ellen's eyes, perhaps you think they're azure,  
To me they're green as a green watermelon !  
Woo her and marry her, if it be your pleasure !  
But Venus, — well, she's some one else than Ellen !  
And Kitty, rather pretty, rather witty,  
Hazel eyes, brown hair, with face to match 'em,

Except her nose : her nose, the more's the pity,  
Is big enough for an Ojibwe sachem !  
They say she's bald, but that's hid by her bonnet ;  
Her waist is neat, but that's because she laces ;  
Her hand is good, but for the warts upon it ;  
Her foot for Venus has too broad a basis !

I am no cynic ; good traits I discover  
And gloat on with an eye appreciative ;  
I honor woman, praise her, bless her, love her ;  
I know the goodness that in her is native :  
I think the average are good enough for  
The best of men. But he who seeks a Venus,  
A disappointed bachelor will suffer,  
Or find a spouse out of the human genus.

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#### THE YOUNG MOTHER.

**I**S it more than yestreen since I played with you ?  
Is it more than yestreen ?  
Since I romped with you the garden through,  
And swung you under the apple tree,  
And you laughed and frolicked in girlish glee ?  
Let me see — why, Nelly — its one, two, three —  
You are just seventeen !

Ah ! playmate, don't blush ; for our baby love  
Is passed for us both ;  
And Frank, whom I know you are thinking of,  
Is worthy of you, and the blue-eyed boy,  
That coos and gurgles his childish joy  
In your arms, might give an angel employ —  
The dear chit ! — as he doth ;

You remember the botany that we read ?

I remember it well !

As I look on you I think how it said,

That sometimes — though cases were rare and few —

A bud from a blossom's bosom grew : —

The bud is your baby ! — the blossom is you ! —

It is you ! blossom Nell !

If I were an artist, Nell, you should sit

For Madonna to me :

For the Holy Maid and the infinite,

Who stooped from above to be born of her —

Whom the Magi worshipped with spice and myrrh,

Sublimest of mysteries ! — they were

Like thine infant and thee !



MARION LEE.

I SAT in the church, sweet Marion Lee,

And thou wast seated in front of me,

And an eloquent man, a grave and good,

Was he who in the pulpit stood,

But the preacher's voice, and the holy hymn,

And the organ's low-breathed symphony,

Were lost to me for sense was dim,

And thought was dead to all but thee !

Yet not thine eye, that after thrilled,

When I drank at its depths till my soul was filled,

And not thy lips that after gushed

Their pulpy richness upon mine,

And fired my heart like generous wine,—

And not thy cheek, that after blushed  
The dear response, when the lips were hushed,  
    But love compelled the sign, —  
Beautiful, peerless Marion Lee,  
Thy hand enchained, enchanted me !

Long I watched that marvelous hand,  
    So pure and white, so frail and thin ;  
A dainty web of gossamer strand  
    The delicate skin ;  
With veins so blue  
In mystic tracery gleaming through !

Its subtle motions attracted me much,  
    It drew my eye like a star of even,  
    Or a beam astray from the gate of Heaven, —  
But the thought of its soft, electric touch  
    Bewildered me and maddened me,  
    Till in my phrensied ecstasy,  
Or deed of death or mortal sin  
Were nought that hand to win !

Never wearied I watching it  
Hither and thither flit and flit,  
Light as down by the zephyrs stirred,  
Back and forth, like a snow-plumed bird !  
I watched the soft and delicate palm :  
    And the waxen fingers with shell-pinked tips,  
    Nervously tapping thy dainty lips,  
Or turning the leaves to find the psalm —  
    Each with its separate life instinct ;  
    Or firmly, lovingly interlinked,  
Pressing thy brow as thou bent in prayer,  
Or nestled upon thy braided hair !

O beautiful, peerless, Marion Lee,  
Never mine eyes expect to see —  
Never could Indian princes wear,  
Jewels so radiant, jewels so rare,  
As the opaline gems then decking thy hair !

Ay, woe is me ! Ay, woe is me !  
The grave hath claimed thee, Marion Lee !  
In thy coffin I saw thee lie,  
Pale thy cheek and closed thine eye,  
And thy hand upon thy breast  
Like a snow-plumed bird at rest !  
Come the day when I shall be  
Buried near thee, Marion Lee !

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GRADUATION ODE, TO THE CLASS OF 1861,  
OF ST. LOUIS NORMAL SCHOOL.

WE part, but still  
We shall not separate :  
One life through all shall permeate,  
Though each fulfill  
His offices distinct,  
Soul shall with Soul in love be interlinked.

Adieu, adieu !  
As ye go hence,  
The former and creator  
Of your intelligence,  
Your Alma Mater,  
Beneath whose tender eye ye grew,  
Shall still infuse her spirit into you,  
And in your blessedness her own she shall renew !

The Banian fig-tree she !  
Her branches ye !  
She clingeth with her leafy hands,  
And root inlaced with root  
Unto each tender shoot,  
Till firm it stands,  
And one with hers is life and branch and fruit !

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THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

I. — THE TEXT.

A STRANGER sat beside the well  
And rested from the burning day,  
A shadow on his presence fell  
For lo, a woman came that way !  
She came to Jesus at the well —  
The woman of Samaria.

A man without a taint of sin,  
A woman of unholy life ;  
He conscious of the God within  
And lifted high from passion's strife ;  
She shamed and stained and soiled with sin,  
A fallen and polluted wife.

And he the throned and lifted up  
Above the world and all its strife,  
Stooped from his throne and gave the cup  
Unto the sad Samaritan wife —  
The living cup that springeth up  
Into the everlasting life.



## II. — THE SERMON.

O cold, cold Cliffs that float adown  
The ice rifts of the Northern Seas,  
Pure — pure but cold, ye seem to frown  
Upon the waves that kiss your knees —  
O scornfully ye sail ye down  
And leave the waves their drift and lees !

O Sunbeams, that through darkest clouds  
Still shimmer with your golden glow,  
Until we seem to see the clouds  
Of cherub faces turned below,  
Inviting us above the clouds,  
Night comes, and all your glories go.

O Snows! that fall upon the earth,  
And cover, with your mantle bright,  
The unclean creatures that creep forth  
Out of the filthy slums of night ;  
Ye cannot cleanse the unclean earth,  
Ye only veil it from the sight !

But He stoops down and makes us pure —  
He the self centered — from his throne ;  
And ours are glories that endure  
If once His beams have on us shone ;  
He veils our sins and makes us pure,  
And holds us evermore his own.

## I AM A BOY AGAIN.

I AM a boy again : the years  
Have backward rolled — my child, my wife  
Are phantoms — strangely disappears  
In the abyss my manhood's life :

I am become a boy again :  
I stand beside my mother's knee,  
I hear her sing the plaintive strain  
Which she so often sang to me.

I feel her hand upon my brow,  
I feel her fingers press my hair ;  
I lift my eyes to watch, — and now  
Her lips are moving and in prayer :

I know she prays for me — her boy  
Beside her : may he live to bless  
The world : in age to be her joy :  
The mode and mold of manliness !

I trace amid the locks of jet  
The silver threads that singly shine,  
I gaze until our eyes have met  
And love has streamed from hers to mine.

I trace the lines that youth eclipse  
With richer, saintlier emphasis ;  
I feel the pressure of her lips :  
My brow is moistened with her kiss !

The dream has passed — I am alone :  
I shame not at the starting tear  
In memory of the loved and gone !  
How dear ! How dear !

Come from the grave, my mother, come,  
For I would be a boy once more :  
Would feel thy hand restraining from  
Danger, as it restrained of yore,

O let me, happy in thy love,  
Repose my head upon thy knees  
For I am weary, weary, of  
Life's sore responsibilities.



## SING TO ME GENTLY.

APRIL, 1866.

SING to me gently,  
My heart yearns for home,  
While loved ones are watching,  
And dear ones say come !  
Sing to me gently,  
And soothingly sing,  
And soft as the runnels  
And breezes of spring !

Sing to me gently,  
I list for the tread  
Of loved ones that come not —  
The feet of the dead !

Sing to me gently,  
For voices I hear,  
That blend with the music  
But reach not the ear.

Sing to me sadly :  
Those voices are gone :  
I heard their wings rustle ;  
My loved ones have flown !  
Sing to me sadly ; —  
For earth is all gloom ! —  
My heart lies inhumed with  
My dead in the tomb !

Sing to me gladly !  
Like storm clouds that drift,  
The gloomy veil sunders,  
I gaze through the rift :  
Shining ones beckon  
To me from the hight :  
My loved ones — my loved ones  
All angels of light.



## BEYOND.

WHAT is there beyond the shining wall  
Of lucent stone and studded with stars ?  
Do angels from its battlements call,  
Or seraphs peep through its pearly bars ?

We never can pierce it with mortal sight,  
And our weary thoughts will dash their wings  
Against the butments that check their flight  
Till they faint and fall amid earthly things.

Sense cannot pierce it, nor thought o'erpass :  
But the spirit speaks to the ear of faith,  
"There the blessed are walking the sea of glass  
And the gate thereto is the gate of death!"

O dwellers about the great white throne,  
I shrink no more from the marble seal  
Of the skeleton hand! The brighter zone  
Shall vistas of blossoming light reveal!



## CHAPEL HILL ROAD, N. C.

A WINDING ROAD from Chapel Hill  
Goes but with an uncertain will  
Down to the capitol;  
Now climbing up a steep ascent  
With painful pace as if it meant  
To get one satisfying glance,  
One soulful look at all —  
All the broad sweep of field and dell,  
Of hill and vale, and slope and swell  
To the minutest circumstance :  
Then running down the hill again  
Along an undulating plain  
It saunters slowly through the farms,  
Or yielding to the runnel's charms  
It turns aside, or in the wood  
Seeks for the shade and solitude.  
On yonder hill-top where it paused  
Entranced, enamored of the scene,  
And dropped its eyes to the ravine,

That lay a hundred yards beneath,  
With vines enbowered, and with the breath  
Of a thousand flowers, sweeter than  
The sweetest garden formed by man,  
And on its bosom lay a Stream, —  
A flashing, quivering, silvery chain  
As e'er on fairest breast had lain ;  
Like linked diamonds it shone and shone  
As clear as the waters of heaven seem  
To flow from 'neath the great white throne  
When pictured in a poet's dream.

It slept in voiceless Pools, that seemed  
To drink the light of heaven in,  
It broke in ripples, flashed and beamed  
Until its gladness found a tongue  
And uttered itself in song.

As with the poet's soul it is,  
Whose richest and sweetest melodies,  
Are of his broken life a part  
And waken from a wounded heart :  
And the finest flashes of fancy from  
The fragments of the spirit come,  
That for us momentarily dance and gleam  
Like sunbeams from the broken stream.

Along this road, so legends run,  
Cornwallis with his army passed,  
Before he met with Washington.



## DE PROFUNDIS.

OUT of the depths of the horrible pit,  
Out of the darkness and out of the gloom,  
Where shadows o'erwhelm me and terrors inhume,  
I seek to the Holy and Infinite !

Round me the dusk-winged and wicked ones flit,  
Borne over sulphurous breaker and spume,  
Channel of lava and bitumen flume,  
Where they were trolling with trident and spit !

Round me they crowd in the blackness unlit,  
Whispering doubts that my spirit consume,  
"Iron law presses thee on to thy doom!  
Vain fool to struggle, thy fate is forewrit !

"Cursed thy life is, but causedst thou it ? —  
Causedst the poppy and night-shade to bloom ? —  
Causedst that thou went astray from the womb ? —  
Caus'dst that with death-blight the whole earth is smit ?

"Evil — who caused it ? God ? Shallow the wit  
That rests in the dream of a mighty One, whom  
Creatures may placate with censer and fume —  
Easily won from their crimes to acquit !

"Fate is the monarch. All else must submit !  
Change is a dream ! An eternal maelstrom  
Mingles forever the past and to come !

*Similis semper similibus fit.*

“Mantled in shadow the DESTINIES sit,  
Crones pallid hued as the guests of the tomb,  
Busy with needle and toiling with loom,  
Raveling ever the fancies they knit !”

Devils ! avaunt ye ! I will not permit  
Longer your filthy and splenetic rheum !  
All else is hampered, but where is the groom  
That curbs in the *will* with the snaffle and bit ?

Sin is sole evil. Nor weighs it a whit  
That matter is chained ; and in Heaven there's room  
For insight more perfect and light to illume !  
Back to their fountain my doubts I remit.

Self I forsake. Supports finite I quit.  
Faith in the FATHER again I resume,  
I, the self-loathed on his goodness presume, —  
I, the impure, for his favor unfit.

Out of the depths of the horrible pit,  
Out of the darkness and out of the gloom,  
Where shadows o'erwhelm me and terrors inhumе,  
I seek to the Holy and Infinite !



JULY 4, 1870.

THE land for which our valiant fathers whilom  
Against the hosts of Tyranny did battle,  
Is it today for Freedom an asylum ? —  
Or are its sons no nobler than its cattle ?  
Winds ! that ride grandly o'er its prairies,  
Say, are its men unfettered as its air is ?

The land the Pilgrims sought to make an empire  
Of righteousness, with Christ for its controller,  
Does it withhold its homage from the Vampire  
Mammon? Is Justice still its only ruler?  
Ye Lightnings! flashing o'er its vast dominion,  
Flash thus on Wrong, its lightnings of opinion.

O Land! that erst to every nation  
Didst open wide thine arms, and call them to thee,  
Art thou today a refuge from oppression,  
To every race, such as the fathers knew thee?  
Sea, that on every side my land embracest,  
Loves she thus all, even to the least and basest?

"Yes!" is the thrilling answer, that at once is  
Heard from the winds, the lightnings, and the ocean;  
And myriad hearts join in the glad responses  
With patriotic fervor and devotion.  
Yes, yes, the matron is as was the virgin,  
And the ripe fruit is beauteous as its burgeon!

If angel purity discover folly —  
If of thy sons there be whose eyes unfilial  
Would seek for fault, whose lips thy fame would sully,  
We join us not unto those sons of Belial!  
We would forget that there are such undutiful,  
And hold thee spotless, perfect, and all beautiful!

The lines of ripened character are written  
Sweetly upon the loveliness of woman,  
By sorrow purified, but not down smitten,  
Grander of soul, and richer, and more human;  
Earth knows no other like, and heaven no other  
So hopeful, generous, free as thou dear mother!

The blessings of millions of the swarthy  
Freedmen are thine ; and prayers from the peons  
Of the o'erteeming East are rising for thee !  
Nations shall praise thee to uncounted eons,  
And hail the mother of true men — a region  
To law devote, to freedom and religion !



## THE CITY.

I STAND upon the busy street  
And look up to the sky,  
And mark where clay and angels meet  
The spheral purity.

The city like a mastodon,  
With sinews firm as stone,  
Upbraces with its back of brawn  
The skies that rest thereon.

The musings of the patient beast  
I see in yonder smoke,  
I hear the surgings of his breast,  
I feel his pulses stroke,

And Memory spreads her legends old,  
And Fancy sports therewith,  
The fable by the Grecians told,  
And the East Indian myth, —

The one that Atlas holds the skies  
Upon his shoulders slant,  
The other that the flat earth lies  
Upon an elephant,

And both are false. A truer faith  
Our whirring cities teach :  
Hear what the sculptured chapel saith,  
And what the factories teach.

The heaven rests and all the lands  
On piety and art,  
Upon the labor of man's hands,  
The goodness of his heart.

And so the smoke that rises up  
Transfigured to my sight,  
Floats in the blue a pledge of hope  
And vanishes in light.



## SKATER'S SONG.

COME, dearest, where the skaters gay  
Their mystic measures interweave ;  
Come, for his rosy cheek the Day,  
Is resting on the breast of Eve.  
O'er us shall smile the virgin Moon, love ;  
While on the crystal sea we glide ;  
And the fairy shallops of our silver shoon, love,  
Shall bear us o'er the enchanted tide !  
Now we glide, on the tide  
On the silvery tide !  
Ever glide, ever glide  
On the silvery tide !

Nay, dearest, there is naught to fear  
For thou art lighter than the wind,  
Swift, swifter than the forest deer,  
We leave all care and thought behind !

Come, place thy trusting hand in mine, love,  
While on the crystal sea we glide,  
And our faith and hope shall closer intertwine, love,  
To bear us o'er life's enchanted tide !  
We will glide, love and pride,  
On a silvery tide  
Ever glide, love and bride,  
On a silvery tide !

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## SECUNDUM ARTEM.

IF one is sick the case is plain,  
It is not safe himself to proctor,  
To baffle Death and ease the pain,  
Send in a hurry for the doctor.  
The doctor comes, and shakes his head,  
Whate'er his thoughts, he don't impart 'em,  
No matter, when the patient's dead,  
We know he died *secundum artem*.

But not alone the man of pill,  
Cathartic, plaster, blister, bolus,  
When he presents his little bill,  
With this is able to console us,  
But others often find a way  
To tickle folk and sting and smart 'em ;  
The plans are various, but they  
All do the work *secundum artem*.

The lawyer when he takes a case,  
And knows the flaw, but pleads and loses,  
Explains the why with blindest face,  
But ne'er his client's fee refuses.



The cobbler hurries on your soles,  
So loose a summer dew will start 'em,  
To uppers strongly prone to holes,  
But takes his pay *secundum artem*.

The merchant sells his cotton stuff  
Pronouncing it the purest flaxen,  
The butcher sells us cutlets tough,  
The chandler, tallow dips for waxen,  
But you and I, my honest friend,  
Have no such wares, or will not mart 'em,  
But other folk will to the end,  
I fear me, deal *secundum artem*.

---

## THE ERL KING—GOETHE.

WHO rideth so late through the night-wind wild?  
It is the father with his child.

He has the boy well in his arm,  
He clasps him securely, he holds him warm.

“My son why hidst thou thy sight so in fear?”

“Seest father thou not the Erl King there?—

The king of the Erls with trail and crown?”

“It is a ribbon of mist my son.”

“Thou darling child, come, go with me,  
All charming plays I'll play with thee,  
Many beautiful blooms in our land unfold,  
My mother has many a garment of gold.”

“My father, my father, is unheard of thee,  
What the Erl King whispers and promises me?”

"Be quiet, my child, your fancy deceives  
The wind is sapping among the dry leaves."

"Decidest, fine boy, to come with me?  
My daughters already are waiting for thee?  
Their nocturnal measure my daughters begin,  
For waving and dancing and singing thee in."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not  
The Erl King's daughter in yon gloomy spot?"  
"My son, my son, I plainly behold:  
So grayly are shining the willows old."

"I love thee: thou charmst me, my beautiful boy:  
And be'st thou unwilling I force must employ!"  
"My father, my father; he seizes your son:  
Some harm to me hath the Erl King done!"

Like a wind doth the father ride fast in alarm,  
He holds his moaning child on his arm:  
He reaches the court all weary with dread  
Upon his arm resting the child was dead.



#### THE NEW YEAR.

THE Old Year goeth out tonight:  
I see him by the gateway stand:  
His hair is thin, his beard is white:  
He shakes the New Year by the hand.  
Old Year adieu  
Welcome the New —  
The happy, happy, happy New Year.

Lo, angels lift the sapphire bars :  
The crystal gateways open wide :  
Unheard beneath the arch of stars ;  
The swift hours through the portal glide.  
Old Year adieu !  
Welcome the New !  
The happy, happy, happy New Year.

Their hands still reaching through the cleft —  
The gateway parts them. He is gone !  
The New Year of his sire bereft,  
Henceforth must bear his load alone.  
Old Year adieu !  
Welcome the New !  
The happy, happy, happy New Year !

Unto the last a parting sigh  
He breathes, and then right cheerfully,  
With step of steel and beaming eye  
Forth to his duty goeth he.  
Old Year adieu !  
Welcome the New !  
The happy, happy, happy New Year !



## TO THE ORIOLE.

BEAUTIFUL Sprite !  
Sporting in golden light,  
Thou fairest follower of the Spring,  
Art thou a living — a sentient thing ?  
Or have the peonies taken wing ?

Beautiful Sprite!  
Carolling new delight  
Thou Sun's high priest, that with royal stole,  
Thy sweet lay dost to the morning troll,  
Art thou a meteor with a soul?

Beautiful Sprite!  
Many an acolyte,  
As fair as the blushing of chastity,—  
Each vestal blossom upon the tree,  
Is waving odorous airs to thee.

Beautiful Sprite!  
Heavenly chrysolite,  
Upborne on pinions of floating flame  
Like seraphs rapt that above proclaim  
In song unceasing the holy name.

Beautiful Sprite!  
Sporting in golden light,  
The bough lit up with thy radiant plumes,  
Like one the spirit of Love illumines,  
It burns, and burns, but not consumes.

---

SONNET.

THERE lies a watcher at the orient gate  
Until the portress of the morn unbar—  
A crouching cloud, whose robes all ragged are:  
Dark is her heart, and rent and lacerate:  
She to the earth stoops close, glad e'en to wait:  
She sees the prancing coursers from afar  
And her heart leaps forgetful of its scar.

And still she whiter grows and at the last  
She beams with silver radiance like a star,  
And to the world invisible is passed  
Translucent as an angel! So would I  
Dark, sinning, sorrowing, prone to earth downcast,  
Wait till the chariot of the KING draw nigh,  
And sin and self be lost in light and purity.



## THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

“THOUGH in thy veil of mist thou hid'st from me,  
Thy glistening footsteps have I hither tracked :  
Here on this rock I sit and wait for thee —  
Thee love, thou Spirit of the Cataract.  
O list again my tale of constancy !

“I've dreamed of thee since boyhood. I have thought  
Of thee at midnight, when beneath the stars  
The whole earth slept, and thou hast been inwrought  
Into my daytime reveries on the cloudy cars  
Which sailed the sky with happy breezes fraught.

“And I have heard thy voice come calling me  
When underneath the rustling beech I lay,  
And watched the wave that to the terraced knee  
Of the green hill leaped, hound-like, then away  
Along the sands went gambolling toward thee.

“And I have thought that all things sought for thee ;  
For thee the Sun climbed up the eastern shore,  
Fresh bathed from the Atlantic's purity,  
And weaved thee rainbow garlands, and threw o'er  
Thy form, of sheen and gold a gorgeous drapery.

- “I have not sought the circles of the gay,  
Where wanton beauty half unveiled is whirled  
In the mad dance, by passionate youths that pay  
Their amorous glances ; nor to breasts impearled  
Nor all their wealth of charms are eyes forbid to stray.
- “Nor could the halls of learning, — nor the stage  
Rich with enchantment, where the poet’s soul  
Hath shed its affluence, — nor the voice of sage  
Dewy with scripture, weaken thy control,  
Nor me from my devotion disengage.
- “Nor love, nor wine, nor song, nor power, nor gold,  
Nor the sweet glimpses of domestic bliss  
That wooed me oft ! No, thy caresses cold  
And pure embraces, and the frequent kiss  
That falls like rain, dearer than all I hold !
- “Thou hast all power, all passion in thyself  
Thou Spirit of the Cataract, and I gaze  
Where leap the waters from their rocky shelf  
Down the abyss to thee with no amaze,  
For thy charms lure sea-sprite and mountain elf.
- “The spirits of the mountain peaks, that keep  
The hidden treasures of the mighty west,  
Steal down the moonlit rivulets to peep  
Upon the beauty of thy snowy breast  
Unveiled amid the tossings of thy sleep.
- “The spirits that collect the dews, and fill  
The broad lakes, fill them for my love alone,  
Their purity but equals thine : distil  
The stars on thee their light, and o’er thy throne  
Scatter the radiance of their holy hill.



“No more delay my destiny divine,  
But give the token of my speedy bliss:  
I know my life shall be drawn into thine  
Even as my whole heart already is:  
And yet I wait the anticipated sign.

“Three happy yet three weary months have seen  
Me waiting in my strange novitiate,  
O love, thou knowest how constant I have been  
Watching and waiting at the diamond gate  
That flashes me and my pure love between.

“She comes! She comes! I see the radiant star  
Upon her brow—the glory of her face!  
She comes! She comes! she lifts the silver bar!  
O love, in thine my arms I interlace,  
And we forever more united are!”



## MY DEAD ONE.

THE wild flowers blossom in the wood,  
The lea with unsown flowers is strewed,  
And beam the garden sisterhood  
With bloom endued and scents imbued.

Thou giv'st the flowers, cruel earth,  
But from thy womb where they have birth,  
The fairest flower of rarest worth,  
To home and hearth no more comes forth!

I kneel her little grave above:  
O long, long years, this dark alcove,

Must hide my hope ! O stern earth move  
My bud uncover to my love !

What words are these the soft winds bear ?  
“ When blossoms sprang to light and air,  
She blossomed to a world more fair !  
Look up, and dare to seek her there ! ”



COME !

COME from thy home in the south !  
Come — come ! —

To my northern home !  
The spring with its odorous mouth  
Brings me the news of thee !  
Whispers to blossom and tree,  
And whispers to me  
The news of thee !  
To my northern home  
Come ! Come !

The birds that roam  
Southward in winter time,  
See vanishing frost and rime  
And northward come  
To the old nest,  
For love and rest ; —  
So, birdie, home  
To thy rest,  
In our nest,  
Come !

Thou canst not come too soon !  
Come in the summer's noon —  
Come with the blue eyed June !  
Then shall the growing corn,  
(Whereon the golden Morn  
Of the rich summer pours  
Kisses in loving showers,  
O'er all the irradiant sea  
Of prairie) for thee — for thee ! —  
Streamers of welcome wave ; —  
Or else its brave  
Adornments have  
Of tasseling foam !  
Thou must come !

Launch on the river thy bark !  
Let its prow northward turn !  
For know that we shall hark  
To its stout engine spurn  
The current of the dark  
Waters, and with arc  
Swift circling, all the highway mark !  
Until thou come  
The days roll wearisome !  
Come !

Two little buds of hope  
Their tiny petals ope !  
Agnes, my pet and gem,  
(Whose eyes have caught the hue  
Of heaven's ethereal blue ! —  
Like thine own, Nem! —)

Stretches her little arms  
Out through the purple mist  
Of distance to be kissed ;  
And all her being warms  
With eagerness, the while,  
To catch thy loving smile !

And Charley ! — precious one ! —  
My only son ! —  
(He'd beat a drum to have thee come !)  
The noisiest  
Boysiest,  
Most rollicksome,  
Most frolicksome  
And clever  
And laughter-compelling  
Sunbeam, that ever  
Shone in a dwelling ! —  
E'en he hath heard of thee,  
And knows how good thou art  
In life and heart ! —  
And, honey-laden bee,  
Says, with unceasing hum,  
Come !

She, who is half my life —  
My gentle wife,  
Opens her heart and home,  
To have thee come !  
Come !  
Yes ! — in the year's high noon,  
When blue-eyed June

Smileth on field and wood,  
When juiciest fruits are ripe, —  
Perfect and toothsome, type  
Of perfect womanhood! —  
Then shouldst thou come!  
Thyself a perfect June!  
Thou shalt our souls attune,  
That else, perchance, were dumb,  
E'en mid the harmonies  
Of bird-song and of breeze!  
Come! — thou hast promised! — come!

Our house is spacious and new  
And we have room for you,  
And Agnes! — little darling! —  
Prattling like a starling,  
(Fitter for a mice house,)  
Says "Pa, aint this a nice house?  
I like to live here!"  
And she shall be your chum,  
And you will hold her dear!  
Come!

Come early! — come to stay!  
Thou shalt not go away  
Until the leaves shall fall,  
Nor till the winds shall all  
Grow cold, and the South shall call  
Thee from our sterner fall.  
Ours is a happy home,  
And hospitable — Come!

Wilt thou not come?  
O be not dumb! —  
But answer quick with some  
Of thine old life! Come!  
Tabret and drum  
And hospitable home  
Shall welcome thee! Come!  
Come! Come!  
Come!

[NOTE. — The above is little else than a versification of a letter from — to —.]



#### THE PATH OF THE JUST.

I STAND and watch the panting lake,  
I stand to hear its pulses beat,  
I mark its waves that run and break  
Upon the pebbles at my feet.

The sun rests on its farthest verge:  
Two worlds divide his glories even:  
One arching half beneath the surge,  
And one the open gate of heaven!

And shining brighter than their crests,  
And reaching o'er the waves, there is  
A golden way that floats and rests  
Upon their crystal buttresses.

Ne'er richer burden lay thereon!  
Though at my feet but faint and dim,  
It stretches onward to the sun,  
And brighter glows from me to him!



Rapt in the vision I forget  
The world:—unseen the bathers come:—  
Unseen the fisherman casts his net:—  
Unseen the pleasure yacht goes home:—

The day-long angler coils his lines  
And bears unseen his perch away:—  
For I muse of the just man's path that shines  
Brighter unto the perfect day!



## WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

MAY he, whose hand shall latest place  
Within these leaves his benison,  
Upon their surface find the trace  
Of pure and holy thought alone.

Be here the fervid line of Love,  
And here be Friendship's calm impress,  
And many an honest phrase to prove  
Affection's changeless tenderness.

So shall thy book a garner be,  
And Memory gladly bear its keys,  
And so shall Hope fulfil to thee  
The choicest of her promises.



## SONNET.

THE leaden drops that in their stupor lie  
Within the poppy leaf, or on the river  
In the cold snake folds of the ripple shiver,  
If they would mount aloft, and in the sky

Join with their sisters, where they float on high,  
In the soft smiles of the complacent sun,  
Or where in circling dance they place upon  
The queen of storms her zone of gorgeous dye,  
Must yield them to the warm beams of the day  
That woo them from their grossness. So must we  
Become less earthly in the purer ray  
Of the Diviner Love, if we would be  
Of those bright clouds that fleck heaven's sky with  
isles,  
Resting enraptured in the sunlight of his smiles.

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## THE SASSAFRAS.

(WRITTEN FOR THE WEBSTER GROVE'S SASSAFRAS CLUB.)

THE royal oaks may broadly spread ;  
And glory in their summer crown ;  
The hickories from overhead  
May shake their marrowy fruitage down.  
Let flock more grand live in the land,  
We envy not their lordly class,  
Contented with the fragrant scent  
Of modesty and sassafras.  
The sassafras, the sassafras,  
Beloved of lad, beloved of lass !  
Be ours the fate to emulate  
The golden-budded sassafras !

The scents intense of spicy Ind  
May float their richness o'er the seas,  
We cannot bind the pampered wind  
In aromatic luxuries.

More clever people be than we ;  
But all the woodland where we pass  
Shall have at least our very best,  
The best — it is the sassafras.  
The sassafras — the sassafras,  
Beloved of lad, beloved of lass  
The summer's pride, the summer's bride,  
The fragrant-scented Sassafras.

The farmer cuts the forest down  
And drives the ruthless plowshare through,  
And covers with his harvest brown  
The dells where once our favorites grew,  
And we the field will gladly yield  
To useful folk ; but, as they pass,  
We trust they will remember still  
The virtues of the sassafras.  
The sassafras — the sassafras,  
Beloved of lad, beloved of lass,  
Live long the glory of our song,  
The green and golden sassafras.



### THE JEWEL OF A NOSE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE BUDGET OF THE SASSAFRAS CLUB.]

HER name it was Medora —  
Her tricks I must expose —  
Upon her face she wore a  
Bright jewel of a nose.

Her teeth were whitewashed pickets,  
Or napkins hung in rows,  
But shone above their thickets  
Her jewel of a nose.

Her hair — she wore a chignon, —  
A lovely red she chose,  
No peer in my opinion  
To her jewel of a nose.

But her own hair is charming,  
And on her shoulders shows  
Just like a flame a warming  
Up her jewel of a nose.

Her fingers like bolognas  
So fat she never sews,  
Ne'er shine, with jewels strewn, as  
Does her jewel of a nose.

No knob upon a maple  
More holes and ridges shows, —  
Or bug sting on an apple —  
Than her jewel of a nose.

An elephant's proboscis,  
That lights the way she goes,  
A regular colossus,  
Is her jewel of a nose.

Like a trumpet loud, sonorous,  
Is the music that she blows,  
Or a herd of calves in chorus,  
From her jewel of a nose.

The envy of the maidens,  
The toast of all the beaux,  
Her rosiest blush ne'er reddens  
Like her jewel of a nose.

No source of human pleasures,  
No source of human woes,  
But that my love outmeasures  
With her jewel of a nose.

I went to see my lady,  
My passion to disclose,  
I found her frank and ready —  
But that jewel of a nose !

I wish I'd ne'er commenced it,  
For, as from my knees I rose,  
I hit my head against it —  
That jewel of a nose !

I was formally accepted,  
But as from my knees I rose,  
I casually tapped it —  
That jewel of a nose !

O gentle sex and tender !  
Would any one suppose  
That your graces you'd surrender  
To defend an ugly nose ?

Her eyes — they flashed like lightning,  
From her shoulder came the blows,  
But absolutely frightening  
Grew her jewel of a nose !

She called me wretch and varlet,  
And her passion higher rose,  
And purple, blue and scarlet  
Grew her horrible old nose !

She kicked with great precision,  
I caught the gleam of hose,  
But the last thing on my vision  
Was that hideous old nose !

O Tophet, and O furies !  
Would any one suppose  
That for love there such a cure is  
As that jewel of a nose !

O furies and O Tophet !  
O Mahomet and Mose !  
I've had sufficient of it —  
That jewel of a nose !

*To the Members of the Sassafras Club :—*

It is with regret that I am guilty of the seeming impropriety of obtruding my private griefs upon the sanctity of your little circle. But I have been informed that an unauthorized use has been made of my name; that an attack, wholly unwarrantable, has been made in your society upon a supposed peculiarity of my personal appearance; and, that slanderous statements have been made in reference to my conduct. I cannot believe that your society would knowingly countenance malevolence and abuse, and I therefore ask the privilege of presenting, through the *Budget*, a few statements of simple fact.

The writer of a certain article which appeared in last week's *Budget* is a young man who has been so fortunate as to meet with a favorable reception, for certain verses of which he was the author, both at my father's hands and from the public at large, and has thus made the acquaintance of my father (who is, as perhaps you know, the editor of *Flint's Monthly Magazine*), and was even able



to obtain an introduction to our family. His attentions to me were marked and persistent, and I was at first, I confess, somewhat flattered by them, and in my simplicity I gave him some encouragement. Even now I must acknowledge that his person is not disagreeable, and that his manners are usually faultless. But a week ago last Tuesday (it was my nineteenth birthday, and will long be remembered), he so far forgot decorum as to come to our house in a state of intoxication, and in that condition solicited my hand in marriage. That I flatly refused to listen to him is the truth; and he became so rude that I was obliged to appeal to my father, who properly requested the coachman to show the young gentleman out. He, while yet inebriated, as I must believe, was guilty of writing that good doggerel or bad poetry, as you please to term it, entitled "A Jewel of a Nose," though by what oversight you allowed it to appear in the *Budget* I do not well understand.

My nose is perhaps a trifle conspicuous, though my glass tells me it is not unpleasantly so; and I assure you that all of the rest of the statements in the verses to which I have alluded are wholly without foundation.

To show how differently the young person regarded me a few days since, I ask you to make public the following verses which he read to me, and to which I am ashamed to say I listened with pleasure, but in whose extravagance I now discover the same tendency to unwarrantable exaggeration, which is so evident in his latest production.

Yours, etc.

MEDORA FLINT.

#### TO MY MISTRESS'S EYEBROW.

Beautiful arch of the portal where thought and the  
loves and the Graces

Mingle their gifts to Minerva and Venus, to Wisdom  
and Beauty!—

Jet from the brow of the Gods that the angel of  
Piety places

Over the eye that shall burn with the flame of de-  
votion and duty!—

Angel of midnight, that hovereth, poised on the wing  
of the raven,  
Over a star that outshineth the wintery splendors of  
Sirius ! —  
Cloud that the lightning hath never with fiery passion  
engraven ! —  
Tranced with the vision I stand, with emotion dis-  
tract and delirious ! —  
O that my spirit forever might bide in thy holy do-  
minion !  
O that the Heaven's Supernal might make a decree  
in my favor !  
Changing my soul to a fluttering beam, that might  
nestle its pinion  
Deep in the bosom of love and of wisdom forever  
and ever.

JULIUS JONATHAN JONES.

THE JEWEL OF A GIRL.

[FOR THE BUDGET OF THE SASSAFRAS CLUB.]

My dawning — my Aurora, --

My incomparable pearl —

My beautiful Medora —

My jewel of a girl !

How could I so behave me —

I acted like a churl ; —

But my sweetest — she forgave me :

My jewel of a girl !

I now am wearing under

My vest a fragrant curl

From the tresses of my wonder —

My jewel of a girl.

She is fair as nymphs of fables,  
And her voice is like the purl  
Of the brook among the pebbles!  
My jewel of a girl!

Your wealth could not outmeasure,  
Were you baronet or earl  
My incalculable treasure —  
My jewel of a girl!

My joy — I can't disprise it —  
For my head is all awirl,  
I can hardly realize it —  
My jewel of a girl!

How my thought upon her lingers —  
I acknowledge she could twirl  
Me now upon her fingers —  
My jewel of a girl!

I was jealous — I was cruel —  
But my head was all a-swirl  
'Twas the drink that wronged my jewel —  
My jewel of a girl!

Only Satan's own apprentice  
Or an idiotic kerl  
Could wrong — if *compos mentis* —  
Such a jewel of a girl.

My heart song now is sweeter  
Than that of morning merle,  
If but by chance I meet her,  
My jewel of a girl.

She won me — my exemplar  
The drink I from me hurl —  
I now am your Good Templar,  
My jewel of a girl !

From every source of sorrow  
I'll guard you all my life —  
For I shall have to-morrow  
A jewel of a wife !

JULIUS JONATHAN JONES.

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#### THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

**A**MID the throng that treads the busy city,  
A dreamer, I have often met therein  
Two saintly forms the messengers of Pity,  
To the poor victims of mischance and sin.

Two : — but when I to some companion say,  
“ There go the holy two,” he looks at me,  
And says, “ I see but one,” and in a way  
As if he questioned of my sanity.

And both go veiled. The one, with garments sable,  
Like the dark robe that widowed midnight wears,  
And one, with drapery surpassing fable,  
A web of sunbeams and of gossamer.

She wears a simple and uncouth white bonnet,  
In perfect contrast with her raiment. Even  
Like this, her body still upon the planet,  
Like that, her thoughts and all her soul in heaven.

And she, a crown of gems and glories blended,  
That o'er the other's such a radiance sheds,  
There seems at times a dove from heaven descended,  
With outspread wings to rest upon her head!

The face of one, sedate and traced with sadness,  
The record of a life with pain acquaint,  
The other, shining with seraphic gladness,  
Yet softened with the sorrow of a saint.

The one I know and knew. The old love rises,  
And my hand trembles, and my eyes grow dim ; —  
May God accept our still grudged sacrifices ; —  
I gave my bride and all my hopes to him !

O Sister Heloisa ! Clara ! Angel !  
Earth born but born again, and from above !  
I see thee, not alone in thine Evangel,  
God's daughter ! scattering his gifts of love !

And so, I pray thee, pray for me ! who human,  
Still strive unceasing for the second birth,  
Who cannot for the saint, forget the woman,  
Nor yet am wholly earthly, of the earth.



BIERSTADT'S "STORM IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS."

BIERSTADT ! In my stupidity  
I hitherto had thought  
That nought of worth was ever by  
You landscape painters wrought.

Enraptured, by the visions of  
The bliss ineffable,  
That opened from the heights above  
To wondering Raphael :—

By form divine and massy dome  
Which Michael Angelo  
Created from the stones of Rome  
In the great long ago :—

I oft have stood in thought : but deemed  
That art was dead and now  
No more to living genius should  
The living nations bow !

But lo ! supernal Nature wakes  
At thine inspired touch,  
And through her bands and cerements breaks  
From the unconscious clutch.



AD UXOREM.

O JENNIE dear, I well remember,  
For to forget were very stupid,  
How on a morning of September,  
You took me to the school of Cupid.

My fingers sought with yours alliance,  
And part by word, part by example,  
You led me up the hill of science,  
And to the doorway of the temple.







"THE BEE TO THE BLOSSOM."

And in the amber autumn weather,  
While all the air was full of music,  
We trod the diamond heights together,  
As curious lambs the heights of Hoosac.

The Doctor was a chubby fellow,  
With mischief lurking 'neath his glasses,  
A sort of sun amid the halo  
And rainbow of his smiling classes.

Ah! I remember how I stammered ;  
I—who could now with learned thesis,  
Illume the page for youth enamored,  
And teach the alphabet of kisses.

Yea, such my aptness, that improving,  
I rose to lead the higher classes,  
Learned all by heart the law of loving,  
And took the prize of rapt embraces.

Then from a bachelor became a  
Full Master of the school of Hymen ;  
I held at length the proud diploma,  
The best and prettiest of women.



## THE BEE TO THE BLOSSOM.

GIVE me the honey of thy lips,  
Be maiden blossom, mine,  
And let my hands, the long, long day  
Thy golden tresses twine. .

Give me thy love : thy faithful bee  
No wandering knight shall prove ;  
His song shall be alone for thee,  
His song of joy and love.

Nay, pause not — let the precious word,  
Come with thy fragrant breath ;  
That I shall be thy love and lord,  
Thy love and lord till death !

I claim thy heart — I claim thy hand —  
Should any menial clown,  
Dare bring thee suit, through all the land  
I'll hunt the dastard down.

I'll chase him with unwearied wing —  
The wretch his deed shall rue —  
My rapier good, my burnished sting,  
Shall thrust him through and through.

O blushing, blossom, by thine eye,  
I know that thou art won !  
My head may rest upon thy breast,  
For thou art all my own !



## FLOWERS.

GOD speaketh in the flowers. Each rosy blossom  
Is a sweet word whereby the fields are lit  
Like an illumined scroll fresh from the bosom —  
The loving bosom of the Infinite.

For at a certain season all the angels  
Visit the earth, and wheresoe'er they gather  
They leave the scattered flowers — bright evangels —  
Gospels — upspringing songs and anthems rather.

And when the birds come, and their carols ringing  
Upon the air seem like a throng of heaven —  
They *are* of heaven, for the birds are singing  
From the sweet notes by God's own angels given.

For flowers are notes of melodies eternal  
That echo aye within the heavenly portals,  
And thus the breathings of the songs supernal  
When the birds sing are given unto mortals.



#### THUNDER STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

OF slumbering Eons ; and the peaks  
Their robes of cloud unroll  
And from the eternal summit speaks  
Sublime the Eternal Soul !

Abashed the light in blushes gleams,  
And hushed the thunders peal,  
And rocks and woods, and lakes and streams  
The awful presence feel.

And shadows hide them in the vale  
And in the canons dim,  
For God descendeth on the gale,  
With flaming cherubim !

If always as a worshipper  
I mute to Nature bow,  
And find the Infinite in her,  
Yet more than ever now !

My minster dome henceforth shall be  
Thy mountains, native land ;  
And mine the organ harmony  
Where roll the thunders grand ;—

Madonna yon fair clouds amid ;  
And there her Son divine ;  
And scarcely by their radiance hid,  
O Holiest, thy shrine.



#### FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

THANKS for thy flowers—thou couldst not bring,  
A gift more graceful nor more sweet ;  
It gives my eyes new light to greet  
Their fragrance and their loveliness ;  
To breathe their balm and let them press  
So soft and cool, on lip and brow,  
As, may God bless thee, I do now ;  
And I forget my suffering.

Chained by disease as I have been,  
By blank and barren walls shut in,  
Denied all visitors but dreams  
That rack me with the frightful forms,  
With which my wayward fancy teems—  
Huge basilisks, unsightly worms,



That o'er my flesh go creeping, creeping,  
Owls with great soulless eyes, that stare  
Upon me with unmeaning glare,  
Until I wake, shuddering and weeping.

But when I see these flowers, a feeling  
Akin to joy and hope is mine,  
No more does every random line,  
Traced by some hap upon the ceiling  
Transformed into some frightful thing  
Chill me with terror, but there comes  
The cheering whispers of the Spring ;  
I see the woodpecker that drums  
Upon the old trees or the fence ;  
About my bed the glad bee hums,  
His song of hope and diligence !

And every bird of plumage bright,  
And every plant and every flower,  
That revels in the summer light ;  
And the sweet scents of rose and clover,  
And the dear breath of new mown hay,  
Are called before me by the power  
Of the sweet sprite that hovers over,  
My beautiful bouquet !

Again I tread the morning grass,  
With dew and light all glistering,  
Each spear hung with its tiny glass,  
Whereat the butterfly brushes his wing,  
And his admiring partner dresses,  
The silky radiance of her tresses,

Then thanks for thy joy giving flowers,  
They make the sorrow burdened hours,  
Tread with a lighter step for me ;  
The times assume a merrier mood,  
And to their proper places flee,  
The fiends Unrest and Lassitude.

# SONGS.

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## PINE GROVE SONGS.

### I. — THE WOOING.

COME to the old pine grove ;  
Say not nay.  
Loitering day  
Lovingly lingers for us, love,  
And kisses his fingers for us, love,  
Haste for the day  
Is passing away,  
Come, love, come.

Come to the old pine grove :  
Say not nay,  
Under the spray  
Odors are winging for us, love,  
And mocking-birds singing for us, love,  
Haste for the day  
Is passing away,  
Come, love, come.

Come to the old pine grove,  
Say not nay,  
Darling, I pray.  
Shadows delaying for us, love,

In whispers are saying to us, love,  
    "Haste for the day  
    Is passing away,"  
Come, love, come.

II. — THE WEDDING.

O mocking bird, hast thou not heard,  
    My Nellie has been true to me,  
And thus it is our wedding day.  
    Go sing it from the green wood tree,  
Go tell the vine and tell the pine,  
Go tell the blue-bird and the dove,  
    And sing to-day the sweetest lay  
That ever cheered the old pine grove.

Go tell the wind-flowers in the dell  
    To blossom in their gayest sheen,  
And bid the pine trees all to shine  
    In tassels of the gayest green,  
For O, it is the happiest day !  
    The sunbeams rove and flit above  
And deck with gems and diadems  
    The arches of the old pine grove.

Go tell the roses, e'er she goes,  
    To spread the paths with sweets for her,  
Bid scented gum with perfume come,  
    And sassafras and juniper,  
The fragrant grove our fane shall be ;  
    Our altar, where I won her love ;  
The very place shall bless and grace,  
    The wedding in the old pine grove.

Go call the golden oriole,  
To bring the prettiest flambeaux,  
And tip the spire and gild the choir,  
Until the pine cathedral glows :  
To tip the spire and gild the choir,  
To flame in cloister and alcove,  
And make a day to chase away  
The shadows from the old pine grove.

## III. — ALONE.

They have buried my love in the old pine grove,  
Where the evening is saddest and the night lingers  
long.

Where the vines have inwoven their shaded alcove,  
And the mocking-bird joins in the whippoorwill's song.  
And the low winds moan,  
As I wander alone !  
"Alone ! — alone !"

And never more for me light or joy can be,  
As through the dark pine woods I wander alone.

I have read that the dead who from earth have fled,  
Have with angels and saints a delightsome abode,  
But I know that my maiden must long for the shade  
Of the balsamy glade that together we trod  
And the low winds moan,  
As I wander alone !  
"Alone — alone !"

And never more for me light or joy can be,  
As through the dark pine woods I wander alone.

Say, ye spirits of air that from far repair  
To the pines at a sign from the marshaling stars,  
If there glideth not e'en a creature most fair  
With the dead to whose coming the midnight embars?  
Tell me winds that moan,  
As I wander alone! —  
Alone! — alone! —  
If ever more for me light or joy can be,  
As through the dark pine woods I wander alone?

O my bride leave the vale of the shadows pale!  
And come back, O come back from the black ever-  
more!  
Ah! her wings are too frail to encounter the gale,  
And the tempests of time beat her back from the  
shore,  
And the night winds moan,  
As I wander alone,  
“Alone — alone!”  
And never more for me light or joy can be,  
As through the dark pine woods I wander alone.

#### IV. — THE DREAM.

I had a dream last night — I dreamed that lying in the  
pines  
And looking through the groined roof where branch  
with branch entwines,  
Up through the starry spaces to the world beyond the  
stars,  
I saw a pure angelic form float through the cloudy  
bars,



Float from the open door of heaven and down the  
shining way,  
And like a filmy cloud descend to where I sleeping lay.

I saw it was my angel love — my own — my darling  
bride,  
But by the touch of death she was transformed and  
glorified :  
She spake no word, but slowly passed, and in her  
soulful eyes,  
I read the bliss ineffable of saints beyond the skies.  
I gazed entranced, and e'er I knew the blessèd one  
was gone :  
I called her name and thus awoke, and found myself  
alone.

They tell me I must shortly die it pains me now to  
speak,  
But O, I long to feel the chill — the death damp on  
my cheek.  
The vision came to comfort me to comfort and to  
bless,  
And peace is resting on my soul that words cannot  
express.  
We shall be happier above than e'er on earth we were,  
She cannot come to me, but I shall go to be with her.

# AD BEATIFICATAM.

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## TWENTY-FOUR SONNETS.

WRITTEN TO GO WITH THE AUTHOR'S TRANSLATION  
OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

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### I.

#### WRECKED.

THE wreck, storm-tossed amid the ocean surges,  
Whelmed and despairing, as it struggles through  
The black abysses, while the mad wind urges —  
The day star breaks, and lighteneth its sorrow!  
Wrecked and in darkness that hath no to-morrow,  
Tossed in a storm that beats and beats forever,  
Star of my life! from thee new hope I borrow,  
And to my labor turn with fresh endeavor,  
And dedicate my toil to thee: for never  
Had it been wrought but for thy love supernal!  
That love — that light — nor night nor mists dissever,  
Though pain be mine and thine delights eternal! —  
Thine the wrapt ecstasy of harp and censor;  
Mine night and agony, ever deeper and intenser!

### II.

#### THE MESSAGE.

Lone, 'neath San Gabriel and Sierra Madre,  
I waited for thee — waited long, and wondered

Wherefore thou comest not, till blossoming Spadra  
Seemed but a desert, from the whole world sundered !  
Then came the message — as if heaven had thundered  
And hurtled its bolts upon me, blazing and burning  
And hissed them through my brain ! Trembling, I  
pondered  
The black lines o'er and o'er ! They danced as scorning  
And spiteful fiends before me, whirling and turning  
To a thousand hideous shapes, and each more  
fearful —  
More terrible than the last ! O, with what yearning —  
Dumb, but for sighs — I moaned away the tearful  
And half unconscious day, still horribly dreaming —  
And powerless still to sift the real from the seeming !

## III.

## SNOW.

Purely the snow is falling, and the sky  
With trooping of ethereal forms astir !  
Softly, O softly tread o'er leaf and bur,  
The winter winds that sadly wander nigh  
Where sleeps my love — soft be your dirge thereby !  
Yet from that sleep can nothing waken her !  
Break ! — break ! — my heart ! For those dear lips  
that were  
But yesterday love breathing, through their pain,  
Are cold and dumb, and may not breathe again !  
Tell me, ye angels, winging through the high  
Heavens above, is she among your train ?  
Alas ! — they are but phantoms of the brain !  
Snow cold and pale art thou my love ! and I  
Lone ! — desolate and lone ! O Christ, that I could  
die.

## IV.

## SPRING.

Ye buds, awake, when the returning South

Whispers her name, to decorate her tomb!

Bend South Wind, to her grave, with loving mouth,

And kiss the young grass into life therefrom!

Come from the heavens, ye Clouds, crape-mantled,  
come,

And weep her sleeping form above! Angel of Spring

Gather the troops of shining Morn to illume

With dewy gems the grass! With gentle wing

Sweet Pity, hover near to her, and bring

Love, the divine, and Music, from the skies;

And when the Night comes with his shadows, sing

Softly a requiem where my darling lies!

O dark, — dark Night! when shall the Shadows flee

And lift the dismal veil from twixt my love and me?

## V.

## THE JOURNEY.

With the whole continent twixt us thou wast lying,

Thou pale, pale sufferer, worn and wan and wasted!

Thou callest me, and this was my replying:

Through canons thrid with wailing streams we hasted;

Where lay huge crags, like giant wrecks dismasted;

Along dark mountain crests, and through passes

Swept by the sand-storm's wing, or earthquake-  
blasted!

Swift as we sped, Death was before us flying!

His breath fell, blighting, on the shuddering grasses!

Seared, at his touch, the alkaline morasses!

Tomb-like and awful were the mountain masses !  
And to the pale snows widowed Winds went sighing !  
And sorrowing Night went by in weeds, outcrying,  
To my despair, "Yes, she is dying!—dying!—  
dying!"

## VI.

## UNVEILING THE STATUE.

As from his work, the veil that long conceals it  
Is, by the hand of the artist lovingly lifted,  
When to the eager multitude he reveals it,  
So from thy life, thou beautiful and gifted, —  
So from thy character, purer than the drifted  
Snows of the mountains, would the veil were holden !  
They that knew of thee in their hearts enthrone  
thee !

Pureness immaculate of spirit, molden  
After the pattern in the mountain shown thee —  
They gazed on that — they saw thereon the traces  
Of love enchased in burnished lines and golden,  
Of motherhood and wifeness, till with graces  
Divine, and goodness, life was all wrought over !  
Ah! — no deft hand to other eyes can that uncover !

## VII.

## ANGEL NEIGHBORS.

I know that mortal men have angel neighbors,  
An influence comes, we know not whence, nor  
whither  
It goeth, but it blesses coming hither :  
Our cares it calms, and lighteneth our labors ;  
It soothes our heart-wounds, when, with angry sabres,  
Swift sorrows smite relentless, hither and thither :

And when, most bitter of all the dear lives wither  
That are our life's life, music of harps and tabors,  
And songs undreamed of save in sacred story,  
Float in the frosty air above the mutter  
Of the cold forest winds ; and through the hoary  
Flakes of the sunlit snow, we see a flutter  
Of angel wings, and passing glimpses of glory  
Such as it were not possible to utter !

## VIII.

## APRIL.

Ah, dismal, grey-cowled April, that with rheumy  
And unrelenting rains the sky envailest !  
Wilt thou not cease forever on my palest  
Most precious one, to pour thy deluge, gloomy  
And black, as if of fiends thou wert the fellest  
Of all the inexorable with whom thou dwellest ?  
O, spare her in her grave ! Else thrust sharp through  
me  
Thy blades blue adamant, that malign before me  
Thou holdest, and thus utterly undo me !  
Ah, dismal, grey-cowled life !—that with thy callous'd  
And pitiless heart, com'st ever vengeful and stormy !  
Her they entombed !—my soul's enshrined and  
chalice !  
More vengeful floods than April's overbore me !  
O Christ ! thy billows and waves have all gone o'er me !

## IX.

## IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Into the mountains climb I, and below me  
Billows the mist, irradiant and foamy



As an unrestful ocean, which its madness  
Still nurses, even in the dawning gladness.  
Ah! would that with such ease as from the loamy  
And gross earth 'neath, I might escape its sadness —  
Its seas of sorrow, sobbing at the terraced  
Approaches unto thee, sainted and fairest!  
Hence to the skies the eagle mounts with pleasure;  
But I! — alas! nor parapet nor embrasure  
Vantage affordeth to these feet embarrassed  
And matter-tangled, or admits this harrassed  
And grief-bestricken spirit to commensure  
Those paths of light that lead above the infinite  
azure!

## X.

## THE FALLING BOWLDER.

As when some boulder, black and massy, breaketh  
From an o'erhanging crag, whose hieroglyphic  
Of Titan spur and canon, looms terrific  
Above the unconscious waves; the mountain shaketh  
To its foundations, as the rock forsaketh  
Its rooted seat; and into the Pacific  
Plungeth precipitate; and at the omnific  
Horror, the Ocean shuddereth and quaketh,  
And evermore with sorrowful sob complaineth —  
Her sad, sad monody of woe intoning! —  
Into my life Death fell! — and aye remaineth  
The shock's sharp pain — the anguish and the  
moaning —  
The rhythmic sob of the soul that still restraineth,  
Stifled, the struggle of unutterable groaning!

## XI.

## THE DESTROYER.

O winds of winter ! wherefore sadly droning  
Come ye from snowy peaks and ragged ledges,  
Wailing through sombre woods and leafless hedges ?  
We for our dead our litany are intoning !  
O dark, dark river, through the valley groaning,  
Why beat'st thy heart against the rock's rough edges,  
And sobb'st 'mong trembling willows and sighing  
sedges ?  
The dead ! — alas ! — the dead am I bemoaning !  
O dark, dark vales ! with dismal mists beclouded,  
With the sad relics of dead ages paven !  
O monumental crags, by grief engraven !  
O mountain peaks, by winter snows beshrouded !  
Over you all the screed of sorrow is written !  
All — all — as thee, my heart ! hath the Destroyer  
smitten !

## XII.

## SPRING.

The spring returns again, and wakes the flowers,  
But thee, O fairer flower than bedecketh  
Earth with its loveliness, no spring awaketh !  
There is no beauty longer, when the bowers  
No more thy presence with its beams endowers !  
The oaken leafage through, the sunshine checketh  
The window ; but thy hand no longer flecketh  
The sill with brighter sunshine than e'er showers  
Through the oak e'en when with gold it gloweth !  
The blue bird sings : thou notest not his singing,

And so his flood of song but sadly floweth !

The clover springs : thou notest not its springing,  
And missing thee reluctantly it groweth !

I miss thee most ! To thee — to thee my thought  
still clinging !

### XIII.

ANTONIO.

Storm swept Antonio dons his robe imperial

Of princely purple, wrought by rosy Even :

All courtliness, his servitors aerial

Gather about his throne — the clouds ethereal,

Seraphic — fair as they that with the seven

Consort, about the throne of highest heaven —

Elect and freed from every taint material.

O love, athwart my life the storm has driven

Its serried pinion ! all my spirit over

Dark visions sweep ! And horribly, malignly,

O'er all the heights vindictive tempests hover ;

Yet no angelic presence stoops divinely

To clear the clouds, and through their folds benignly

Thee in the ineffable heavens to discover !

### XIV.

DEAD.

Dead ! — Time and Death, ye cruel and unforgiving !

Dead ! — and for me is life no longer living,

But being only, — aimless, dull existence,

As of the beasts and worms, with no consistence

Of thought or motive in me yet surviving :

The wheels of fate are round and through me driving,

With sullen thud and groan, whereto resistance

Is utter impotence and vanity ; nor listens  
Or grave or god unto my soul's outpouring !

The impassioned midnight stars, my woes ignoring,  
Move unconcerned and coldly in their courses  
Through the eternities ! — blind and implacable forces !  
Speak from the charnel, love ! — or from the adoring  
And rapturous throng, come back ! come back at my  
imploring !

## XV.

## VISION.

Friendless the world is, friendless, chill and lonely :  
There is no world to me since thou didst leave me :  
Men go and come — I see them not, or only  
As fantasies so faint they ne'er deceive me  
To credence, but of substance such as weave me  
Unrestful dreams. But thee — I see thee often ! —  
A wild but fleeting pleasure doth it give me,  
And serves the sternness of despair to soften ! —  
Not pale and cold thy form, as in the coffin  
It lay that sad, sad day, but fair and blooming :  
Serene with peace that storm shall never roughen,  
And full of love, that all my soul illuming,  
Makes me forget the cold world, and the dismal  
Phantoms that flit around me in the night abysmal !

## XVI.

## LOVE'S MIRACLE.

As some cathedral, where a holy relic —  
Trace of the knees and lips of nun angelic  
Or martyred virgin — is with reverential  
Devotion guarded, and with penitential

And solemn ritual worshipped, — till from tower  
And spire to its foundations, with the dower  
Of sanctity is all the fane endued, as if the essential  
Godhead did condescend with grace potential  
His own divinity in its crypts to embower ;—  
O Love ! such temple seem I to myself, by power  
Of love transfigured ! It hath graced and blessed me !  
Thy hand hath left its trace — thine arm caressed  
me !  
Thy lips have kissed my brow ! — and there the flower  
Blooms of their impress, and with sanctity doth  
invest me !

## XVII.

## DESPAIR.

Forlorn ! — forlorn ! Nor land nor succor nigh me !  
The shipwrecked seaman, though benumbed and  
strangled  
By the cold, soulless sea ; — his hair entangled  
With knotted seaweed, that like serpents slimy  
Creep o'er a face all haggard, and with grimy  
Spume of the ocean foul ; — his body mangled  
By the sharp rocks, still struggles from the em-  
brangled  
And warring waves ! But I from out the rimy  
And crested breakers escape not, though assaulted  
By surging sorrows that drive pitiless o'er me !  
No angel stoopeth to me from the vaulted  
And adamant heavens ! But the tempest stormy  
Scourges and freezes me ! Alas, the rigor  
Of life ! — alas the wretch, whom Death and Fate be-  
leaguer !

## XVIII.

## THE ASCENT.

To the lone land, whenever chants his dirges  
The desert wind, I flee from Sorrow's scourges :  
    I climb the mountain passes from the dismal  
    Canons, gloomy with pines, until abysmal,  
Unfathomed, 'neath me yawn precipitous gorges  
Riven with earthquakes — as if Titan forges  
    Laboring had rent them, — till I feel the chrysmal  
    Unction of forests, and the torch baptismal  
Of light, that laves my brow with starry splendor !  
    But from my life, by Death the Titan, driven —  
The Titan Death, to whom all earth surrenders —  
    O soul, by sorrow unto madness driven,  
To thee or balm or chrism no seraph tenders,  
    Nor be there cliffs whereby to mount to love and  
    heaven !

## XIX.

## ASPIRATION.

As pines, that to the mountain summits clamber  
    To see the sun, and catch his earliest flashes —  
To see him like a bridegroom from his chamber  
Come forth rejoicing, royally robed in amber  
    And saffron, when from 'neath his fiery lashes  
    Leap his swift steeds, and on his chariot dashes ! —  
So I the heights of chrysofran and beryl  
Would climb to thee, at whatsoever peril ! —  
    Though Death stand in the pass, and from the sum-  
    mit  
A god would tremble even to drop a plummet



Into the nether depths! My soul could carol  
Her joy to see thee in thy bright apparel,  
Fittest for thee, immaculate, and from it  
To catch the sheen, and beam in blessedness consummate!

## XX.

## DESOLATE.

I — tearless in my sorrow — dumb and tearless —  
Thee — pale and in thy coffin — I behold thee!  
My lily! — my immaculate and peerless!  
These empty arms shall never more enfold thee!  
I cannot speak the much I would have told thee!  
I cannot even tell to thee how cheerless,  
How utterly desolate life is, watching for thee  
To move thy lips, that seem to move but move not!  
Thou answerest not, however I implore thee!  
'Tis I, my dear one — I am bending o'er thee!  
My eager importunity reprove not!  
I call in vain, for Death will not restore thee  
Unto these empty arms! O sweet, pale blossom! —  
I never more shall wear thee in this yearning bosom!

## XXI.

## DEAD HECTOR.

Hushed are the mourner's sobs: their casket wroughten,  
Burnished, Dardalian, jeweled — for the ages, —  
In dust of ruin: as themselves, forgotten!  
His sateless greed with glory Death assuages! —  
Neither by Bravery bribed, nor Beauty boughten!  
Beauty, as Bravery, speedier doom presages!  
Their sobs are hushed — their requiem note suspended!

But mine for thee, for whom my bosom yearneth —  
Whom in my heart my sorrowing soul inurneth —  
Thy love, with memories enbalm'd and blen'd! —  
My guide! my angel! though these rites be ended,  
Still on my heart the pyre forever burneth!  
To thee my steadfast spirit ever turneth! —  
Thee — and the heaven above — whereto thou hast  
ascended!

## XXII.

## MIDWAY.

As on Antonio's waist the miner halteth,  
And glances shuddering down its precipices,  
Into the gloomy gorges and abysses  
Tartarian, where some stygian cataract vaulteth  
To nether caves Plutonic, and assaulteth  
The wailing rocks among whose crags it hisses, —  
Glad he looks up to where the mountain kisses  
Embracing clouds, or regally exalteth  
His snow crowned crest into the infinite ether; —  
So from the valley of Death, wherein assemble  
Dark Memories of woe, my soul doth tremble  
And totter back; yet glances upward whither  
Her wingéd Hopes, that sunlit clouds resemble,  
Cluster around the ineffable Love that led them  
thither!

## XXIII.

## SPECTER.

What art thou, Specter? — thou that movest grimly  
The somber twilight through, as a column  
Of mist adown the valley — weird and solemn? —  
Or else that in the sunlight comest, trimly

Arrayed, and bridegroom like, in nuptial splendor?  
Answer, for tearful eyes can see but dimly!

I know thee, Death! — to me no more appalling!

Welcome, O Death! — for I have heard a tender  
And loving voice, unto my spirit calling —

And my rapt life would thereunto surrender! —  
Sometimes within, and sometimes as if falling

From viewless heights, and parapets celestial;

And as I listen all the world seems bestial

And all its harmonies but cross and dissonant brawling!

#### XXIV.

##### THE VALLEY.

Valley of Spadra! — by weird shadows haunted!

Valley of dreams! — where long the sunbeams linger,

As spell-bound by some wizard's cunning finger!

Vale of delights, whose cincturing hills are planted

With blooms, whose fragrance hath the winds  
enchanted

With subtle sorcery, till they loath to leave thee,

And, passing, many a loving idyl weave thee! —

Lifted from them my glad eye wistful glances

Where yonder luminous peak to heaven advances

Its sad, pale brow — sun aureoled — which virgin

Lilies of snow encrown with glorious burgeon!

Saintly and pure it all my soul entrances!

Valley of earth! thou art a very prison,

Where from to heaven hath my soul already risen!

# LONDON BRIDGE;

OR, CAPITAL AND LABOR.

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[A POEM FOR THE TIMES. Written in 1878. Inscribed to Emily L. Martling, his wife, but rededicated by her, in editing, to the Workingmen of America.]

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## PROLOGUE.

FAIREST of lands! Sole home of liberty!  
Land of the free! — the equal home of all!  
Land of my love! I have a fear for thee  
Lest the strong arches of thy fabric fall  
Into remediless ruin, as the wall  
Of haughty Nineveh; and one shall sit —  
Him hap, who on the ruins of St. Paul  
Sits to sketch London Bridge — and add to it  
Thee too, when *Troja fuit*, shall of thee be writ.

I fear for thee, lest of the pillared state,  
Through lust of office, and the greed of gain,  
Thine equal arches from unequal weight,  
Topple and plunge into the depths amain.  
The clamors of the poor — thy cry of pain  
My mother in thine agony! — the stay —  
The pier is groaning 'neath the unwonted strain,  
And battlement and buttress may give away!  
God in His infinite pity long avert the day!

Yet not the commune — not the levelers  
Who always level downward — to the poor  
Are their best friends. The crude philosophers  
From forge and lapstone — ignorant and sure  
Because so ignorant, — they can never cure  
The ills of social order ! — and, indeed,  
The ill is not all ill, and to endure  
Is manly, were it ill. The better creed  
Is this — 'tis Christ's — let each regard his brother's  
need.

All is not ill, if rightly understood ;  
That is not ill that stirs the inner fire ;  
The inequalities of life are good :  
They serve to quicken us — to wake desire  
For wealth it may be — or for somewhat higher.  
And the low hind, whom pinching want compels  
To ceaseless labor, if his wants inspire  
Him to incessant struggle, he excels  
Himself thereby, and may attain something else.

And charity and gentle sympathy —  
The fellow feeling for a brother's woe —  
Are ever born of dire necessity !  
Ah ! if there were no want, we must forego  
The fountains sweet of tenderness, that flow  
From the full heart of pity — bubbling o'er  
In kindly deeds, that human nature show  
Still Godlike in commiseration for  
The Master's poor — that we have with us evermore !

The " Builder of the Bridge " — the " Pontifex ! "  
Termed wisely thus the ancient Roman race,

Their highest priest, who wielded both the Rex  
That symbolized religion, and the mace  
Of office in the commonwealth's chief place —  
Head of the church and state at once. If we  
As wisely could conjoin the strength and grace  
Of law and love, there could no danger be,  
Land of my birth, I then should have no fear for  
thee !

## I.

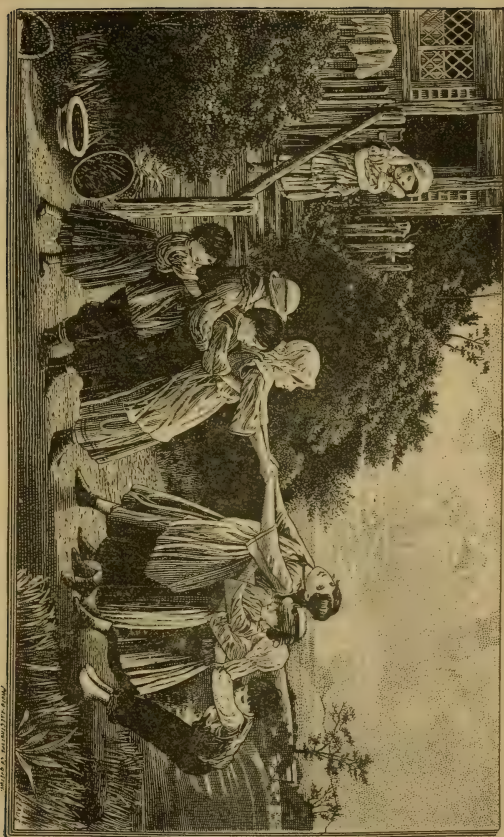
SARAH and Bessie,  
And Lucy and Lily,  
And Jack and Jessie,  
And Tom and Tilly,  
All were playing at London bridge,  
While at the door was Little Midge,  
Holding her dolly to her breast,  
Watching and dreaming about the rest.  
Back and forth they swayed and swung,  
And a childish ditty sung;  
O'er and o'er, again, again,  
One monotonous refrain,  
*"London Bridge is fallen down,  
Fallen down, fallen down,  
London Bridge is fallen down,  
My fair lady !"*

## II.

The wind was blowing up from the sea,  
Lightly caressing forehead and hair,  
Kissing them all, the brown and the fair ;—  
For Heaven holds men of one degree,



"PLAYING AT LONDON BRIDGE."





An equal-born fraternity, —  
And all were on a level there.  
Plain their garb, but necklace and crown  
Fell from the largess of the sun ;  
Gem and jewel were raining down,  
Flecking and decking every one, —  
Decking them all, the brown and the fair,  
For all were on a level there, —  
For Heaven holds men of one degree,  
An equal-born fraternity !  
Back and forth they swayed and swung !  
O'er and o'er their song they sung ;  
One monotonous refrain,  
Like the patter of the rain,  
Like the moan of summer's breeze,  
Like the hum of summer's bees, —  
Like the wash of silver seas,  
Over strands of silvern sands ; —  
Like a symphony of bells, —  
Like the song of ocean shells, —  
Like the noises of a town  
In a dreamy land :  
" *London Bridge is fallen down —*  
*Fallen down — fallen down !*  
*London Bridge is fallen down,*  
*My fair lady !*"

Happy, happy childhood's days !  
Happy, happy childhood's plays !  
Healthful limbs and hearts of feather !  
Every joint and thew astrain, —  
Tugging with their might and main ! —

Pulsing, struggling together !  
All the sport is in the strife !  
Face to face and might to might,  
So they keep the bridge aright !  
Ah ! that thus it were with life !  
Happy, happy childhood's years !  
All were fellows there and peers !

## III.

This was in the long ago ;  
Some are wrinkled now, and old ;  
Some are in the church-yard mold,  
Sleeping where the roses grow !  
*"London Bridge is fallen down, fallen down,  
Fallen down !  
London Bridge is fallen down,  
My fair lady !"*

This was in the long ago,  
Little, — little do we know  
What the future hath in store —  
What there is that lieth before  
Any of us, — if there be at our feet  
Bridal robe, or winding sheet !

## IV.

Ah, 't were better to be dead,  
Than, forsaking love and truth,  
With disdain and scorn to tread  
On the playmates of our youth !

It were better to be dead,  
Than from truth and love to part,

And to live and have it said,  
"His is dry-rot of the heart!"

It were better to be dead,  
Than to live with heavy purse, —  
Heavy with the price of bread, —  
Heavy with the poor man's curse!

It were better to be dead,  
Than, with leprous soul and feet,  
Drag, as felons, to the *Dread*  
*Presence* of the judgment seat!

## V.

It were better to be dead, —  
Better — better in the grave,  
Than survive our manhood fled,  
And to be a rich man's slave!

It were better to be dead,  
Than to see our kith and kin —  
E'en the wife whose youth we wed, —  
Pale with want, and hunger-thin!

It were better to be dead,  
Then to live and curse our kind, —  
Tramping with despairing tread,  
For the work we cannot find!

It were better to be dead,  
Than to hear the hopeless cry  
Of our little ones for bread!  
Christ! it were not hard to die!

## VI.

London Bridge is fallen down!  
Arch and buttress all are gone:  
Truss and beam and massy stone,  
All by Time are overthrown ;—  
And the fragments scattered far,  
Like the fragments of a star ;—  
Some perhaps with fire divine,  
And self-luminous, to shine ;  
In the empyrean to burn,  
Symbols of the soul eterne !—  
Wanderers some, from place to place,  
Planets, fugitive through space,  
Through the boundless void of heaven,  
Into utter darkness driven !

## VII.

London Bridge is fallen down !  
Arching way and battlement,  
Wedded beams asunder rent,  
In the floods to surge and drown !  
Jeweled Sunbeams, tripping o'er,  
Tread the dimpled arms no more !  
Flitting Smiles, and Love, and Pride,  
Dash no more from side to side !  
Laugh no more, nor boisterous Shout,  
From the angels leapeth out !  
Here and there the fragments strown,  
London Bridge is fallen down !



## VIII.

Sarah long ago was wed  
To a thrifty Yorkshire farmer,  
And they called her Mrs. Armor :  
And the simple life she led,  
Made her healthful and content, —  
Kept her sweet and innocent :  
For the plenty of her board,  
Blesses she the loving Lord ;  
Grudging not nor crust nor sigh,  
For the homeless passer-by,  
But with tears her eyes bedim,  
As she looketh upon him,  
And she scarce can get her breath  
As unto herself she saith :  
*“ London Bridge has fallen down ! —  
Fallen down ! ”*  
“ Homeless wanderers such as he,  
Fugitive from fortune’s frown,  
Haply may my playmates be ! ”

## IX.

Laughing, rollicking, frolicking Bess  
Became an Australian shepherdess ;  
For she married a fellow, who one fine day,  
Poached, and was sent to Botany Bay.  
But to her husband clung our Bess,  
In his shame and in his disgrace,  
And she helped him to hold up his face,  
And get them a home in the wilderness.  
There they stumbled on gold, and came

Into America, just before  
The breaking out of the civil war,  
Whence he emerged with rank and fame,  
    Stolen cotton and rotten beef  
    Stamped him murderer and thief!  
But the press became his bawd,  
And for hire concealed the fraud!

Trump and cannon hailed him chief!  
Then with his fame and gold, he won  
A place in Congress, at Washington.  
There his wife is a star, of course,  
Mrs. General Wilberforce!

He? his vote is always sure  
For the oppressors of the poor!  
When with him our Bessie pleads,  
Telling of the poor man's needs,  
Telling him of childhood's days, —  
To the pleading of her eyes,  
In the pauses of her sighs,  
The besotted monster says:  
"He will vote for London Bridge,  
If to place and privilege,  
To the fortunate and rich  
It devote a special niche:  
But the London Bridge they made,  
When she with her playmates played,  
It is fallen — fallen down!  
Fill the cup till memory drown!  
He had dropped his childhood off!

Men are but a hoggish host,  
In a scramble for the trough,  
And the biggest gets the most!"

## X.

Lucy went to the hall as maid,  
On sped the years, and still she stayed ;  
Modest, humble, satisfied,  
There she stayed till the lady died ; —  
Stayed and took the keys in her hands,  
While the earl withdrew to foreign lands ;  
Stayed, and ate of angels' food —  
The communion of the good ;  
For she loving converse held,  
With the sages, who of eld  
Caused our English tongue to rise  
To the level of the skies ;  
Drank she of the living well,  
Pure and inexhaustible,  
Of philosophy and song,  
Draughts that made her spirit strong,  
And that drew her from the plain,  
Where, too oft, her sex remain ;  
E'en through grossness dense as night,  
Delved, as miners delve for coal,  
Changing it to glorious light,  
In the alembic of her soul !

Soothed by the gentle touch of the years,  
The earl found solace for his tears ;  
And, 'neath that sky whose folds beneath  
His loved one lay, again could breathe ;  
And could endure again to tread  
Where lay the ashes of his dead.  
When he returned, he found the fair,  
And ripe, and matronly Lucy there.

•

Was she beneath him? Not if youth,  
And beauty, and a soul of truth,  
And sterling sense, and manners frank,  
May compensate for lack of rank,  
Lack of rank? The man who can  
Keep through life his soul erect,  
True to God and true to man, —  
He is peer, of God elect!  
For her dower our Lucy brought  
Such a soul illumed with thought,  
She had left the dregs and lees,  
And had culled from learning's page  
Honey, pure as that which bees  
Cull from California sage.  
She brought to him a life untaint;  
She brought the virtues of a saint,  
If such inhere in living woman,  
And be not wholly superhuman.  
He brought his wealth and rank, and she  
God's patent of nobility!  
If there condescension were  
It was not from him to her,  
Well, they were wed, and she became  
Thereby the Lady Lucy Græme.

Lady, lady Lucy Græme!  
Though we hold you free from blame,  
Yet the feudal heritage  
From a past and ruder age,  
Park and meadow, glade and lea,  
From the mountain to the sea,  
Which the barons, stout and fierce,

Won and held with bows and spears, —  
Golden leaflet, wreath of pearl,  
Which are brought you by the earl, —  
These, though you be free from blame,  
Though we deem you all the same,  
In your leal and noble heart,  
Wrest you from your mates apart !  
They for bread may toil and sweat,  
While your temples you encrown,  
With a jeweled coronet !

*“ London Bridge is fallen down ! —  
Fallen down ! — fallen down !*

*My fair lady ! ”*

## XI.

O youth and love ! The light and melody  
Of life ! — whereof our souls grow weary ne’er ;  
Stale, flat, and unprofitable, albeit, be  
All else : — and palling on the eye and ear ;  
Making us look with longing to the bier !  
Love came to Lily’s youth, a morning star  
Of opaline dawn, that ever shone more clear !  
Love, as the Morning from his radiant car,  
Signaled to Hope, upon the luminous heights afar.

So wrote our Midge of Lily. But she sung  
Herself a homelier strain, with voice as sweet  
As ever starling, in the dews, among  
The orange-blooms, or bobolink in the wheat,  
Frank, cheerful, kind, unsullied with deceit ;  
Full of all human impulse, good and true ;  
Sure of her lover, whom she knew complete  
In manliness ; into her love she grew ;  
And carolled oft such song, as here we give to you.

## LILY'S SONG.

Bob, the banker, came to me,  
Asking me his wife to be,  
He has money, he has lands,  
He has soft and dainty hands ;  
But my heart it was not free,  
And he could not wed with me.

Nay, I shall be, for I can  
*Be the wife of a working man !*

"Little Lily, go with me,  
Mistress of my fate to be ;  
Maids are waiting your commands,  
And you need not soil your hands."  
That was what he said, but I  
Curtly gave him this reply :

"Nay, I will be, for I can  
Be the wife of a workingman !

I know some one I'll confess,  
Who he is you cannot guess :  
But he is so wise and strong,  
And his life so free from wrong !  
I'll not wear a satin dress ;  
I'll not lounge in idleness ;  
But I shall be, for I can,  
Be the wife of an honest man !"

. . . . .  
Little Lily ! Alas, alas !  
She is lying under the grass !  
In the village cold and still,  
Among the marbles under the hill !



O, she was beautiful that day !  
We had crowned her Queen of May :  
Then her cheeks were rosy red :  
Rose, no lily, then they said.

Donald was there, so dear to her !  
Such a well-matched pair they were !  
Proud he of his bonnie love,  
Proud of the mettled steeds he drove.

Gayly, gayly rode they away,  
At the close of the festal day.  
On the morrow they would wed :—  
Ere the morrow, they were dead !

Close to the brink of the Hermit's Ledge,  
Close to the precipice's edge,  
Reared the steeds, and before us all,  
Plunged they down the mountain wall !

Hark to the cry of wild despair !  
'Tis the eldritch scream of the steeds, mid air !  
Down and down to the gulf beneath,  
Into the open jaws of death !

O the woful, woful day !  
There our mangled darlings lay !—  
Under the dewy sycamore's drip  
Arm in arm and lip to lip !

So we laid them under the grass, —  
Her and her Donald ! Alas, alas !  
In the village under the hill,  
Lily pale, and cold and still.

## XII.

Jack was a brawny lad of eleven ;  
Jessie a little girl of seven.  
Playmates true : but what else were  
She to him, or he to her ?  
Nought ? but something might have been  
At twenty-one and seventeen.

Then the awkward lad began  
To reveal the handsome man :  
Then the beauteous maiden stood  
Perfect in her womanhood :  
Then must to herself confess  
Her surpassing loveliness :  
Then would e'en in secret blush,  
With her conscious passion's flush.

And were this a tale of love,  
Here were told what charms inwove,  
Here were told what spells inwrought  
Heart and hope, and aim and thought,  
Every throb of brain and blood,  
Like intergrowing bud and bud,  
By the gardener's cunning craft,  
In a common stock ingraft :  
Like the mists that down the side  
Of the mountain slowly glide,  
As they to the vale descend  
Indistinguishably blend ;—  
As the silver and the gold  
Which the mountain treasures hold,  
Molten by volcanic heat,  
Till the ocean tides they beat,

In a common mass are run,  
And indissolubly one, —  
So that all the chemist's art  
Them can nevermore dispart.

Souls thus graft by cunning Love,  
From each other ne'er remove ;  
Spirits thus that interblend,  
Heavenward evermore ascend ;  
Lives thus molten into one,  
Sever not till life is done.

In a cottage by the sea,  
Noiselessly, noiselessly,  
As the swans on mountain meres,  
Floated by their happy years ;  
As the billows on the seas,  
Waved their barley on the leas ;  
As the breakers at their feet,  
Was the blossom of their wheat ;  
As the voices of the brine,  
Was the lowing of their kine ;

Plenty of them, many a gift  
Dropped into the hand of Thrift.

In the grass, the roses' mong,  
Other flowers in time there sprung :  
Fun, at even, sported with  
Sylvan boys that were no myth :  
Echo laughed amid the swirls  
Of the laughter of their girls.

Thus, though not above the poor,  
Though they led a life obscure,  
Though by fortune uncaressed,  
Yet in blessing they were blessed.

As if, on some islet sweet,  
Where the morning sits to lave  
In the clear and glistening wave  
The rosy splendors of her feet,  
And the happy sea-gulls press  
Her, their mistress, to caress ; —  
Drifted on the ocean foam, —  
Drifted thither by the chance  
Of propitious circumstance,  
And thereon had found a home,  
In the lake within the ridge  
Of the encincturing coral, and  
Rested on the shining sand,  
Fragments borne from London Bridge.

## XIII.

Tom and Tilly. It were as well  
If the story were not to tell,  
Theirs through life the hardships were  
That befall the laborer,  
She, a woman ; he, a man ;  
They their wedded life began.  
What was all their diligence ?  
Still it brought no recompense,  
Children but increased their cares ;  
Squalor and disease were theirs,  
Lower still they sank in slime :  
Every curse but that of crime —  
Curse accumulate on curse —  
Weighed them down to worse and worse.  
Once, indeed, there seemed to ope  
In their sky a gleam of hope : —

Some far relative, deceased,  
Left to them some small bequest ;  
And therewith they sought to fly  
From untoward destiny,  
To the new world in the west, —  
To the island of the blest.

But not thus the fiend of Ill  
Did they 'scape : he chased them still :  
Kept them from whate'er they wished,  
Left them sick, impoverished,  
Waifs upon a foreign strand,  
Strangers in a stranger land.

Little recked they sweat and moil,  
So they had but leave to toil.  
Hunger made them only too  
Glad of anything to do.  
Glad to wear out thews and bones  
For their famished little ones,  
And to shield them from the gaunt  
And ghastly skeleton of Want.

Huts and palaces of pride,  
Wealth and want were side by side.  
Yet will like unto its like,  
And there came the Pittsburg strike.  
Then the sight of torn up tracks,  
Merchandise in flaming stacks,  
Plunder, havoc, terror, gloom,  
As it were the day of doom !  
Pillaged depots ; gusty rains  
Of cinders from consuming trains ;  
Women with disheveled hair,  
And with hungry eyes aglare,

And with lean and bony breasts  
Showing through their ragged vests,  
Burning, screaming, as they were  
Ministers of Lucifer! —

And delirious with delight,  
Cursing God and cursing man,  
Like the dam of Caliban,  
Or the fiends of nether night!

London Bridge was fallen down,  
'Twixt the country and the town;  
'Twixt the nation's lowly wards,  
And its self-anointed lords; —  
'Twixt the brawny sons of toil  
And the holders of the soil; —  
'Twixt the men of horny fists,  
And the gloved monopolists!  
Over the fallen ways, alas!  
Loves no longer pass and pass;  
But a surging gulf divides,  
More and more the hostile sides: —  
Bridgeless! — as the gulf betwixt  
Hell and highest heaven fixed!

But the law is pitiless, and  
Laid on Tom its mailed hand.

Poor, poor Tom! to prison led!  
There upon a felon's bed —  
There he died! A felon's shame  
Staining the unsullied name  
Of a man, who dared defy  
His oppressors, and to die! —  
Of a man who nobly fought  
To secure the right he sought,



Facing death, as brave men ought !  
Poor, poor Tom ! To prison led ! —  
Poor, poor Tilly ! — lacking bread.  
What for her and her babes was left ?  
Death, or beggary, or theft !  
So, one morn, at break of day,  
On her husband's grave she lay.  
"Cause unknown," the record saith !  
God knows ! She was starved to death !

Ah the sorrows of the poor !  
Ah ! the woes they must endure !  
Yet a fearful reckoning  
Comes for nabob and for king !  
If the few will state their greed,  
Reckless of the hosts that need : —  
If the laws be framed to hedge  
Precedent and privilege,  
And the masses are to be  
Serfs to a plutocracy, —  
God himself will judge the cause,  
In defiance of the laws !  
What to Him is screed or scrawl ?  
He will nullify it all !  
In His anger infinite  
He will make a mock of it !

By and by the land shall rock,  
As there were an earthquake shock !  
Then Revenge shall lick her lips !  
Then at noon shall be eclipse !  
And, as when a comet sweeps  
Baleful from the upper deeps,  
Then the purple air shall hiss

With the scourge of Nemesis !  
If the earth, your feet beneath,  
Ye have sown with dragon's teeth,  
Ye shall rue the harvest when  
Spring they up as armed men !

## XIV.

On the steps was little Midge,  
Watching the play of London Bridge ;  
In a hazy and dreamy way,  
Wondering at the simple play ;  
Wondering what would happen when  
They were grown to women and men.

Child she was, and to her breast,  
Childlike she her dolly pressed ;  
Child she was, but not by years  
Measure we the lives of seers ;  
Little can material cause  
Gauge the spirit's finer laws ;  
Or discern what subtle sense  
Antedates experience,  
And the gifted child endows  
With the poet's ample brows.  
Hers the spirit-luminous eye,  
Wherefrom speaketh poesy !  
Hers such soul as finds a tongue  
In the notes of deathless song ;  
As if angels touched its keys  
To celestial harmonies.

So she watched her mates at play,  
In a weird and absent way,  
And their destiny forecast

As it were already passed,  
Humming in an undertone  
*"London Bridge is fallen down !  
Fallen down ! — fallen down !  
London Bridge is fallen down !  
My fair lady !"*

"Some in dusty roads, and brown,  
Some in alleys green and shady,  
Through the country, through the town,  
Hither, thither they are strown,  
Scattered, scattered, far and wide,  
As the drift by wind and tide."

While she to her dolly clung,  
Thus the little dreamer sung.

Yet the elfin prophetess,  
Fairy sibyl, could she guess  
What the gifts and graces were  
Which the future held for her ?

Goodness grew, until full-orbed  
It into itself absorbed  
All her life, and that became  
But a self-consuming flame.

Yet, although thereto she brought,  
Genius, labor, culture, thought,  
In her unassuming eyes  
All too small the sacrifice.

Then the curate, when she stood  
At the gate of womanhood,  
Came, and saw, was conquered, and  
Woody and won her, heart and hand.

In his work, henceforth, to his  
Dante, she was Beatrice ;

To his Numa, fitlier say,  
She was the Egeria,  
Teaching him to legislate  
Wisely for his little State.  
So, inspired of her he wrought,  
    Entering the homes of all,  
    Lowly hut and lordly hall ;—  
So, inspired of her, he taught  
    How our social order is  
By opposing force upheld ;—  
How, diverse, our interests weld  
    Battlements and buttresses.  
Turbulent our passions roll,  
Separating soul from soul ;  
But, if all regard the good  
Of the human brotherhood,  
And respect the rights of each,  
As the blessed gospels teach ;—  
If, with just and equal laws,  
We protect the poor man's cause ;—  
If, across the muddy tide,  
Love and Faith, from side to side,  
Mutual Help and Cheer shall flit,  
Then, shall struggle stronger knit,  
O'er the ever-flowing stream,  
Truss to truss, and beam to beam ;  
And the arches overspan  
All that separates man and man.  
    But the common bond will break,  
If the strong forsake the weak ;—  
If your wealth despise your want,  
And your wise your ignorant ;

If insatiate as sharks  
Be your moneyed oligarchs,  
And their hankering for flesh  
Daily glut with victims fresh,  
While, a wasting skeleton,  
Sullen Hunger gnaws his bone!—  
If his moan ye will not hear,  
Or give answer with a sneer.

As for Tom, the curate said,  
He was foolish and misled.  
It was utterest lack of sense  
To resort to violence ;  
It was useless ; and, beside,  
Howsoever justified  
The impoverished might be  
In resisting tyranny,  
Where the few held lordly sway,  
And the many must obey ;—  
In a commonwealth which has  
No hereditary class,  
And the veriest pauper there  
Might become a millionaire, —  
In a country where the poll  
To the people gives control,  
And the fortresses of law,  
Towers adamant, draw  
Their impenetrable wall  
Round the equal rights of all,  
Madness was at highest pitch  
Whether men were poor or rich,  
To resort to force and war,  
Whatsoever it was for.

Still, not always could endure,  
The forbearance of the poor !  
Men were better in their graves,  
Than to be but galley slaves !  
Yet, upon the wail for food,  
There may rise a cry for blood ! —  
When insatiate Murder shall,  
In your streets hold carnival !  
Then shall London Bridge go down,  
'Twixt the noble and the clown,  
'Twixt the rich in lordly state  
And the Lazarus at his gate !

Howsoe'er it come, be sure  
There is succor for the poor !  
Strong must be the arm that stems  
In its wrath the flooded Thames !  
Stronger far an arm that may  
Stem the floods that vengeful day !  
Weighted with their shields and spears  
Sinks the sovereign with his peers !  
Knight and champion, glaived and helmed,  
By the waves are overwhelmed !  
They that in their chariots ride —  
Down they plunge beneath the tide !  
So the surging sea shall go  
O'er the hosts of Pharaoh !  
Horse and rider, overthrown,  
In the Red Sea shall they drown !  
But, through seas of blood, shall God  
Lead his little ones, dry shod !

By the nymph Egeria taught,  
Thus the curate preached and wrought,



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Thus he wisely sought to build  
London Bridge 'twixt guild and guild !

*For heaven holds men of one degree,  
An equal born fraternity.*

# LICHENS.

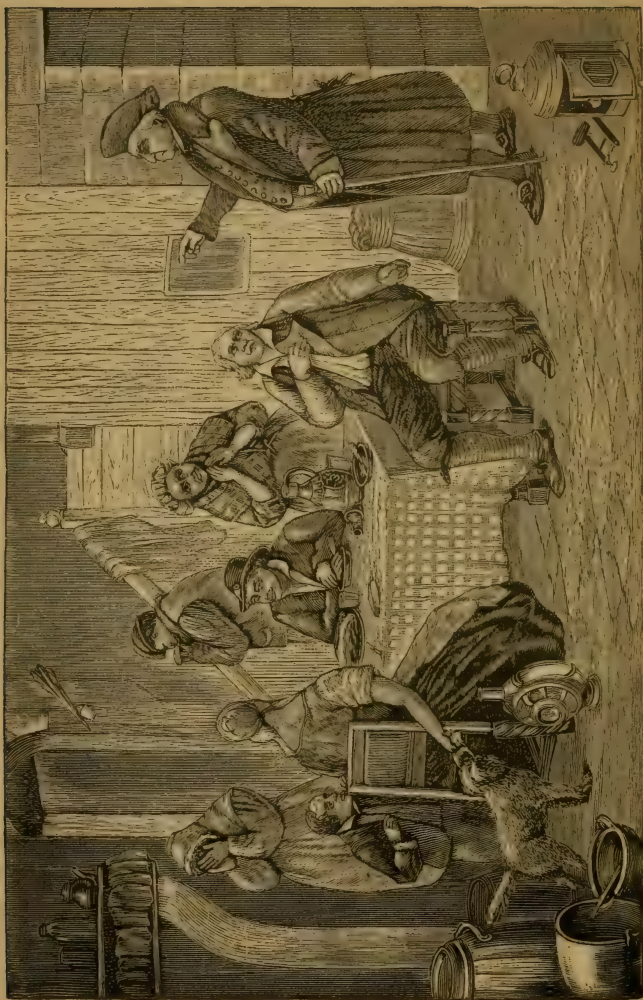
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WE BE THE EARTH'S FIRST CHILDREN.\*

WE be the earth's first children  
Born of her longings  
After the beautiful, —  
Over the rugged rocks  
Rent by the frantic  
Hurricane,  
Weird crags, and splinters,  
Riven by Titan winters  
And throes gigantic, —  
Over the scattered boulders  
Hurled from the mountain's shoulders  
By the fierce thunder : —  
Down from the mountains  
Edging the fountains  
Or ground under  
The foot of the glacier : —  
Over the pine trunks lying  
In the tonelly arroyas : —  
We over the tombstones creep

\* Unfinished.





"MEAT ON FRIDAY."

And cover the flattering lies —  
And over the monuments :  
But the marble vaults wherein  
Are children lying asleep  
We screen from the wasting breath  
And the wanton touch of the years :  
And we blazon with green and gold  
The heraldry of God.

---

## MEAT ON FRIDAY.

**H**A! ha! I've found you out at last!  
You're making this a high day,  
Instead of making it a fast!  
You're eating meat on Friday!  
Ah! such deceit! You're eating meat —  
You're eating meat on Friday!

A devil's feast, as I'm a priest —  
This day apart — this by-day —  
Wherein our sinful passions rest! —  
You're eating meat on Friday!  
In lustful heat you're eating meat —  
You're eating meat on Friday!

You call yourself a Catholic!  
You, Nicholas van Griday!  
Earth open, and devour him quick!  
He's eating meat on Friday!  
Ah, Death is fleet! You're eating meat —  
You're eating meat on Friday!

And you, old woman ! Well you shrink —  
    Dame Barbara van Griday !  
Into the ground you ought to sink,  
    For eating meat on Friday !  
Dissembler ! cheat ! You're eating meat —  
    You're eating meat on Friday !

You fought in Tripoli, soldier Hans ! —  
    Against Mahound, their High Dey !  
You fought, too, in the war with France,  
    Yet you eat meat on Friday !  
Our foes you beat, and yet eat meat —  
    E'en you eat meat on Friday !

My curse you can not 'scape, you Dan !  
    You strive the thing to hide, eh ?  
You well may wince beneath the ban —  
    You're eating meat on Friday !  
Yes, I repeat, you're eating meat —  
    And eating meat on Friday !

And there's the red wine of the Rhine —  
    This abstinence day — this dry day !  
Ah, well you whine, dame Meyerstein !  
    You're drinking wine on Friday !  
And there's the meat — with wine and wheat —  
    You're eating meat on Friday !

Dame Gretchen, you're a filthy wretch !  
    I thought you neat and tidy !  
I see what to the dog you stretch —  
    It's meat — and meat on Friday !



That's wondrous meat ! You're eating meat —  
You're eating meat on Friday !

And Peter there behind your chair ! —  
This lentil day — this rye day —  
This day for pulse and simple fare —  
He's eating meat on Friday !  
Shame on you, Pete ! You're eating meat —  
You're eating meat on Friday !

For you and yours, unhallowed boors,  
The judgment is a nigh day —  
I curse your baskets and your stores ! —  
You've eaten meat on Friday ! —  
Curse head and feet ! You've eaten meat  
And eaten meat on Friday !

Yet harm and hurt you may avert ;  
The church (it is not my day  
Which you pollute) will pardon you't —  
This eating meat on Friday !  
To her escheat this wine and wheat —  
And all this meat on Friday —

Our poor and holy brotherhood ! —  
Ah, mother church ! — on thy day  
They eat but thin and meagre food —  
They have no meat on Friday !  
Take them this meat, and henceforth eat  
No meat — no meat on Friday !

## THE GOOD.

WHO for its own sake loves the good, is good.  
And always chooses good, and needeth not  
By formal resolution to determine  
Or this or that to do, if it be right  
But when occasion offers ever does it.  
But who resolves to-morrow or hereafter  
A new leaf to turn over, maketh not  
A virtuous but a wicked resolution,  
Without a whit of goodness in it ; for  
He chooses not the good as end, or else  
He would not till the morrow stay the doing,  
And choosing not the good as end, he is not  
E'en in the slightest atom virtuous,  
But pauseth on the hither side the stream —  
The great gulf — fixed between the good and ill —  
And crosses not the bridge that doth dispart  
The earthy, sensual, devilish realm of Self  
From the celestial boundaries of Love.



## WHITTIER'S "ETERNAL GOODNESS."

IT is the law of crystals and of souls  
That fellow will unto his fellow tend —  
And like to like. Imperial law controls —  
And thus the Quaker cometh to a Friend.

Haply no Friend if judged by rigid rule  
Of sect. But Friend if she be Friend who leavens

With love his life — Friend of the choicest school,  
Or by the poet's standard, or by heaven's.

Let Arch street meeting only those admit  
Whose dove hued bonnet and whose dress precise  
Are of the mode and standard fixed by it :  
'Tis said the rule is different in the skies, —

That there a dove like soul is valued more  
Than dove like color ; and that simple dress  
Will less affect the angel at the door  
Than simple love and simple truthfulness.

And so our poet's spirit the confines  
Of sect outsteps, and leapeth o'er the wall  
To meet with goodness midway twixt the lines  
Of narrowness ecclesiastical, —

And finds her there midway. And as he would,  
Were it himself, receive the Friend in her,  
Her heart will recognize the churchman good,  
Whate'er the creed he holds, in Whittier.

O fit the hour therefor ! The Christmas chime  
Chords with the music from the Quaker's pen —  
The constant burden of whose varying rhyme  
Is — "Peace on Earth, and Good Will unto men."

As if the anthem that once filled the skies  
Still sought its wondrous cadence to prolong,  
As if an angel in a Quaker's guise  
Still sang to eager eons the olden song.

## A SERMON.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

THOUGH often unto memory  
Our early days seem pleasant,  
As desert unto cultured lea  
Are they unto the present.

I mean not that the face of youth  
Has not a certain beauty ;  
But age is more conformed to truth,  
To love, and law, and duty.

Tho' later life has something lost,  
The fully ripe persimmon  
Is toothsome when touched with frost ;  
And so with men and women.

The blossom in the spring-time glints :  
The young fruit shines with greenness :  
Both lack the richer, riper tints  
Of autumnly sereneness.

To wish to live our youth again  
Would have as much consistence,  
As would to wish the race of men  
Their early "ape existence."

'Tis better far, when what we were  
The riper time displaces,  
And earnest lines of character  
Are written in our faces.

Yes, better, when our foreheads are  
All o'er with thought engraven,  
And Time, the angel, letters there  
The signature of Heaven.

The fruits their richest color gain  
Where sweeps the storm severest ;  
And O, we bitterly attain  
To purest thought and clearest.

Thrice happy he, who this has learned :  
The flame destroys the slashes ;  
And, where the fires have deepest burned,  
The soil is rich with ashes.

The plowshare rends the shrinking sward, —  
The soul is sown with sorrow,  
That thus a harvest to the Lord,  
May wave in some to-morrow.



TO CALVIN L. PORTER,  
STUDENT OF MEDICINE.

## I.

A DEVOTEE, with bloody knife,  
With symbol on thy brow and breast,  
Thou comest to the Fane of Life,  
And at its oracle makest quest.

## II.

Here science sits a goddess, and  
Still veils her legends in eclipse,  
And only he can understand,  
Who learns his lore of Nature's lips.

## III.

The blood wherewith thy hands are wet,  
Is not of murder ; for above  
Thy brow the seal of Thought is set,  
And o'er thy heart is that of Love.

## IV.

Opens for thee the polished wall —  
The wondrous fabric of the skin ; —  
And to thy sight uncover all  
The secret mysteries within.

## V.

The pillared ivory that sustains  
The dome o'erarching : bone and bone  
Inlinked : their sutures and their veins : —  
Thou, reverent, not'st them one by one.

## VI.

Thou tracest to their origin,  
Through silvern ducts the floods of blue  
And purple, that from founts within  
Gurgle and pulse the temple through.

## VII.

The tree of life, whose branches strike  
Down from the dome — that from the brain  
Drops its long tendrils, willow like,  
Like banyan boughs to mount again.

## VIII.

All this thou mark'st, — with zeal to force  
The secrets or of god or elf,  
And to discern the very source  
Of vital energy itself.



## IX.

Nor ceases there thy willing task —  
“What is the nature of disease?  
Its symptoms what?” I hear thee ask —  
“Whence comes it? What its remedies?”

## X.

The search is long — the quest is hard —  
The long-wooded sprite responds at length,  
And, smiling, gives thee thy reward —  
A soul self-poised in light and strength.

## XI.

Humbly thou entered, bowing down —  
And lo! — thou comest forth a king!  
She places on thy brow her crown,  
Upon thy hand her signet ring.

## XII.

“I crown thee not,” she says, “because  
Thou hast all wisdom. But a glance  
Hast thou as yet at Nature’s laws,  
Nor knowest thine own ignorance.

## XIII.

“But this: thou hast outgrown the stays  
Of schools, and this hast learned of me: —  
*‘One little grain of fact outweighs  
A frigate load of theory!’*

## XIV.

“Go, Science-crowned! Triumphant go!  
Victor where’er diseases are!  
And but the one unvanquished foe —  
Death! — be seen shadowy from afar!”

## JIMMY O'NEIL.

SPADRA, CAL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1877.

HAVE you never heard of Jimmy O'Neil?  
He was the brave Chicago lad,  
That proved himself as true as steel,  
In the face of a mob embrutened and mad.

It was the time of the terrible strike,  
When in its fury contagious and fell,  
It rolled from the Pittsburg furnaces like  
A tidal wave from the gates of hell!

It was at the bridge of Halsted street;  
The mob were gathered the other side;  
As wolves at bay, in a rocky retreat,  
Police and soldiery they defied!

Natural born the children of crime!  
Children of crime, and nursed at her dugs!  
Wharf-rats, bred in the river slime! —  
Vagabonds! — renegades! — hoodlums and thugs!

Grimed with dirt, and with rags bedight,  
Empty of pocket and hungry of maw,  
Little they cared for justice and right,  
Little cared they for order and law!

Bricks and shot, in a heavy shower,  
Filled the air from the surging mass!  
The mob was strong and felt its power,  
For turned was the bridge, and none could pass!

Surging and roaring, like the flood  
That beats the beach of the swollen main,  
Clamored the beast for bread and blood!—  
And some were wounded and some were slain!

Helpless police and soldiery stand;  
For the bridge still lies in the midst of the stream  
Like a whale selfstranded upon the sand,  
Or a merchantman lying upon her beam.

Ten years old is Jimmy O'Neil,  
But he is courageous, and he can swim!  
He can loosen the bridge, and can make it wheel  
Quick to the shore, if they'll leave it to him!

Quickly spoken, and as quickly done!  
Off with his jacket, and over he goes!  
And brave men cheer for the little one,  
As he dares undaunted a myriad foes!

Quickly said, and as quickly done!  
The bridge swings round, and the mob retreat!  
And before there is time to fire a gun,  
They have scattered dismayed and emptied the  
street!

Hurra! hurra for Jimmy O'Neil!—  
That dared the infuriate mob to face!  
Brave as a lion and true as steel,  
In heart, and in history, give him a place!

## SWEET THE GRAVE.

SWEET — sweet the grave ! Sweet — sweet to me  
The sands of the eternal sea ! —  
To feel the pains of life depart  
From my too sorely burdened heart —  
To see the gloom of night and mist  
Break into gold and amethyst —  
To watch the light of dawning bliss  
Shoot up its spray from the abyss ! —  
And hear your dash upon the shore,  
O happy waves of evermore !

Hail pallid brow and peaceful, where  
No more shall come a trace of care !  
O eyes, that nevermore shall weep,  
How sweet to you the kiss of sleep !  
O folded hands ! how blest — how blest,  
To be forevermore at rest !  
Your gentle touch shall ne'er offend  
Henceforth the feelings of a friend !  
O cold — cold lips ! No more ye press  
The kiss of love and tenderness !  
And yet, methinks, ye sometimes seek  
Another's lip — another's cheek !

It were not hard for me to die —  
Nay, it were bliss for me to lie  
In yonder grave, and hear the tread  
Of evening breezes near my head ;  
And watch in his blue heights afar,  
The coming of the evening star, —

If then another, she whose eye  
Reigns the one star of all my sky, —  
Whose tread — no zephyr's foot can fall  
So faun-like and ethereal —  
If sometimes should that gentle form,  
As angel pure, and mortal warm, —  
Approach my grave, and kneeling near,  
Whisper the word I fain would hear.



## ACROSTIC.

EULALIE! — such thy name to mortal men;  
Mayhap with angels thine a different name —  
I saw in thee another dawning, when  
Led by my star, thou to my presence came,  
Yclad with graces, all a child of Eve may claim: —

Lo the fair morning from the empurpled meads,  
Yclad in light, mounts the day-star to meet:  
Delights are dancing to her golden reeds:  
I see the roses of her dainty feet,  
And all her perfect form, unutterably sweet: —

Perhaps the day thou bringest can but end  
In the fair gardens of Hesperides:  
Perhaps our lives may with each other blend,  
Even as evening breeze with evening breeze,  
Rich and replete with joy and golden harmonies.

## MY OWN.

MY spirit was sad, and I sought my bird,  
And asked her to give me a cheering word;  
She blushed like a cloud at the kiss of the sun,  
And stooping — the darling! — she wrote me one:  
With love and kindness the dear eyes shone,  
And flashed from the fairy-like fingers “*My own!*”  
Dear Nem! she has given me scepter and throne!  
She called me her *own!* she called me her *own!*

Then vanished the gloom from my soul straightway,  
And I have been happy and proud all day!  
I'll cherish and guard the love-luminous line,  
O queen and blessing! I'm thine! I am thine!  
I'll guard the guerdon my whole life long!  
And ever my lips shall renew the song!  
With gems and with blossoms my pathway is strown:  
For Nem has called me her *own!* — her *own!*



## FOR MY DARLING.

EVENING kisses the sea;  
Mists are kissing the flowers;  
I must kiss thee  
Love, amid the bowers!  
Yes! — darling! — thee!  
  
Linger, darling awhile  
Yet — I pray thee, nor leave me!  
Deign me one smile!  
In thine arms enweave me!  
Ah! — for love's smile!



Pearl, and lily, and light!—  
Idyll incarnate of kindness!—  
Pardon Love's rite!  
Even to Love in his blindness!  
Rose-bud! Good night.

---

## WHERE IS MY NEM?

WHO has met a lady fair  
As the forms that angels wear?  
Lend thy pencil, Fantasie,  
While I paint my fleur-de-lis.  
Hands as white as whitest wool,  
Delicate and beautiful;  
Ripening chestnuts seek to wear  
The rich luster of her hair;—  
Hair so fine, the gossamers  
Would exchange their own for hers:  
Eyes of heaven's summer hue,  
Mist-veiled, thoughtful, tender, true:  
Never sweeter nectar drips  
Than the nectar of her lips:  
Zephyrs of the fragrant south  
Are the breathings of her mouth:  
Not the clover on the heath,  
Has the whiteness of her teeth;  
Through the peach-blooms of her cheek  
Roses play at hide and seek.

Not a novice is my pearl—  
Not a gay and giddy girl:

But she wears a brow inwrought  
With the dignity of thought.  
Nature gave to her its best,  
Ripening years have done the rest,  
Till she lacketh naught of good  
In her perfect womanhood!  
Who hath met with one like this?  
Tell me — tell me where she is!



## MY TREASURE.

COME, soft south wind, come from the breezy lake,  
And gently sooth my darling, lest she wake.  
Leave the light nymphs that wanton o'er the deeps,  
And fan the couch where fair Enone sleeps.

Ye moon-beams pale that linger near her face,  
And wear thenceforth yourselves a sweeter grace,  
No marvel that ye leave your starry steeps,  
If ye may come where my belovèd sleeps.

Ye unseen angels, unto whom 'tis given  
To tread the stair that leads from earth to heaven,  
Until the day star from her chamber peeps  
Watch o'er my pearl — my treasure while she sleeps.

Ye floating clouds that fleck the skies above,  
Lightly enveil the form of her I love,  
Lest the rude Day come near her as he sweeps  
The darkness, and disturb her as she sleeps.

## TO MY WIFE.

CHRISTMAS, 1878. WITH A PORTE-MONNAIE.

THE skilled in legendary lore  
Report that elves and urchins hold,  
Concealed in mountain crypts, a store  
Of priceless gems and flashing gold.

Employ some elf, my dear, to heed  
And keep your wallet clasp secure, —  
To only open at your need,  
Or for the succor of the poor.

Not Fantasy — a spendthrift she,  
Who'll make sad havoc with your stuff !  
I know an elf, — FRUGALITY, —  
Who'll serve your purpose well enough.

A useful steward : in his eyes  
You'll see the glint of honest sense :  
He'll make your treasure surely rise,  
And will not starve benevolence.

But me — ah me ! — there is no gnome  
Will stand as sponsor to my screed ;  
No elf will to my rescue come,  
And teach me how to reck my rede.

Yet — happy me ! — the hills amid,  
There is no gnome or mountain elf,  
Who has so dear a jewel hid,  
As is my choicest one — yourself.

That I'll not trust to elfin art,  
 Lest it elude the cunning grasp;  
 And so I'll hide you in my heart,  
 And nevermore undo the clasp.

—◆—  
 ACROSTIC.

**E**. L. M! the Woods as sovereign own thee!  
 Many blossoms crowd to crown thee!  
 Ivy wreathes its garlands o'er thee;  
 Larkspurs spring in joy before thee!  
 Yews a yeoman's homage tender;  
 Lilies, all their silvery splendor!  
 Mignonettes their fragrance breathe thee!  
 Amaranths with glory wreath thee!  
 Roses pledge their heart's blood for thee!  
 Tulips stand in ranks to adore thee!  
 Lilacs yield thee purple royal,  
 Iris swears allegiance loyal!  
 Never flower of field or wolden,  
 Gift and homage hath withholden.

—◆—  
 WRITTEN IN KATIE'S ALBUM.

**I**F I could see thee — if twere mine,  
 Upon thy head my hand to hold,  
 And feel on mine the Touch Divine,  
 As did the patriarch of old; —  
 If Heaven would send its largess down,  
 To bless whomso my words had blessed;  
 And gifts and graces would encrown  
 The tresses where my palms had pressed; —

A blessing would I have for thee :  
 I'd lay my hand upon thy brow,  
 And pray that thou might ever be  
 As hopeful and as pure as now ;—

That, as, beneath the winter snows,  
 The woodland doth its life retain,  
 And with the spring awakes and glows  
 In its own loveliness again ;—

E'en thus thy spirit's life may be  
 Still heavenward reaching bud and shoot,  
 And watching opportunity  
 To bless the world with bloom and fruit ;—

For this — I but repeat again  
 The lesson Wisdom spake of yore —  
 "Love God, and love thy fellowmen" —  
 Who dare say less ? Who can say more ?

So shall thy life be sweetly passed,  
 Without regret unstained of sin ;  
 And so the Morn of Youth shall last  
 Until the Morn Eterne begin.



## THE TRAMP.

1880.

[Wendell Phillips in one of his New York lectures, said — "A prominent New York Journal philanthropically said of tramps — '*The only good thing to be done with them is to shoot them !*'"

**B**EGGAR, you say — in the entry ? A tramp ?  
 How did it happen if you were about ?  
 I would have speedily made him decamp !  
 Hurry this minute, and hustle him out !

Out with him instantly! Give him a kick!

Here is a stick to belabor the clown!

Drat it! — these paupers are getting too thick!

Crush 'em, and cramp 'em, and trample 'em down!

*Starving his wife is* — he says: On my life!

If there were impudence ever, it's his!

Wife is it! what does he want of a wife?

He should be single — my Chinaman is.

Show him the rifle — aha but he'll run!

Vagabonds! Gad! — if I could I would drown,

Shoot them, or throttle them, every one! —

Crush 'em, and cramp 'em, and trample 'em down!

Some of these fellows are ugly as sin!

Maybe it's better to follow and help

Cudgel the caterwaul out of his chin:

It will be cheap at a dollar a yelp!

Gone is he? — out? — and with never a doubt

Dick with his bludgeon is basting him brown!

Little I care what he does to the lout!

Crush 'em, and cramp 'em, and trample 'em down!

Bang! — that is good — you have killed him I hope!

Ha! have you really? What! is he dead?

That's rather bad, and may threaten a rope!

Accident — nobody saw — 'nough said!

Accident, plainly — however I fear

Some one will see him in passing from town:

Bother the pother of renegades here!

Crush 'em, and cramp 'em, and trample 'em down!

Well, I will help you — he's heavy for one!

Why — what is this — there's a scar on his cheek



Such as my brother had! What have you done?—

Murderer!—villain! O John, can you speak?

Death!—and so sudden! The charnel's eclipse

Evermore on these eyes!—and the frown

Chiding my words from unbrotherly lips—

“Crush 'em, and cramp 'em, and trample 'em  
down!”

It was too late! From the portals of death

Those we have injured can never return!

Words, were they?—thoughtless? Our words are the  
breath

Fierce from the caverns of hell that will burn

Conscience too deep for forgiveness to cure;—

Wreathing a whirlwind of curses to crown

Life, if we say of our brothers—the poor,—

“Crush 'em, and cramp 'em, and trample 'em  
down!”



### THE TRAMP'S VIEW OF IT.

“But God is good, and hearts may count in heaven as high as heads.”—  
CHARLES DICKENS.

“The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.”—JESUS CHRIST

WHEN rheumatism racks our backs,  
We shiver with the cold,

And crouch beneath the frosty stacks

To sniff the dust and mold.

The nabob!—he is warm, and wound

In downy flannel spreads;—

But God is good, and hearts may count

In Heaven as high as heads.

The nabob's shirt is finest flax,  
His coat of broadcloth fine ;  
Our raiment, ragged barley sacks,  
Tied up with bits of twine.  
*He* holds us vagrants, — worthless as  
The dirt on which he treads ;—  
But *God* is *good*, and hearts may count  
In Heaven as high as heads.

His turtle soup the nabob smacks ;  
He munches venison chine ;  
His nuts he cracks ; he nips his snacks,  
And sips his cobwebbed wine.  
A dry crust is a dinner for  
Your vulgar Mikes and Teds ;—  
But God is good, and hearts may count  
In Heaven as high as heads.

When times are hard, and business slacks,  
And scanty is our bread,  
We shoeless tramp the railway tracks,  
And wish that we were dead,  
Then legal spiders sit and mesh  
For us their dirty threads ;—  
But God is good, and hearts may count  
In Heaven as high as heads.

They burden us with heavy packs ;  
They drive us with a goad ;  
As patient Jacks we bear the thwacks,  
And never cast the load.  
They reckon us, as up they mount,  
For toads and centipeds ;—

But God is good, and hearts will count  
In Heaven as high as heads.

With hacks and whacks of hoe and ax,  
We slave, — their servile tools :  
The labor of our hands they tax,  
And reckon us for fools.  
We? — they the fools ! Stern Justice shall  
Rend all their shams to shreds ;  
For God is good, and hearts shall count  
In Heaven as high as heads.

Go to ! — the poor man nothing lacks  
Of wisdom : but the rich  
Are fools : — their legal sealing wax  
The very devil's pitch.  
But all comes right at last ! This fount  
Of light its radiance spreads : —  
That GOD IS GOOD, AND HEARTS WILL COUNT  
IN HEAVEN AS HIGH AS HEADS.

Death ! — death is near ! The pale bivouacs  
Give rest to weary tramps ;  
And rigid social lines relax  
Within the silent camps.  
And men shall see, when Gabriel wakes  
The sleepers from their beds,  
That God is good, and hearts *will* count  
In Heaven as high as heads.

## TRUMAN GRIFFIN.

OLD GRIF! — frozen to death  
In sight of Truckee! His cries for aid  
Might have been heard by the folks of the town,  
But the shrieks of the storm blast smothered them  
down;  
For the night was wild, and the tempest made  
The strongest and bravest to be afraid,  
And listen and shiver with bated breath.

Two score years had he dwelt  
By the seething fountains of lake Tahoe:  
Back and forth, and forth and back,  
He had threaded the tortuous mountain track:  
Hundreds of times in the summer's glow  
Hundreds of times through blinding snow,  
As if, like a beast, the trail he smelt.

Naught asked he of the day,  
Whether the light was clear or dim,  
Every boulder of every spur,  
Patch of pine and clump of fir,  
Blackened stump and broken limb,  
As his mother's face was familiar to him,  
Yet dazed and bewildered he lost his way.

Storm trained, starting from home  
At dawn of day, he had faced the blast:  
At four o'clock in the afternoon  
He was five miles out — he would be in soon:  
The doctor's home he was safely past:

Fierce blew the gale, and the snow fell fast,  
And whirled and howled, like a cataract's foam !

Cold ! — cold ! — cold ! As a vice  
Stiffened his hand to the rigid rein,  
And his feet in the stirrups were set and numb,  
And his lips clung tight to tooth and gum,  
And his frozen ears had ceased to pain,  
And his head seemed frozen, and even his brain  
Seemed held with the grip of bands of ice.

Cold ! — cold ! Bitter the cold !  
And the living marten tied in a sack  
To be carried to town was frozen stiff,  
And the horse that was ridden by poor old Grif  
Blundered around in the selfsame track ,  
And refused to advance, affrighted back,  
As loosed from his feet was the avalanche rolled !

Poor Grif struggled benumbed  
Down from his steed to search for the road !  
Well he knew what spectre grim  
With ice cold fingers was waiting for him !  
Horror and nameless agony showed  
In his face as his shroud was round him snowed,  
And sense grew dull, and the spirit succumbed.

Poor Grif struggled awhile —  
Struggled and fell, and still in despair  
He crawled and crawled on his hands and knees,  
Into the drifts, to smother and freeze !  
And the white snow lay on his snow white hair,  
And the old man's soul ? — did it grow more fair,  
As the snow would grow in the morning's smile ?

Poor Grif — freezing to death !

Ere on foot he had staggered away,  
Soon to become but a snow pale corse,  
Had spread his great coat over his horse,  
And thus in the snow drift coatless lay !  
Happy for him in the judgment day ! —  
Happy for him if the judge shall say,  
“Blessed the merciful be, for they  
Shall mercy obtain,” as the scripture saith.

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SERGEANT KIRKLAND.

**I**T was the day — the awful day  
That followed on the day of blood,  
And groaning in the clammy flood  
At Fredericksburg the wounded lay.

For Burnside had his soldiery hurled,  
Where column after column fell !  
Mortal, but all invincible,  
Their story thrilled the astonished world.

Kershaw's brigade was holding still,  
As hunters hid from huddled grouse,  
The grounds surrounding Marye's house,  
And filled the road 'neath Marye's hill.

Here had they poured, as Autumn sleet,  
Their murderous fire, while they were all  
Hidden and safe behind the wall,  
And mowed the foe as Autumn wheat.



Still waved before their stars and bars  
The stars and stripes, with stalwart guards ;  
For Sykes was there, but seven score yards  
In front, and Union regulars.

And all day long, as lurking elves  
From coppices, the bullets leaped,  
Fatal to all that heedless stepped,  
And but a moment showed themselves.

And all day long the wounded lay  
Helpless betwixt the lines ; and cries  
Of " Water — water ! " pierced the skies —  
Dispiteous — the long, long day.

'Twas afternoon : The general sat  
And scanned the field where lay the dead  
And dying : Kirkland, entering, said :  
" General, I can't — I can't stand that ! "

Dick Kirkland, but a boy in years ;  
The son of old John Kirkland he,  
And sergeant in Kennedy's company (E),  
South Carolina volunteers.

Kershaw felt all the care and all  
The toil with which his troops were tasked :  
" What is the matter, sergeant ? " asked  
The sympathetic general.

The sergeant said : " The long night through —  
The day through — I have heard the cry  
Of these poor men for water, I  
Must help them. Let me, general : do ! "

O, noble looked the general !

“And don’t you know,” he kindly said,  
“You’d get a bullet through your head,  
The moment you stepped o’er the wall?”

“Yes, sir ! I know I may be hit ;  
But then a soldier dares to die,  
Even for foes. I’d like to try,  
If you would only suffer it.”

The general : “Kirkland, I ought not  
Allow you such a risk to run,  
But still the deed’s a noble one !  
Go ! Shield you, God, from being shot !”

Glad and surprised at such response,  
The sergeant’s eyes with pleasure lighted :  
“Thank you,” he said, and down stairs flitted ;  
But back he came, two steps at once,

Stopped at the door, looked in, and said :  
“General, can I hold a white  
Pocket-handkerchief in sight ?”

The general : “No,” and shook his head.

“Kirkland you can not do that.” Then  
Kirkland said cheerfully, “All right !  
I’ll take the chances !” and with bright  
Eyes ran smiling down again.

O with what wistfulness did we all  
Watch him as boldly on he kept,  
And on his errand of mercy stepped,  
Like Mercy’s angel, o’er the wall.

Watched, as he passed : as though he were  
With Heaven's invincible harness armed,  
Passed 'mid a storm of shot unharmed,  
And reached the nearest sufferer,

And knelt beside him tenderly,  
And placed the drooping head at rest  
On his own gentle and loving breast ;  
And soldiers' eyes grew moist to see.

He poured the grateful water down  
The feverish and scorching throat ;  
Then placed the knapsack and the coat  
Tenderly 'neath the suffering one,

And took a new canteen, and turned  
To aid another ; but he bore  
That and the rest securely ; for  
His purpose now was well discerned.

There was no danger more. Fell Slaughter  
Herself could not have borne the cry  
Unmoved — the shriek of agony :  
“Water ! water ! for God's sake, water !”

None could endure, and none withstand  
The mute appeal of helplessness  
Of dying eyes in their distress,  
Or pitiful uplifted hand.

He, for an hour and longer, healed  
Their woes, nor ceased to come and go ;  
But aided, passing to and fro,  
All in that quarter of the field,

And then came back unhurt. What else  
Remains there to be said? How well  
At Gettysburg he fought — how fell  
At Chickamauga, history tells.

O war! however hateful is  
Thy very name to us, we can  
Forgive thee much for such a man —  
For such a glorious deed as his.

There is no nobler style of man!  
My country, be thy boast and pride,  
That they who fought on either side  
Are brothers, and American.



#### SAN ANTONIO.

SPADRA, CAL., 1879.

THIS is the mount that yesterday  
Was hid in cloud! and down its sides  
Trooped phantom hosts, in mantles grey,  
Through riven clouds and spouting tides.

And o'er its crest, with bristling wing,  
The raven of the tempest swept,  
While frightened winds fled fluttering,  
Or through the coppiced canyons crept.

But now, in noonday sheen, it glows  
From base to summit, as the throne  
Of Gabriel; or as its snows  
With shivered rainbows were bestrown.

Or as the storms had in despair  
 Fled from the glances of the sun,  
 And cast their shields and lances there,  
 With bright cuirass and gonfalon.

For, be the sky as many hued  
 And changeable as Autumn fronds,  
 The mountain answers, mood for mood,  
 And from his granite heart responds.

Majestic mount ! Cloud-veiled, dost thou  
 Above the pave by angels trod,  
 As Moses, lift thine awful brow,  
 And, face to face, converse with God ?

And then, with ecstasy aglow,  
 Forth from the vision come again,  
 While light ineffable falls below  
 On the enraptured gaze of men ?

O, ever beautiful ! in storms  
 Or sunshine robed ! The cloudy rack,  
 The opal sheen, are but the forms  
 Of Heaven's beauty mirrored back !



## THE MILLER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

CHANCELLOR.

JUSTICE ALBRICK.

JUSTICE BAUER.

KING FREDERIC.

JUSTICE CONRAD.

THE MILLER.

[This scene, taken from the life of Frederic the Great, was hastily arranged for a school exhibition, and not for this volume, but I have taken the liberty to insert it for the benefit of teachers on like occasions. — E. L. M.]

*Chan.* A miller sue a lord ! What impudence !  
 My fellow judges and my worthy peers  
 It passes all — it overleaps the bound

Which nature fixed, when fitting some for rank  
And some for menial service, she ordained  
These to command, the others to obey.

*A.* It doth so.

*Chan.* And all the sacred heritage of law,  
And all the safety of our several rights,  
The very crown, the very realm itself,  
Will be endangered by such innovations, —

*A.* (That's true enough.)

*Chan.* As that a rustic and unlettered hind  
May face a peer in court. I wait your voice.

*B.* It doth appear from evidence and plea  
As well as from our record, that the counts  
Ancestral, whence the Baron Rosenbaum  
Derives his name, did grant unto this mill  
Usance of water, rights riparian,  
Way for its sluices, raceways, weirs and flumes,  
Waver of rights to damage when the flood  
Should trespass on the vintage of the corn —  
Together with all hereditaments  
Belonging to the land, — and this for rent  
Of seven sacks of meal, a hundred florins,  
And seven barleycorns.

*C.* An ample rent.

*B.* The present lord made for an adornment  
To his fair forestry, a fishing pond,  
And by his prior and baronial right  
Which none of us may question, he did take  
The water for it ; whereupon this miller  
Did fail to pay, and like a mongrel cur  
Robbed of his bone, goes whining up and down —  
*He can not grind and can not pay his rent.*



*C.* There's an ungrateful fellow for you.

*B.* There is indeed! His rent, it is his lord's —  
The water if he get it, it is his :  
And if he get it not, the loss is his.

*A.* For whose else could it be?

*B.* And so the Baron hath my voice.

*A.* And mine.

*C.* And yet the miller can not pay his rent  
Because he cannot grind. I tell you, lords,  
The good Christ will not suffer that his poor  
Shall always cry. The poor and rich  
Are equal in his sight. My judgment is  
This lord must yield his water to the mill  
Or else abandon all his claim for rent.

*Chan.* It shall be told unto King Frederic  
How you, a judge of his creation, stoop  
To underlings and lackeys.

*C.* And if it be, King Frederick shall hear  
How you, his chancellor, grind his loyal subjects  
And cringe before the great, and lick the dust.

*Chan.* The Court decides, and thus it shall go forth  
Despite this pauper miller's advocate, that all  
The Baron claims is his. — The miller shall  
Pay him his rental, as at first agreed,  
And pay beside the cost. Is this our voice?

*A.* My lord 'tis mine.

*B.* And mine.

*C.* It is not mine!

*Chan.* So shall it stand.

KING. CONRAD. MILLER.

*K.* Well, miller, so you wish to speak with Fritz.  
If you are in the right, 'tis well; and you

Shall have all justice done you, but if wrong,  
I'll have you whipped till the blood runs. Howsoe'er  
Speak up and fear not. You've an honest look.

*M.* O gracious majesty, my father left, —  
As had his father and his father's father  
Left prior heritage, — a little mill  
To me, his son, and I did live thereby.  
The brooklet, that did lend its native force,  
And willing turned from playing over rocks  
And dallying with roses, to become  
My willing drudge, had been my playfellow  
And I did love it — suddenly it wasted,  
Sickened and paled in the sun, and pined and died.  
And I was friendless left, without my stream,  
And pauper left, without my willing thrall.  
I could not grind, for that my water failed.  
And then I learned that the seignorial lord,  
From whose most noble ancestors my sires  
Received their rights, had taken my dear brook  
To fill a fish pond.

*K.* THE TYRANT !

*M.* But not only so,  
His steward came thereafter to demand  
The annual rent, which, when I could not pay,  
Because my revenues were all dried up,  
Whereas the stream ran dry, and my mill wheel  
Had ceased his song and toil. — “*I could not pay!*”  
Exclaimed the steward. Then would he seize on  
The mill, and hold it for the debt until  
Payment be made.

*K.* Enough — Enough —  
You shall have speedy justice.

Have you examined this affair, my lord,  
And satisfied yourself?

*C.* Your majesty, I have.

*K.* And know the miller hath the right of it?

*C.* I know the miller hath the right of it.

*K.* Where are his judges then?

*C.* They are at the door.

*K.* Summon them instantly!

*(Enter judges.)*

*K.* Look here sirs, what a botching ye have made!  
This is your justice, is it? This the way  
Ye wrest the law to vileness! May a miller  
Who has no water, and so cannot grind,  
Be ousted of his mill and forfeit that?  
Call you that just? Here is a nobleman  
Wishing to make a fish pond. He to get  
More water for his pond, digs him a ditch,  
To draw the water from a little stream  
That drives a mill. The miller thereby loses  
His water, and he can no longer grind.  
In spite of this it is pretended that  
The miller shall his rental pay, the same  
As when he had full water for his mill:  
Of course he cannot pay his rent — because  
His income is all gone!  
And what does this your Court of Customs do?  
It issues mandate that the mill be sold  
In order that the nobleman may have  
His rent! Do you sir, go! — this instant go! —  
About your business! Your successor is  
Appointed! I'll have nothing more to do  
With you! — or you! — or you! — Begone I say!

Out of my sight! — I will example make  
That shall not be forgotten.

[*To Conrad.*]—You I call into my special service.

[*Exeunt Chan. and Judges.*]

[*To the New Chancellor.*]—Sit and write  
What I command you.

It is the king's desire  
And ever was, that all, or high or low,  
Or rich or poor, receive the promptest justice,  
And therefore in respect of this decree,—  
This wicked sentence 'gainst the miller Arnold,  
Pronounced in the New Mark, and confirmed  
Here in Belin, his majesty hath bid  
And will establish an emphatic instance  
Exemplary and precedent, that all  
The courts of justice in the provinces  
May warning take thereby, and not commit  
Like glaring, unjust acts. For let them bear  
In mind that the least peasant — yea and more,  
A beggar, is a human being, even  
No less than his majesty, and one  
To whom due justice must be meted out,  
And all men equal being before the law,  
If 'tis a prince complaining 'gainst a peasant,  
Or *vice versa*, prince and peasant are one,  
Let courts take this for rule; and whensoever  
They fail in any-wise to carry out  
Justice in manner most direct, regardless  
Of person or of rank, they shall have cause  
To answer to his majesty therefor.

Miller, your mill is yours, and your supply  
Of water from the brook shall be as full —

As free and spontaneous as when  
A boy you gambolled with it, and as when  
It made your manhood rich with manuary toil.  
M. May bounteous heaven bless your majesty!

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## CHRIS. DEAN.

TALK of dauntlessness in the field ;  
Talk of the heroes North and South,  
Who looked at Death in the cannon's mouth.  
And faced the foe, and would not yield.

The battle field has never seen  
A braver or a manlier man,  
A larger hearted hero, than  
The hero-engineer, Chris. Dean.

An error from the lightnings flashed —  
Some mocking fiend the lines bestrode —  
And on a Pennsylvania road,  
Near Cameron Mills, two freight trains clashed.

Chris. Dean was engineer of one ;  
And, wedged his engine's wreck beneath,  
And crunched betwixt its cruel teeth,  
He and his fireman were held down.

The fireman, buried to the chin,  
Lay, by the fragments nearly hid ;  
Dean's arms were free ; one leg amid  
The broken wheels was fastened in.

He wrenched his body half around,  
And reached his box of tools, and rove  
The cover off, and then he strove  
To free his mate — and thus was found.

And when help came, as soon as he  
Beheld them, what a heartfelt shout  
From self-forgetful Dean rang out ;  
“ Help — help poor Jim ! — and don't mind me ! ”

Quickly the fireman was freed —  
Shattered as was the crushed machine —  
Unconscious. Then heroic Dean  
Was taken out ; and there was need.

They saw, but knew not by a lisp  
From him, that all the time that he  
Had worked to set the fireman free,  
His leg was burning to a crisp ! —

Held in the fire-box ! But no groan  
Revealed, what pitiful 'twas to see,  
A sickening cinder — from the knee  
Downward — of smoking flesh and bone !

O, noble deed ! Who hears of it  
Shall hold a higher thought of man !  
It speaks of more than sermons can,  
And sheds a light on holy writ !

For, dimly may our wit discern  
The sense at which the teaching aimed  
That told us of the halt and maimed  
That enter into life eterne.



While such men be, there is no lack  
Of heroes ; there has been no fall  
From our great sires, nor need we call  
A fancied golden era back.

In all immortal Homer's verse  
Of such a deed no record is ;  
Only less god-like than was his  
Who, dying, blessed his murderers.



## THE KE.

THE fisherman sitteth by the ke,  
And all the day long fisheth he :  
The sky above and the wave below  
Are in the summer light aglow :  
Yet little doth the fisherman care  
For aught in the wave or aught in the air ;  
For his eye is wandering down the bay,  
He thinketh of somewhat far away.

The stranger cometh to the ke,  
And looketh anxiously toward the sea,  
"Is that a vessel adown the bay ?  
If aught thou seest, tell me, pray !"  
"I can see as far as another can,  
But naught see I," quoth the fisherman,  
"Only the waves and the breaker's spray.  
Beyond the island, far away."

The stranger sitteth upon the ke,  
Beside the fisherman, knee to knee,

“How clear and fair the water is :  
It is not always thus, I wis.”  
“The sky is clear and the air is warm,  
But I think the clouds betoken a storm.”  
The stranger looketh adown the bay,  
He thinketh of somewhat far away.

There he sitteth upon the ke  
Watching the clear wave dreamily.  
“And when the storm sweeps on the coast,  
Doth it sometimes chance a vessel is lost ?”  
“Why, there was the wreck of the Buffalo,  
That happened only a month ago,  
Right at the point there in the bay,  
Mast and rigging were swept away !”

The stranger started up from the ke,  
“My wife ! — my wife and my babes !” cried he.  
“Tell me, fisherman, I implore !  
Was there none that escaped to shore ?”  
“Nay, they every one were drowned ;  
And none of the bodies were ever found.  
It grieves me sorely thus to say,  
But wreck and all were cast away.”

’Tis night. The fisher hath left the ke,  
Still sits the stranger dreamily,  
The tempest rages over his head,  
But the tempest within is far more dread ;  
And blacker is the night within  
Than night without hath ever been !  
Who with Despair doth grapple, may,  
God pity him ! — be a castaway !

Like wicked spirits around the ke,  
The winds are howling frantically.  
The waves clutch at the stranger's feet;  
They roll him in their winding sheet.  
Did he intend it, or did he not?  
God be his judge — God only wot.  
God in our peril be our stay,  
Lest we be wrecked and cast away.



## THE TRUSTEE.

HIS shaggèd head was like a red  
And raggèd head of clover:  
His eyes as wet as oozy slate  
And frowsy brows hung over.

Each cheek rose to a streakèd peak;  
His beak was like a parrot's;  
His beard was long, with fibers strong,  
Like dangling roots of carrots.

His slippery lip was all adrip  
With black tobacco slaver;  
And kith and kindred with a chin  
Unused to soap and laver.

His shoulders rolled into a fold,  
Wherefrom his arms did dangle;  
His waist was peaked like an eq-  
uilateral triangle.

His finger tips scarce reached his hips;  
His legs as handspikes slender

Made him appear a bodied Fear  
Just bending in surrender.

His shoes, rough-scuff, not big enough  
For feet so large and ample,  
They left a margin of their largeness  
outside, as for sample.

His trowsers rose above his hose,  
That snatched in vain to catch 'em,  
O'er feet so vast that ne'er a last  
In christendom could match 'em.

I looked at him — he looked at me —  
That fusty dust, must, crust — he  
Screeched out — “ You a teacher be :  
And me — why I'm a trust—ee.”

I — I was proud of my degree —  
In shining coat and castor,  
A Master of Philosophy ;  
And this — was my new master.

'Twas strange at first — the novelty ;  
It seemed so like concession ;  
But thus I learned the dignity  
Of teaching by profession.



“ OUR POETS' BEAUTIES.”

DEAR Friend : — You ask me to inspect  
“ Our Poets' Beauties ; ” — “ Author, Jones : ”  
I know the man : he would collect  
For Shakespere's Beauties, Shakespere's bones.

Such work, performed by such as he,  
When done, is utterly undone.  
Why, you shall take a library  
And tear the leaves out, one by one,

And strew the fragments on the grass,  
And cull them with a garden rake,  
And your collection will surpass  
A volume such as he can make.

No choice selections here you get,  
But limbs disjointed and apart ;  
An anatomic cabinet,  
And not a gallery of art.

For me, I cannot but abhor  
The wretch, who gives the public these  
Patchworks of paste and scissors for  
Choice volumes of anthologies.

The idiots ! — the lunatics !  
A great cathedral I would see :  
They bring to me some broken bricks,  
Or shattered tile from the debris.

From classic temples they bring back —  
The Vandals ! — specimens of stone :  
"Antiques" they call them — "bric-a-brac," —  
These clippings from the Parthenon !

The modern Muses — ladies skilled  
In art — are students at its source :  
Blue stockings, of the inner guild :  
Attend, and hear a muse discourse.

“ That arm — you see how deftly scarred :  
How beautiful the dimple is : —  
I broke it from a statue carved  
In Athens by Praxiteles.

“ This marble chip is rather rough ;  
I waited for the guide to pass ;  
Then watched my chance, and clipped it off  
From a great work by Phidias.

“ This specimen I brought from Rome —  
Saint Catharine’s nose — it went on so —  
There, just see that ! — I broke it from  
A group by Michael Angelo !

“ Here is the fragment of a face :  
How sweet and cherub-like the swell ! —  
Ah, this, from its peculiar grace  
You see was done by Raphael.

“ Such lamentable want of taste  
So many show in foreign lands !  
Their opportunities they waste,  
And home return with empty hands ;

“ But I determined that I would  
Have something to improve my mind  
On my return : for end so good  
I took whatever I could find.”

Thus far the modern Muse. Her act —  
How barbarous and base it looks !  
But no more savage is in fact  
Than pillaging a poet’s books.



Quotations from the poets! — what  
Better than quoted Cupid's lids  
Are they? — or quoted Venus' knot? —  
Or quoted bricks from pyramids.

Where a quotation apposite  
Is really but a gem reset,  
It may as well adorn your wit,  
As India's, England's coronet.

If borrowed riches may be blent  
With yours, and glow among your thoughts,  
Or serve to clinch your argument :  
Why, add the guinea to your groats.

But "Poets' Beauties" — all their grace,  
In Jones's coarse mosaic wrought,  
Is hideous and out of place,  
As diamond eyes in Juggernaut.

And so, if you are asked to pledge  
The sanction of your name or mine,  
Refuse, and guard from sacrilege  
The poet's work and words divine.



## THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

YOU ask me for my tale, good sooth!  
And if I tell you what befell,  
The how or why I cannot tell;  
I only tell you simple truth.

Some half a dozen years ago,  
At night, I lay asleep, and dreamed;  
If dream it was, and such it seemed;  
It may have been; I do not know.

I saw a form: but how express  
Transcendent beauty? — how present,  
Her ravishing grace of lineament,  
And supernatural loveliness?

Her deep blue eyes, her golden hair  
Surpassing fantasy's ideal; —  
So spiritual, yet so real  
She floated in the amber air.

That — was it dream or was it trance? —  
The face with smiles so sweetly lit,  
The form so elfin exquisite —  
I watched with an enraptured glance.

But for the loving, tender eyes —  
But for the blushes that awoke  
My soul, perchance I had not spoke;  
But they appeared love's loveliest guise.

And I responded to the sign,  
Unconscious; though I spake the word,  
As from another's lips I heard  
The whispered syllables, "Be mine."

Her lips in answer moved, but lent  
The air a sound so soft and low  
I heard not: but her eyes with slow  
Languid withdrawal, spake consent.

Then toward her I advanced, but as  
I did so, her's was flight so fleet,  
I could not with swift hurrying feet  
Lessen the space that 'twixt us was.

At last, despairing, sad at heart,  
And overworn, pursuit I ceased,  
And said, "Bright being! Deign at least  
To tarry for me where thou art.

"Deign to delay till I impress  
Some faint resemblance of thy face  
Upon the canvas, and a trace  
Of thy surpassing loveliness."

I spake scarce hoping that she would  
So fill my spirit with delight;  
But as I spake, she ceased her flight,  
And robed in tranquil beauty stood.

Such was my exaltation — such  
The inspiration of her look,  
I know not how, the canvas took  
Her beauty from the pencil's touch.

Then she — "Too long do I delay,  
And if hereafter we may meet  
I know not: hope it; and complete  
The portrait by the light of day."

Then, as a star that hides its beam,  
She vanished: I awakened, sad  
To find the vision that I had  
Was but the chance work of a dream,

As from a sleepless night ; and so  
Disturbed and fretted, I arose,  
And thought the folding door to close  
That opened to my studio.

But glancing through, I saw, in place  
Of the blank canvas that upon  
My easel stood, in outline drawn  
My vision's perfect form and face.

Her peerless beauty could I see,  
Half hid in tissue, half revealed,  
As flowers in morning mist concealed,  
And blushing through their drapery.

I threw the shutters open wide ;  
And, fluttering its wings of flame,  
The sunshine through the window came,  
And flitted round my Spirit Bride.

For, in the passion of my heart,  
The phantom was already named  
My own, as if of right I claimed  
Her my soul's mate and counterpart.

And, may I be as sure of Heaven,  
As I was confident that she  
Was living flesh and blood, for me  
Designed, and would to me be given.

I gazed delirious with delight :  
Rapt and inspired, anew I caught  
My pencil, and adoring, wrought  
From the ideal as from sight.

Wrought as intoxicate with wine,  
Swayed by emotions mingled of  
The frenzy of the artist, love,  
And hope that yet she should be mine.

Day after day I wrought, until,  
A month past, it began to seem  
The perfect picture of my dream  
Waked into being at my will.

And so time passed, and when I showed  
The work to friends and connoisseurs,  
They stood as rapt idolaters,  
While with delight their faces glowed.

“As purely lovely as the old  
Art of the Greeks!” exclaimed they all :  
“And who was the original ?”  
But I the secret never told.

But they proclaimed me to the noon ;  
And rich men came and sought to buy  
Of me my masterpiece, but I  
Refused : I'd sell my soul as soon !

Two years passed by, and I began  
To fear that I should never meet,  
On earth, my angel pure and sweet —  
My star from the empyrean.

But in a beauty crowded hall,  
I met, amid the living stream,  
One night, the idol of my dream,  
My vision's bright original.

I stood entranced : for, as she came,  
I knew at once, amid the throng,  
The being I had loved so long ;  
Eyes, hair, and features all the same,

I closer drew, as to the chant  
The Hindoo sings, the tropic bird  
Is drawn, with blissful tremors stirred :  
But she was calm and radiant,

Regardless of my worship, till  
My concentrated gaze at last  
Attracted hers, and as she cast  
Her eyes on mine, I saw them fill

With unexpected pleasure, such  
As fills the eyes of one who meets  
A friend in some strange city's streets,  
And knows him not until they touch.

She seemed to know me as it were  
A recognition. " Had we met ? "  
She seemed to ask — " she must forget,  
Nor could recall the how or where."

I knew : and hopeful that the end  
I hoped would follow, I was taught  
Prudence by passion, and I sought  
An introduction from a friend.

And O, what holy lore I learned  
As her blue eyes looked into mine ;  
For, gazing in the depths divine,  
I knew — I knew my love returned.



And yet I found her modest, coy, —  
Too artless even to repress  
Her blushes, or her love confess  
By the sweet lures that maids employ.

But I, grown eloquent of my theme,  
Spoke of my painting, of my love  
Awakened by the vision of  
Her radiant beauty in my dream.

How love-inspired my labors were :  
How her ineffable beauty, wrought  
By love upon the canvass brought  
Me fame ; and of my search for her.

Then she with blushes : She had dreamed,  
Or was it trance, the very night  
Of my own dream, and borne with flight  
Of veinless, faery wings she seemed,

West — west she sped ; still to the west :  
Beneath her lagged the toiling train,  
O'er cornclad slope and desert plain,  
And rugged gulch, and mountain crest,

She knew not where, but reached at last  
A city by the ocean's bound :  
Its hills with palaces were crowned —  
Its harbors thronged with sail and mast.

She passed beneath the gaslight's glow,  
Through streets that hushed as death appeared,  
And supernatural and weird ;  
So to an artist's studio.

And a young artist there she saw,  
Who startled her by quick advance;  
And by the ardor of his glance  
Alarmed, and forced her to withdraw,

And yet, when with imploring speech  
He urged her to remain, she staid  
While he, with rapid touches, made  
Of form and face a hasty sketch.

Well, I can tell you nought beside :  
You see I painted to the life :  
Here is the picture ; here, my wife —  
My mortal, and immortal bride.



ANA, ZIPPORAH, HULDAH.

*Ana.* If I should ever wed, it would not be  
Until there came a man so large of soul  
That I could always find enough of room  
To grow in him. I think to wed a prince,  
But not such princes as do in the courts  
Dally with maidens, and their manliness  
Fritter away on trifles, fill mine eye.  
My husband must be brave, and tried in wars,  
A leader of his people where the din  
Of arms is thickest. A scholar too,  
Learned in all the lore that the proud priests  
Teach in their schools at Memphis, but of mind  
So vast and grand that thought in him should seem  
Not to need learning for its growth, but only

To use it as its fitting furniture,  
As a great temple uses lamps and altars.  
And he should use these — these high accoutrements —  
For no mean end. But as a soldier he  
Should teach his people how to guard their freedom,  
If needful how to win it. And as scholar,  
Should mould their laws, and chiefest should inspire  
Them with the love of sacred things, and teach  
All that our mighty ancestors  
Have taught of God, of duty, and of life  
Angelic, in the world above the stars.

*Zipporah.* And if the man be beautiful and strong,  
And generous, and rich, that seeks my hand,  
I care not for the rest.

*Huldah.* O beautiful  
Must ever be the form that holds a soul  
Itself all beautiful. For these our bodies are  
But the thin shell that from our stronger souls  
Have taken shape, — as do the shells that lie  
On the sea shore, take tint and curvature  
From that which lies within them;  
Beautiful souls must build them beautiful dwellings.



## THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Written for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the marriage of William Wiley Rubottom  
and Sarah Ann Edwards.

NOT they are fully wed who just  
Before a priest have stood and plighted  
Whatever vows of love and trust —  
Howe'er they hold themselves united;

But they who, bound with holy bands,  
Have each the other's burdens carried,  
Their whole life through, with loving hands  
And willing hearts ; they — they are married.

As living wood with wood ingraft  
Is year by year more closely wedded, —  
More fully rounded is the shaft —  
More deep the knitted seam imbedded.

The soft and plastic outer-part,  
That to the gentlest pressure yielded,  
Drawn closer, closer to the heart,  
By all the later growth o'ershielded ;

By Nature's fingers coiled and twined,  
The fibers crossed and interwoven  
Into a knot compact, conjoined,  
By Time, the ax-man, hardly cloven ;

Wherein, rejoiced, the craftsman sees  
Such strength as storms cannot demolish —  
For staunchest ships the stoutest knees,  
And grain that bears the finest polish !

So wedded life, where love with love  
An ample usury requiteth,  
Each year rounds out the form thereof,  
And every fiber more uniteth !

And Fancy sees and sings her song  
And thoughtful Wisdom sees and teaches  
Of character complete and strong,  
And beauty such as youth ne'er reaches.

The thews grow weak, the form is bent,  
And cheeks are seamed and locks are whitened,  
The senses shut, the strength is spent,  
But every hour by love is brightened.

When gathered beams of fifty years  
Upon the day their light are shedding,  
As clustered stars from circling spheres,  
They shine upon the golden wedding!

Not fairer she upon the day  
When, full of hope, he wooed and won her,  
Nor nobler he : we gladly pay  
Their wedded age our meed of honor.

Be garlands o'er their temples cast !  
Let children's children round them cluster !  
Throw o'er them, memories of the past,  
Your rosy clouds of golden luster !



## SUNSET.

CROWNED with garlands immortal,  
With blazing gauntlet and crest,  
Into the golden portal,  
The sun has gone to rest.

Long and sultry and dreary  
My day has been to its close,  
Body and mind are weary,  
And night brings no repose.

Sitting look I and wonder,  
His day is so serene  
Why has my own a blunder  
Of trial and sadness been.

Why is life but a blending  
Of sheen and shadow at best  
Never a glory ending  
In glory and endless rest.

Every joy has a trial  
That follows after in haste  
Ever over the dial  
The light by shadow is chased.

Life is dappled and lichen'd,  
A changeful summer's day  
Joy in its dawn is quicken'd  
And we are children at play,

Noon may shadow the heaven  
And storms our path assail  
Who can foretell the even? —  
Shall light or cloud prevail?

Live like martyrs in Story,  
Labor early and late,  
Then shall garlands and glory,  
Greet our brows at the gate.

Pray, that Jesus may gather  
Us all into his rest,  
Into the arms of the father  
The home of the holy and blest.



# OBERLIN.

1880.

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## I.

O MOTHER, while thy happier children are  
Clasped to thine arms, and gathered at thy feet,  
Let me, who may not join them, from afar  
Still send a greeting. Chance, a song more sweet  
Than mine may be may kindlier welcome meet :  
None comes sincerer : wast thou not my mother?  
Hush, heart ! More softly let thy pulses beat !  
And yet I cannot all my feeling smother !  
Thou wast my earliest love, and I shall have no other !

## II.

Thou wast the inspiration of my youth,  
And I would sing as in the olden time,  
Of thee, the arméd champion of the truth,  
And the sworn foe of darkness and crime !  
I see thee still self-centered and sublime !  
Hail to thee, Oberlin ! For still I hark  
The clarion, as in the morning's prime,  
Sounding above the strife ; and still I mark  
Blazing afar in front, thine oriflamme, Jeanne d'Arc !

## III.

Thou mother, rather, of heroes ! And no weak  
And pale consumptive gave to them their brawn ;  
But Health doth fruit her apples on thy cheek ;  
And with rebounding foot thou treadst the lawn,  
Like an unbroken heifer, or a fawn ! —  
Penthesilea ! For from morning meads,  
And touch of kine, and breath of flowers, was  
drawn  
The life, that consecrate to human needs,  
Thou hast made glorious with illustrious deeds.

## IV.

For thou dost grow more beautiful with age ;  
Or, rather, thou Minerva, I have grown  
To more discernment, and to a more sage  
And clearer insight than my youth had known :  
Nor is the clearer insight mine alone :  
Thy beauty e'en thine enemies confess  
They cease at length the conflict, and they own  
Themselves in error, and that thy success  
Is the deserved success of truth and righteousness.

## V.

That freedom is the birthright of a man :  
That manhood is his title-deed thereto :  
That slavery ever is crime, and that it can  
Never be legalized, no matter who  
May seek the deed of infamy to do :  
That law and church alike should have respect  
To no man's person, whatso'er his hue :  
That a good heart is more than intellect :  
That love is better and stronger than creeds and sect :

## VI.

That culture is compatible with toil :  
That learning need not be a dandy dight,  
Afraid the lilies of his hands to soil :  
That all that man may learn is woman's right,  
If her's the wish and her's the mental might :  
That usefulness is better than eclat :  
That guilt is measured not by deeds but light :  
That love is the fulfilling of the law,  
Mauger the gossamer lines that cloister spiders draw :

## VII.

These were thy maxims, and the tardy world  
Has come to do them honor ; after years  
Of pelting in the pillory, while they hurled  
A storm of filthy slanders at thine ears ;  
And thou, meek saint, regardless of their jeers,  
With folded hands, and eyes uplift to heaven,  
Pale in thy sorrow, and with loving tears,  
Sent up a prayer that they might be forgiven ;  
And still they gave thee cause, till seventy times seven.

## VIII.

Thou hast not changed — only as grapes that change  
In ripening, or trees that grow and bloom :  
The world hath come to thee, and what was strange,  
Disloyal, and heretical, to whom  
Thou wast opposed ; — all that they now assume  
By right præemptive as their own to claim ! —  
While thou, the changing planet to illume,  
Hast still stood shining with a patient flame,  
Sunlike and truthlike, always and for aye the same !

## IX.

Have we forgotten — we could not forget —  
The slaver's visits? — how his rattling wheels  
Would echo through the night; and when he set  
His foot upon thy soil, the devil's misdeals, —  
Like fawning spaniels or like squirming eels, —  
A pestilence of local vermin, thronged  
Begging to follow at his highness' heels! —  
Cadaverous imps, heartless and greasy tongued,  
That knew their grade, and knew full well where they  
belonged.

## X.

Have we forgotten how the brows of bronze  
Grew pale with terror, and how mothers swart  
Close to their bosoms pressed their little ones!  
How with great eyes grown white and lips apart  
They crouched dismayed, hopeless and sad of heart!  
How the poor men burned with a fierce desire  
To have revenge: and chattels from the mart  
Grew heroes, and the white heat of their ire  
Turned charcoal into diamonds, like earth's nether fire.

## XI.

And how God gave them victory, and never  
Could the slave-catchers from thy sheltering arms  
A single panting fugitive dis sever!  
And the poor blacks gathered to thee in swarms —  
An ebony ornament, that to thy charms  
Served as a foil, nor least when from thine eye  
Flashed indignation, as at fresh alarms  
Thy wards ran to thee with a sudden cry  
Seeking protection till the danger should pass by.

## XII.

'Twas like a glimpse of the Divine to see  
Thee periling thyself, to give to these  
Poor, helpless creatures, — that had run to thee  
Appealing to thy Christian sympathies,  
And clinging in their terror to thy knees, —  
Refuge and shelter ! So the law to us  
Who saw, came not by broad phylacteries  
And Sunday sermons, but we read it thus  
Wrought into deeds humane, heroic, glorious !

## XIII.

And thou didst honor earth-begrimèd Toil ! —  
And deem his life of Labor grander than  
A king's ; and crown him monarch of the soil ! —  
And wreath the visor of his golden tan  
With lily leaves of thought ! He, noble, man ;  
And thou, his teacher ! — Thou, endowed with charms  
Of health and thought — ripe, and American ! —  
Thou, scorning not to brown thy dimpled arms,  
Like ripening melons in the sunshine of thy farms !

## XIV.

By thine example fired with zeal intense,  
Thy sons went forth and sought out Ignorance,  
A nondescript, "horrend, informe, ingens,  
Cui lumen ademptum," and his brutish clans ;  
And charged upon them boldly, spear and lance :  
Nor without peril fought they ; for the foe  
Caused the young warriors many a mischance,  
And in the fray oft dealt them blow for blow :  
And some were slain, and in their graves lie cold and  
low.

## XV.

And some of them passed o'er the fatal stream  
Beyond whose waters strange magicians dwelt,  
That by forbidden enchantments made men seem  
To be transformed to beasts ; and in them dealt  
And traded as swine ; and to a devil knelt  
In worship ; and when bidden by his priests  
Sold their own children ; and small sorrow felt  
As they were driven away in gangs like beasts,  
Branded and bruised, and wearing manacles on their  
wrists.

## XVI.

To that land went thy heroes, and found maids  
Wailing in prison, and them did they set free ;  
And for the brutened hinds they drew their blades  
And bade them in God's name henceforth to be  
Freemen, and hie by the north star to thee !  
And many babes that in their cradle had  
Been branded "Thrall," by Slavery's fell decree,  
They gave unto their mothers, and them bade  
God speed, and left them safe, and wondering and glad.

## XVII.

And some were clerks, in sacred matters learned ;  
And these bare forth a casket, and therein  
A precious gem, wherein who looked discerned  
The Holy Graal — the treasure which had been  
Lost unto men so long — and their own sin ;  
And saw a BLEEDING ONE, with thorns encrowned ;  
And saw his sorrow, and his godlike mien  
And peerless, and a glory all around ;  
And some heard music of a most seraphic sound.



## XVIII.

And some are sleeping ! Over them the grass  
Lovingly waves, and Summer brings her flowers  
And strews them o'er their graves — unknown, alas !  
Often to human ken ; and the Night showers  
Her dewy incense o'er them, and embowers  
Them with her softest shadows ! Heroes, rest !  
Move your wings lightly o'er them, angel Hours !  
Fold them, O mother, gently to thy breast !  
Immortal ones ! In living and in dying blest !

## XIX.

Whose tombs were by the sandblast graven, when  
Treason's sirocco burst, and earth thereat  
Reeled, and the purple welkin shrieked with pain ;  
And winds breathed fearful prophecies, — whereat  
Old men grew tearful, and fell curses that  
With rheumy poison curdled all the air ! —  
And disappointed Greed made league with Hate ;  
And perjured lips with oaths unholy sware ;  
And Slavery, brought to bay, howled furious from his  
lair !

## XX.

And madness swept a flood ; — as to the gate  
Of the gulf, the swollen Mississippi sweeps,  
Over wrecked homes : then followed State on State  
Insane into the abyss, in ruinous heaps !  
As a landslip into the river leaps  
Laden with farms, and swirls the uprooted trees  
A plunging chaos, through the muddy deeps ; —  
So, with a crash, went down into the seas,  
Law, rights, and century-grey immunities.

## XXI.

Then over Sumter leaped demons of death,  
That in their fiery arms bore hissing shell,  
And hurled them on the unblenching brave beneath ;  
They climbed where on its standard rose and fell  
The starry flag, and with unearthly yell  
They rent its robe of glory, and its stars  
Eclipsed they with the sulphurous smoke of hell ;  
And the old fortress reeled, — a mighty Mars,  
Disabled, blackened and blind with blood, and grim  
with scars !

## XXII.

Then from the universal North uprose  
A cry of indignation ; — from the black  
Slopes of the Adirondacks, and the snows  
That slept on old Katahdin, rolling back  
Over the prairies, and to the bivouac  
Of Oregon hunters ; and impetuous sprang  
Men hungry for battle ; and the rifle's crack  
And clarion's call, and cannon's boom outrang  
Above the tramp of soldiers and the armorer's clang.

## XXIII.

Then sat grim Resolution on thy brow !  
Uprose thy younger sons ! Not, as of yore  
Thine errant knights, went they to battle now,  
Singly, but massed, as waves against the shore :  
Not with a maniac's rush impetuous, nor  
The unthinking fury of a maddened horde  
Of buffaloes, when the prairies 'neath them roar  
And thunder like Niagara ; but the sword  
Drew they like angels, thereto bidden by the Lord !

## XXIV.

Calmly and prayerfully, and with a sigh  
Of sorrow for the infatuated foe,  
They smote him! — and they smote him hip and thigh,  
Asking a blessing upon every blow!  
No blinded spaniel followers they! O, no! —  
But every man equipped in head and heart  
To be himself a leader, if it so  
Were needful; trained in manual drill, the art  
Of war, and ready even for a general's part.

## XXV.

The enemy's position, and the keys  
Thereto, — the point that he was aiming at, —  
Their own resources and necessities, —  
The comprehension of the question that  
The sword must solve — oftentimes a private's hat  
Contained the whole! And his a heart, beside,  
Not ready danger only to combat,  
But even fear itself to override!  
Hail, heroes all! — tried — in a thousand battles tried!

## XXVI.

Thy sons not only. O'er the fields there moved  
Angelic ones, and by the wounded bending,  
As tenderly as o'er their own beloved,  
Soothing the sufferers and their wants attending: —  
Their own beloved? God wot what thoughts were  
    rending  
Those angel ministers, as on the sod  
They kneeled in blood, to comfort the ascending  
Spirit, still fluttering in its clay abode,  
With whispered words — Jesus, mother, and home, and  
    God!

## XXVII.

Or in the hospital, with step as soft  
As pensive Evening's mid the flowers of fall,  
With smiles and tears — Love's sentinels, that oft  
Relieved each other — through the dreary hall  
They passed ; — bright dreams ! that, passing, left  
with all,  
A lighter heart. For, o'er them fancy's rays  
Gathered a glamor — an ethereal  
And misty splendor — like the 'minished blaze  
Of vestal stars, half cloud-enveiled from mortal gaze.

## XXVIII.

Thy daughters they — well mated with thy sons ; —  
Their equals in the ardor of pursuit  
Of knowledge. Not were they misguided nuns,  
Shunning a man as they would shun a brute ;  
But women true, with loves that like ripe fruit  
Challenged the gathering ; and with heads as clear  
As a June morning ; and prepared to moot  
Questions of logic or the solar sphere ;  
In everything but grossness man's acknowledged peer.

## XXIX.

Nor soldiers only blessed them, but the rude  
Plantation negroes, of their freedom proud,  
Whose puffy lips shouted their gratitude  
To their deliverers, jubilant and loud :  
About the soldiers like a dusky cloud  
They hung ; but to the teachers as if sent  
From heaven, and next to Christ, the negro bowed : —  
Or next to him — the martyr President —  
Lincoln, whose name with Christ's they innocently  
blent.

## XXX.

Thy missionary daughters, with their brows  
So wondrous white, to unaccustomed eyes  
Seemed all angelic, like the mystic spouse  
In the apocalypse ; and their soft speech  
Unfolding manifold holy mysteries,  
Subdued the demon of revenge, and gave  
The lie to those malicious prophecies  
About a war of races, and the wave  
Of blood that was to flow, with freedom to the slave.

## XXXI.

The master knew full well what ample cause  
The negroes had for vengeance ! — and they durst  
Never relax the rigor of their laws,  
Lest the chained tiger might his shackles burst,  
And in his keeper's blood allay his thirst —  
The fiery thirst within him, and the rage  
Which in his impotence he still had nursed :  
They knew what heirloom, and what heritage  
Of curse accumulated, age passed down to age !

## XXXII.

But they did not know, for they could not know  
The power — the omnipotence — of love.  
That swayed the negro's heart, and stayed the flow  
Of blood ; as if the spirit from above  
Descended on the slave, and like a dove  
Dwelt in his soul ! And so the curse was stayed,  
And they who sinned, reaped not the fruit thereof.  
O Christ ! how is thy blessed gospel made  
Stronger than chains, or linkèd law, or warrior's blade !

## XXXIII.

Hail to thee, Oberlin ! that honored art  
In thy success, and honored in thy sons  
And in thy daughters ! Through the people's heart  
For thee a stream of warm affection runs !  
And hail ! all hail ! unto thy greater ones !—  
The towers of thy bulwarks — of a mien  
Manlike and godlike ! — thy chief corner stones —  
Polished, that with the splendor of their sheen  
Gladdened all eyes that caught the radiance serene.

## XXXIV.

Thy prophets they : to whom 'twas given to pass  
Into sublimest spheres, and converse hold  
With Reason, and to see her face to face  
Unveiled ; as Moses once beheld of old  
The unveiled Jehovah, when in floods of gold  
The glory brake from the blue floor of heaven ;  
As once Isaiah saw the gates unfold,  
And lo ! the altar like the sun at even,  
And a live coal therefrom unto his lips was given.

## XXXV.

As once the favored three on Tabor saw  
The Christ transfigured, when his visage shone  
Sunlike, and did thereafter closer draw  
In sympathy to the Belovèd One ; —  
Hadst thou not thy Peter, James and John,  
Upon whose brows supernal glory fell ? —  
Whose words of love came through the ether door,  
Star luminous ? — whose lives like ashphodel  
Bloomed evermore, with loveliness ineffable ?



## XXXVI.

Ah, they were strong ! — mental athletes, who dared  
Grapple with mightiest problems, and were not  
Vanquished ! One, tall and silver-haired,  
With brow enseamed, as if the chisel of Thought  
The Victory of victory had wrought  
Thereon ; and still above the noble man  
Rose his fore-finger, spirelike, as he taught !  
Not faultless found ; but few are better than  
Our loved and honored, good old President Mahan !

## XXXVII.

Another was there, with a brow that seemed  
A dome of noonday, and his thought as clear ;  
And from the sea depths of whose blue eyes beamed  
Lovelight reflected from the upper sphere ;  
Or else fierce lightning, like an angel's spear.  
Hurled from the battlements of law or sin,  
While the poor sinner crouched beneath in fear  
Of the impending stroke, that through his thin  
Defences crashing, clove down to the life within !

## XXXVIII.

The mighty masses that about his feet  
Gathered to hear, would sit with bated breath  
Till they could hear e'en their own pulses beat !  
A solemn stillness like the hush of death  
Would reign ; or like that when beneath  
The ragged cloud the trembling surges keep  
Silence, while the dark storm gathereth  
His forces, and the chainèd lightnings sleep  
And thunder bristleth his black wing above the deep !

## XXXIX.

Then from the awful horrors of the pit  
Would he the veil uplift, till one could see  
The gulf of flame, and hear the infinite  
Unutterable wail of agony  
Reverberating through eternity!  
“Hark! Heard ye not a sound above the yell  
Of demons, and the wailing of the sea?  
It was the tolling of the dismal bell  
That after countless æons has struck one in hell!”

## XL.

Or, standing upon tiptoe, with his hand  
Above his eyebrows, he would look afar  
To see the prodigal from the foreign land  
Returning home, and then — “O sinners, are  
The gates of mercy waiting to unbar,  
And will ye not return? Come home! Come home!  
Eternal life, a crown, the morning star,  
HIMSELF He offers you! O, come! O, come!  
They come! They come! Give place! Room for the  
sinners! Room!”

## XLI.

Then, like the fluttering of falling leaves,  
Or like the sighing of the autumn wind,  
Or rush of birds, or dashing of the waves,  
Came sobs, and sighs, and rustle of robes, combined  
With sounding footsteps, as if with one mind  
Each wave of the vast sea had been imbued,  
And each were fearing to be left behind.  
And still the prophet's invitations would  
Sound like a rhythmic surge above the multitude!

## XLII.

Or chance the sons of Asaph with a psalm  
Subdued and sweet, would soothe the spirit's strife ;  
And then a hush would come, as if a calm  
Had fallen on the troubled sea of life ;  
And then a prayer. Then was, O bride and wife  
Of the Redeemer, thine espousals, and  
Fled all the fears with which thy heart was rife :  
A golden circlet glowed upon thy hand,  
The sign of thy rich dower in the goodly land.

## XLIII.

O power of eloquence ! When the speaker's breast  
Heaved with volcanic fires, and from his eye  
Streamed lightnings — such as round a mountain's crest  
Forebode eruption — then he stood on high,  
As Moses stood on Sinai, and drew nigh  
The open gate of heaven ! — and then came  
The law — “ The soul that sinneth it shall die : ”  
Came with the sanction of the awful name,  
Burning and leaping from his lips like flame !

## XLIV.

O prophet, preacher, and philosopher !  
The puny arms that warred with thine — where now  
Are they ? Gone, gone ! Thou like a glacier  
Enthroned on granite, with thy placid brow  
Above the lightnings, while the blossoms grow  
Lovingly near thy feet ! Thus heavenward  
Rose thou, most purely and sublimely ! Thou  
The peer of Augustine, Anselm, Abelard  
And Edwards ! Heaven doth give thee thy reward !

## XLV.

The tongue of slander sleeps. The boulders that  
Opposed thy course are thrown in vast moraines  
Low at thy feet, for men to marvel at! —  
Or, ground to pomace in the mountain's veins,  
Struggle obscurely to the nether plains!  
But the clear day is thine, and in the pure  
Translucence, where eternal silence reigns  
And godlike calmness, is thy home secure,  
And shall, long as the firm Sierras stand, endure.

## XLVI.

And one, thy fellow, modest as a girl,  
Melancthon to thy Luther, or Saint John  
Unto thy Peter — a most precious pearl  
That hid within its shell, and all unknown  
For love of light itself would still have shone!  
Scholar of the New Testament! My light  
And my heart's friend! that led me on  
Along the luminous pathway, and the height  
Where through his Christ beamed forth the Father  
Infinite!

## XLVII.

To us who knew him, needs he to be named?  
The seer and sage, the reverend and revered!  
"Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob!" — thus exclaimed  
An eastern scholar at my master's beard,  
That venerable was; and he appeared  
Indeed like an old patriarch, in his long  
Apparel; there was even something weird  
In his appearance; as Elijah 'mong  
The youthful prophets, he: of him I sing this song:

## DER HIMMLISCHEN MORGEN.

(THE HEAVENLY MORNING.)

In the summer of the Northland  
Day is never lost in night,  
But the evening, rich and golden,  
Melts into the morning light.

Such a day the good man's lifetime;  
Night comes not upon its even;  
But irradiant with goodness,  
Blends it with the dawn of heaven.

And the glory of that dawning  
Plays about his brow serene;  
And his locks all white and bleached  
Glisten in its sheeted sheen.

Glow's his eye, but not with passion;  
In his soul no lust consumes:  
Soul, and eye, and cheek, all ashen,  
The descending day illumines.

In this life though still engagèd,  
He the better has begun:  
Such an one was Paul, the aged;  
Such the loved and loving John.

Doubt it not, O unbeliever!  
Such an one there sometimes is:  
Here and there is held in reverence  
Some angelic man like this.

Happy they who share his presence  
Until Death, the Angel, calls;  
Happy he whom God thinks worthy  
Of his mantle, when it falls.

## XLVIII.

Quintilianides ! Thou who didst teach,  
Having John's patience and the zeal of Paul,  
To prune the errors of our rambling speech,  
By precept much and by example all :—  
Mellifluous, and more than musical,  
Sweet as the song that brings the Switzer home —  
The Ranz des vaches—sweet as the nightbird's call—  
Or the unwonted strains in dreams that come —  
Thy speech was golden ! Let us hail the Chrysostom !

## XLIX.

Not eloquent, if eloquence is that  
Glib utterance which ripples from the tongue  
Smooth as a brook o'er cress and grassy plat,  
Running to cadence meaningless and long,  
With no more burden than a linnet's song ;  
For I have seen thee pause, and weigh thy word,  
Boggle and stammer, blushing at the wrong,  
Like an untrained, awkward boy : but then — who heard  
The classic and nervous phrase, to his soul's depth was  
stirred.

## L.

Friend of the slave ! who with his earliest stood !  
Son of the South ! — that did thy hands withdraw  
Washed of the shame, and stainless of the blood !  
“ Learning and Labor ” — “ Liberty and Law ” —  
Such were thy themes, and we who heard thee saw  
Learning, fair maid, laying her lily-white  
And delicate hand in Labor's rugged paw ;  
We listened, and lost ourselves in hushed delight :  
'Twas as some angel, now thy fellow, had bid thee  
“ Write ! ”



## LI.

Another rests with thee. In dead men's tongues  
Absorbed and conversant, he could not forget  
That to the living the live man belongs,  
And paid the claim or e'er it grew to debt !  
His will, as iron to the moulding set :  
Ne from the right, nor from his view of right,  
Could he be moved by argument or threat :  
Taking the Bible for theodolite,  
Ne from his purpose would he swerve or step or sight.

## LII.

Yet no more genial, loving, kindly man  
Than he hath sat in the professor's chair :  
A dignified and scholarly Puritan  
After such type as Vane and Milton were :  
Polished, urbane ; devoting all his rare  
Attainments to his work ; mistake or slip  
Not suffering in himself, he could not bear  
Laxness of life or leasing of the lip  
In such as sought to share his sage companionship.

## LIII.

In modo suaviter, fortiter in re ;  
Roundhead in principle, but a chevalier  
In all refinement and in courtesy,  
A true knight was he — of the knightliest peer :  
Ready for strife of sword or clash of spear  
For the defenceless, with the deed for meed :  
As free from taint as he was free from fear :  
A Christian gentleman of the noblest breed,  
Sans peur et sans reproche — a very Bayard indeed !

## LIV.

One, gruff of voice, but of most kindly heart,  
An alchemist was, who forced the lips of dumb  
Matter its inner mystery to impart :  
With crucible and alembic, forcing from  
Strange flame reluctant specters, who did come  
To do his hest. Nay, our Prometheus he  
Who used his fire, heaven filched, to waken some  
Insensate souls therewith, and set them free  
Wingèd, and longing after immortality !

## LV.

O with what patient and assiduous toil  
And much manipulation, he prepared  
Tube and retort, galvanic bath and coil,  
Wherewith the volitant sprites he deftly snared !  
How reticent was he of the risk he dared  
Adventurous, as he the genie woke,  
Explosive or combustibile, that scared  
The neophytes, when prisoned afrites broke  
The casket's seal, and rose, frightful, in sulphurous  
smoke !

## LVI.

Woe worth the wight, that heard but did not heed  
The wizard's incantation. He, next day,  
Culprit would sit, and tremble at the rede,  
As molten metal shrinking from the assay :  
But O ! the gentleness that would allay  
The terrors of the timorous, with mild  
Suggestion, falling like a luminous ray  
From his own countenance beaming, as he smiled  
Like a benignant father on a loving child !

## LVII.

Content to labor in a life obscure,  
He, like his fellows, labored on ; content  
The hardship and the penury to endure,  
With obloquy that followeth dissent ;  
Careless of wealth, his little he bespent  
Like sunshine in the zeal for doing good ;  
And smothered his ambition in a pent  
Hamlet, concealed amid morass and wood :  
Theirs was the self-denial : be ours the gratitude !

## LVIII.

One led the choir, and wakened melodies  
Of psalm, with flute accord and violin ;  
Or with lithe fingers o'er the organ keys  
Strewed liquid opals, — loosed bright birds whose kin  
Imprisoned the resounding wires within —  
Did struggle their captive mates to disenthral,  
And beat with fluttering wings against the thin  
Reverberant buttress of their prison wall !  
And yet no bird — 'twas more — manlike — majestic !

## LIX.

Nervous — as all must be to Music dear —  
Sweet, sensitive soul ! — that shudered at the pain  
Of criticism, as his delicate ear  
Shuddered at discord in his favorite strain,  
And shrank from both with manifested pain.  
An alder he, such as upon the brink  
Of cataracts grow, and tremble in the rain  
Of spray, and from the incessant clamor shrink,  
Yet linger, of the brooklet's melodies to drink and  
drink.

## LX.

So bore he, for the sake of holy song,  
The voice and touch of novices untrained;  
So labored for them, lovingly and long;  
But then he triumphed, when his purpose gained,  
He led them to the height himself attained  
By inspiration. Then the measures rose  
Wingèd, as cherubim — with sweetness chained  
And interlinked — in such a stream as glows  
Hard by the throne, and pulsing harmony ever flows!

## LXI.

Such the composer's power! — to summon forth,  
With ear attuned and sympathetic touch,  
Sweet Music's ministers, that fluttering north  
Or south, such rapturous symphonies breathe, and  
such  
Divine aspirings, after, that 'tis much  
As if Creation came again, and Morning Stars  
Shouted for joy! And Sorrow drops his crutch,  
And Pain exultant treads responsive bars  
With the entranced Aldebaran, Sirius and Mars!

## LXII.

Another and younger was — whose eloquence  
Did hold delighted multitudes attent,  
With tones melodious struck from sterling sense,  
And logic that convinced or forced assent,  
While opulence of illustration lent  
Vivacity, and forced the mind to hold  
The triple-linkèd chain of argument,  
And held the memory of zeal grown cold  
To slaves enmanacled, and to duties manifold.

## LXIII.

His country claimed him ; in a foreign court  
And in the halls of Congress he hath served  
Long her behest, and served in noble sort,  
Ne from his duty hath he ever swerved,  
But well hath won the name his deeds deserved.  
The youngest of the corps in that far time  
Whereof I write, when men were men and nerved  
And armed by Duty for the hits with Crime —  
And manfuller grew thereby — heroic and sublime.

## LXIV.

One man I much remember — stately, tall,  
Reverend, saintly, with a mild blue eye ;  
Professor — but a scholar typical —  
He left the chair ; and the world by and by  
Was gainer from the studious industry,  
Which, a recluse, he wrought within his crypt,  
That shone with light from ancient prophecy,  
And rendered luminous the manuscript,  
Whereon the ink from patient fingers dripped and  
dripped.

## LXV.

How as the sieve of Time hath shaken, each  
Hath gravitated to his several sphere :  
This was ordained a student — that to teach.  
Ah, happy scholar ! when the end is near  
And the far shores of the dark stream appear  
Thou hast, to render at the court above  
With honest hands and with a conscience clear,  
The talents and the usury thereof,  
Wherewith thou wast entrusted by Almighty Love !

## LXVI.

And still another : of the ardent souls  
That scorned political tricksters, and the wont  
Of priests — their fellows — ventured at the polls  
To lift his voice for Freedom and Fremont ;  
And spake as if new baptism at the font  
Of Liberty had inspired him ; and won  
Public applause, that forced him to the front  
And to a foreign mission ! He hath run  
His race, and a far voice saith from the clouds, “ Well  
done ! ”

## LXVII.

Mine eyes would blind with tears, if I would let  
The memories of sweet amenities  
Which oft were mine from him — I must forget,  
Or intermingling themselves with these  
Memorabilia, which are meant to please  
Not myself only — My friend ! my friend !  
I watched thee, with soul eyes, beyond the seas !  
I traced thy history lovingly to its end ;  
And when the end came, saw thee to the heights ascend !

## LXVIII.

One more, of the old time, — with brow of thought  
And speech of wisdom, with magnetic eyes  
And Atlantean shoulders — long had sought  
With busy hand and heart to organize  
The fitful and spasmodic charities  
Of sympathy, for the oppressed and driven  
Herds of the South. Gone — in the grave he lies,  
With many more on Freedom's altars given  
A whole burnt sacrifice, and were caught up to Heaven !



## LXIX.

Let others tell — as others best can tell —  
“Who came before the king” — the pioneers,  
That smote the forest in his citadel —  
Broad-browed, and fit for statesmen or for seers ;  
Would I could boast me of those years : —  
“All which I saw, and part of which I was !” —  
And speak of men that were Lycurgus’ peers ! —  
Men that weighed justly popular huzzas  
And glory — illegible tablets, and a broken vase !

## LXX.

Let others sing the elm tree, where at first  
The emigrant slumbered, couched on fallen leaves ;  
Or how the fathers of the colony erst  
Furrowed the field, or gathered in the sheaves ;  
Or in the gloaming sat beneath the eaves,  
Quoting Isaiah or the Pentateuch ;  
Or sang a hymn to lingering semibreves ;  
Or mingled prudent counsel and rebuke : —  
Men apostolic ! — their Acts would call for a new  
St. Luke !

## LXXI.

The colony ! — whose bone and sinews were  
Wrought into wholesome roads and pleasant homes ;  
Wrought into wains ; spent in the millstone’s whirr ;  
Lost in the swirl of bristling carding combs ;  
Wrought into maize, or lost amid the foams  
Of great wheat seas. Ah, happy people ! rich  
In more than delvers in forgotten tomes ! —  
Rich in the press ! Happy the people which  
Won for its press the energy of James M. Fitch.

## LXXII.

He, —when the flame that swept athwart the night —  
The winter night — hovered with blazing wing,  
Like an infernal demon from the pit,  
And left home, office, records — everything  
A hideous wreck ! — he, in the morn could fling  
Off his despondency, and at once begin,  
While the foundations still were smouldering,  
To rear anew his work ; and soon the din  
Of the artisan's hammer rang — “ He'll win ! he'll  
win ! ”

## LXXIII.

Let others tell, that fitlier can tell,  
What man did what — whose sons they were who passed  
Up the steep stair to dome and pinnacle —  
Painful at first — delightful at the last ; —  
Who in the struggle discouraged, fallen, cast  
By luckier mates, persistent, still would strive,  
And persevere, and to the end hold fast ; —  
Who, meager of frame — with only will alive —  
Tested endurance — busiest of the busy hive.

## LXXIV.

Let others sing, — that can more fitly sing,  
Their worth — the noble women at the head, —  
Matron or maid — concordant in one thing —  
They served as models to the maids they led,  
Nor let the life belie what the lips said.  
Dignified, thoughtful, prudent were they all ;  
Acquaint with books ; in human nature read ;  
And, Oberlin ! thine were a speedy fall,  
Were there no wise administration at “ The Hall.”

## LXXV.

Dii minorum gentium ! Bear with me.  
Ye fill your stations worthily no doubt,  
But, looking through your faces, I can see  
Only the mighty shadows that about  
On all sides rise above ye — looming out  
As the fair cliffs that o'er the desert rise !  
Our puny voices are too faint to shout  
Pæans to them ! great, manful, noble, wise, —  
From the eterne they greet us with benignant eyes !

## LXXVI.

It is a tame and stupid age, that treads  
Measured, conventional music, bar by bar :  
Ye, if ye climb where light diviner leads,  
Ye have but hitched your wagon to a star ! —  
And follow in their footsteps from afar,  
And follow only, and feebly, as ye can !  
They lead the spheral chorus, and we are  
But the successors to a mighty plan,  
Zodiacal, creative, — for the good of man !

## LXXVII.

Themes be that should give utterance to the dumb —  
Dole for the dead, and for the living laud, —  
The requiem and the eulogium : —  
Would that my stanza fitly could applaud  
One who has lived to execute the broad  
And comprehensive projects which he framed  
From a soul lucid as a gem unflawed, —  
From a heart, loving, blameless and unblamed, —  
And only took the honor when it came unclaimed.

## LXXVIII.

If he were left unnamed my song would be  
A royal palace with an unbuilt wall ;—  
A colonnade without its noblest tree ;  
An empty niche would be within my hall  
Of statues, and an unused pedestal !  
O for the chisel of Praxiteles !  
Then might I carve one excellent in all  
That or in man or books or nature is  
Good and ennobling ! He has made them all—all  
his.

## LXXIX.

He took "all knowledge for his sphere," as said  
Once of himself another of the great :  
Sensible, modest, blushing like a maid ;  
Genial and sunny, chaste and temperate ;  
Balanced, symmetric, dignified, sedate ;  
In language as in life a model — one  
Whom it were safe for all to imitate !  
Chief by acclaim ! He stands before the sun  
The stateliest column and fairest in the Parthenon !

## LXXX.

There riseth in the city of Cologne  
A vast cathedral, — like a cataract fraught  
With sunbeams, falling from the eternal throne,  
And breaking over invisible cliffs, and caught  
In tremulous spray of crystal rods, and wrought  
As frosty fretwork into spikes and spires,  
That bicker in the blue, and daze the thought :—  
As vibrant shuttles of celestial lyres  
Wove webs of visible music, like the auroral fires !

## LXXXI.

That shall be finished. Thou, — like earth, and time,  
And the high spheres, and the whole race of man, —  
Evolving, mayst into the ether climb  
Cathedral like, but, in the mighty plan  
Of the Great Architect — as never can  
The Immortal be complete — still to assume  
New grace from chisel of time and artisan! —  
Still with fresh fretwork, wrought of wreath and  
bloom,  
To crown thy crest, whose glow the dark earth shall  
illumine.

## LXXXII.

Hail to thee, Oberlin! Thus shoot alway  
Thy spires to the heavens, and crown thy dome  
With saintly images, for aye and aye!  
Make it most like the spirits' only home,  
The bosom of the Infinite To-Come!  
For thou dost build a dome more grand and vast  
Than mightiest ministers of Cologne or Rome! —  
That in the future shall, as in the past  
Strike heavenward, and shall the pyramids outlast!

## RIPPLE MARKS.

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THE ripples of the sea record in sand  
Their laughter and their sobs ; and all may read :  
Mayhap the first mad wave blots out the screed  
In wantonness, with inconsiderate hand :  
Mayhap, for weakest things do oft withstand  
The onset of the mightiest, the soft silt  
May set as fresco, and it may be built  
Into the solid buttress of the land ;—  
Enduring with the track of mastodon  
Or pterodactyl ;— granulate and knit  
As warrior's scars ;— or rather as tables of stone,  
Unchangeable, by the Almighty's finger writ !  
Ah ! my life's ripple marks !— what seer can tell ?—  
The next wave's prey, perchance !— perchance imperishable !

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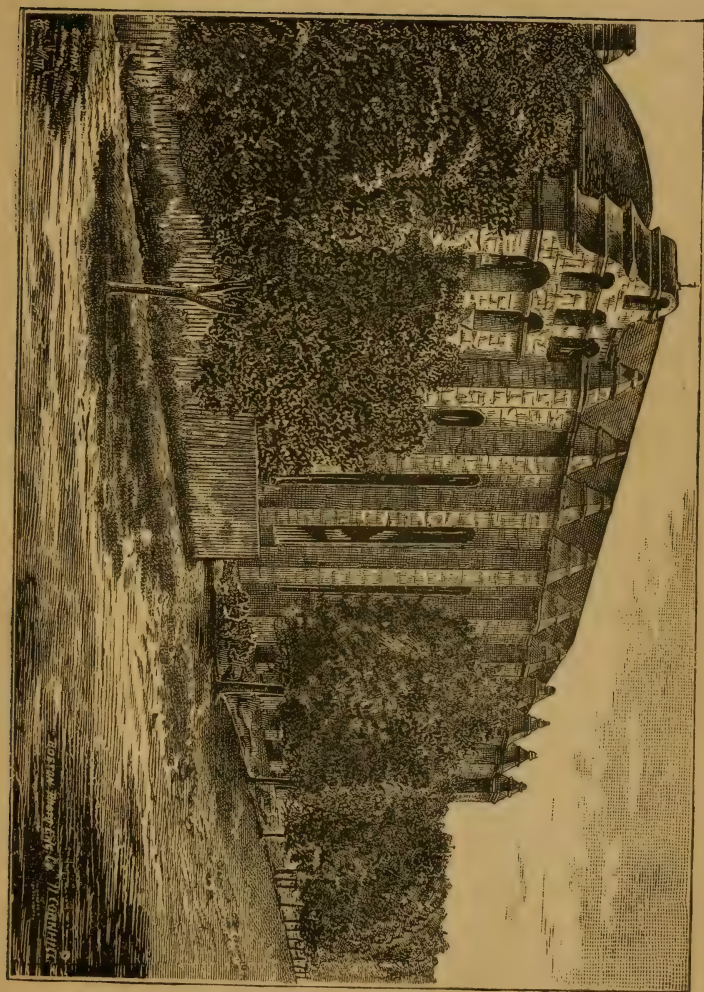
LOS ANGELES.\*

THE holy touch of twilight fell  
Upon thy brow, San Gabriel ;  
From thy retreats reluctant Day  
Turned softly to the west away,

\* The Angels. .



"LOS ANGELOS,"





When the Cathedral, quaint and old,  
Rang forth its bells ; and as they tolled  
Their vesper hymn, they seemed to say,  
In ecstasy of blessedness,

“ Los Angeles ! Los Angeles ! ”

The Duarté past, a wingèd train  
Of vapors floateth to the plain.  
They veil the wrinkled spurs and grey,  
Above whose crags the eagles play ;  
They veil the sycamores, hoar and old,  
In saintly drapery, fold on fold.  
Still toll the bells, and seem to say,  
In ecstasy of blessedness,

“ Los Angeles ! Los Angeles ! ”

O who be these, that at the gate  
Of the Cathedral stand and wait ?  
The worshippers have gone away ;  
It is the Bishop's wont to stay.  
The Bishop he is quaint and old,  
And lingereth till his prayers be told ;  
The answering music seems to say,  
In ecstasy of blessedness,

“ Los Angeles ! Los Angeles ! ”

The forms are from the gateway gone,  
But in their arms another one  
That came not with them, through the grey  
Hosts of the mist, they bear away.  
And 'neath the altar, quaint and old,  
The Bishop lieth pale and cold ;

And still strange music seems to say,  
In ecstasy of blessedness,  
“Los Angeles! Los Angeles!”

A meteor from heaven upon  
The heights of the Sierra shone,  
As if it were a beam astray,  
Shot forth from the eternal day!  
And on the mountains, weird and old,  
Night, awed, her starry rosary told,  
And swelled a song that seemed to say,  
In ecstasy of blessedness,  
“Los Angeles! Los Angeles!”

A voice of benediction fell  
As from thy crest, San Gabriel:  
“I pass, my children, to the day;  
My benison I leave away.  
Thou, dear Cathedral, quaint and old,  
Still to thy breast my lambs enfold!”  
Still rose the voice, and seemed to say,  
In ecstasy of blessedness,  
“Los Angeles! Los Angeles!”



PIERRE.

“THE darling one!” — pleaded Pierre:  
“My Rosalie — light of my life!  
I ask for your daughter, *mon pere*,  
Your beautiful daughter to wife.”

“ You ask for my daughter, Pierre :  
The child of a painter you ask  
A painter yourself, it is fair  
That our art shall ordain you a task.

“ Go, paint me a picture, Pierre,  
Of the roses I hold in my hand,  
Whose beauty can only compare  
With the beauty of hers you demand.

“ Paint truthful to nature, Pierre,  
This whiteness where purity glints :  
Your picture of roses shall bear  
No blemish of beauty or tints.

“ But white in its fairness, Pierre,  
As fair as the lilies of light  
In the opaline lakes of the air  
Pure whiteness and nothing but white.

“ And yet, though their color, Pierre,  
Shall evident be to the sight,  
And every beholder aware  
That all of the roses are white.

“ A part of them purple, Pierre,  
A part of them purple must be.  
When you such a painting prepare,  
Come, claiming my daughter of me.”

Ah ! hard was the the problem, Pierre ! —  
Mechanical cunning above.  
But what is the service or where  
That passes the power of love ?

Love's roses shall teach you, Pierre !  
Of love when you venture to speak,  
She blushes to think that you dare  
Till purple suffuses her cheek.

Thy love has enriched her, Pierre !  
She is draped in the splendor thereof !  
Love's colors ! Ah ! what shall compare  
With the colors that filter from love ?

Who gives the suggestion, Pierre ?  
"Behold the Bohemian vase ! —  
It purples and softens the glare  
Of the sunlight that falls on the glass !"

Who gives the suggestion, Pierre ?  
"It colors the hangings — the walls !  
The roses ! the roses ! They share  
And blush in the glow as it falls !"

Thou hast painted the picture, Pierre,  
An elaborate jewel of art,  
With the tints of the delicate ware,  
Suffusing the leaves of a part.

She is thine ! Thou hast won her, Pierre !  
Love, love ! 'Tis a triumph divine !  
The rose — the irradiant, rare —  
The maiden thou lovest is thine.

And thy life shall be richer, Pierre,  
For the light of thy Spirit's Desire,  
With splendors that drive to despair  
The imperial purple of Tyre !



## THE CROSS IN THE BREAKERS.

WHERE a Spanish merchantman,  
Landward chased by the terrific  
Hurricane of the Pacific,  
On the ragged spikes and bosses,  
O'er the battlements and fosses  
Of the pitiless breakers ran ;—  
Where a shattered wreck she lay,  
In the swash of sand and spray,  
There, 'mid rocks o'ergrown with moss,  
Pious hands upreared a cross.

For, the seamen had held hard,  
When the galleon burst asunder,  
And her hull went lurching under !  
Clung, — despairing, blind and battered, —  
To a fragment of the shattered  
Mizzenmast and mizzenyard !  
With the gripe of death they clung,  
To the cross that swayed and swung,  
Grinding granite spike and boss, —  
Clung, despairing, to the cross !—

Till the storm was overpast,  
And the tempest ceased to clamor,  
And the splintered spar to hammer ;  
Still the seamen, bruised and mangled  
On the rocks, in kelp betangled,  
Held till succor came at last !  
Some bedazed, and chilled and dumb ;  
Pale, ice-cold, and rigid some !—

In the breakers' lash and toss,  
Clung the seamen to the cross.

So the seaweed clingeth there,  
As if trembling at the shadow  
And the shriek of the tornado!—  
Like the shivering ghosts of seamen  
Seeking refuge from the demon  
That commixes earth and air!  
Round the cross its weakness winds,  
And the storm but closer binds!  
Weaveth stem, and film, and floss!  
Clings the seaweed to the cross!

Holy symbol of the Lord!  
When thy billows have gone o'er me,  
Me—a wreck in surges stormy, —  
And the voice of my outcrying  
In the agony of dying,  
Hopeless, rises heavenward, —  
Round it let my weakness clasp,  
Though I stiffen in the grasp!  
Closer still, in wreck and loss,  
Like the seaweed, to the cross!



#### SONG OF THE WORKINGMEN.

WE be workingmen, we!  
Ours be shoulders labor-worn,  
Arms of brawn and hands of horn:  
Still, though sometimes overborne, —  
Still, though toil be paid with scorn, —  
Independent we!

Not of the commune, we !  
Corn should grow for him who delves :  
Heaven helps them that help themselves :  
But the secret tens and twelves  
Nurse a host of sponging elves !

Not of the Jacobins, we !

Not of the anarchists, we !  
In the country of the free,  
All is hope for you and me :  
If there something higher be,  
Who shall have it, if not we ?

Not of the levelers, we !

Not of agrarians, we !  
Labor is not all a curse !  
Toil is hard, but crime is worse !  
Have we but an empty purse,  
That the morrow may reverse !

Not of the sand-lot, we !

Not of infidels, we !  
Nay, and even if we were,  
Could a fellow-laborer  
To such Leader dare demur,  
As the Christ — the Carpenter ?

Nay, no infidels, we !

We are workingmen, we !  
Christ his followers thus addressed :  
Whoso asks to be confessed  
Chief of all and lordliest,  
Should be servant to the rest !

We are servants, we !

Though we journeymen be,  
Sometimes tramps, unhoused, unfed,  
Wanderers disinherited !  
Still, of Some One was it said :  
“ Not a where to lay his head ! ”  
“ Tramps ? ” — And what was He ?

We be laborers, we !  
We behold benignant eyes,  
Bending on us from the skies,  
Telling us that we can rise,  
Only through self-sacrifice !  
We be workingmen, we !



#### THE EXODUS.

OUT of the south,  
Out of the lion's mouth,  
From the oppressor's rod,  
And from his bloody hand,  
Out of the bloody land,  
Lead us, O God !

Into the North,  
Wander we sadly forth,  
Facing the blinding snow  
Facing the blast whose breath  
Is the decree of death,  
Sadly we go.

Terror behind  
Chases us, as the wind  
Chases the fleeing surge !

Pity our woe and bale!  
Pity our prayer and wail,  
Sobbing and dirge.

Hopefully long  
Have we endured the wrong!  
Christ! if we once were slaves,  
Still must we be abased  
Still by the curse be chased  
Into our graves?

Scoffing and scorn  
Have we in silence borne,  
Watching the coming day,  
Willing to watch and wait,  
Hoping, till Night and Hate  
Vanish away.

Law is defied;  
Equity thrust aside,  
Bruised in the fray and scarred!  
Justice is put to flight;  
And of our sacred right  
Are we debarred.

Precepts divine  
Are as but pearls to swine,  
Even the church within  
Have we been thrust from Heaven,  
And by the clergy even  
Ostracised been!

Nought have we done  
Which should their hate have won.  
Yet as from Tophet came

Bacchanals, Kukluks, ghouls, —  
Churches and homes and schools,  
Shrouding in flames !

Locusts that swarm  
Baleful in clouds, and storm,  
Caterpillar and larve  
More in our need had left :  
Victims of fraud and theft,  
Here must we starve !

We have been whipped —  
Whipped till the blood has dripped,  
When to our foes accursed  
We have the vote refused,  
Neither could be seduced,  
Neither coerced !

Cruelly oft  
Have they our shrieking scoffed,  
Calling it with a jeer  
“Waving the bloody shirt ;”  
Thus to our rankling hurt  
Adding a sneer.

Hypocrites ! — thus  
Driving all aid from us  
While they are armed and strong,  
Marshalled by Greed and Hate —  
Band to perpetuate  
Murderous wrong !

We have beheld  
Leaders and chiefs expelled  
Home and their kindred from !



Goodness could not prevent  
Obloquy, banishment,  
Or martyrdom!

Yea! and they dare  
Murder the good John Gair!—  
Him and a dozen more!—  
Yea! and a multitude  
Who by the Union stood  
During the war!

Such have been slain!  
And when the sons of Cain  
Mobbed them with wild huzzas,  
Murder was sanctioned—yes,  
Sanctioned by priest and press—  
And with applause!

Is it of Fate  
We are illiterate?  
Their's is the blame, because  
Teaching the slave to read,  
Was,—were it book or screed—  
Crime by their laws!

If we be poor,  
At the oppressor's door  
Not at his victim's, sin  
Lieth! our toilsome gain  
Adds to his wealth: our grain  
Filleth his bin!

All of our past  
Darkness hath overcast!—  
Sorrow and blood and tears!

Still doth the darkness lower;  
Rayless and hopeless our  
Future appears!

Evils like these;—  
Cumulate wrongs—disease  
Filling the poisoned air—  
Massacre:—like a hive  
Broken from hell, all drive  
Us to despair!

Leave we our own  
Land, for a land unknown,  
Not from the olive's scent,  
Not from banana plumes,  
Not from magnolia's blooms  
Cometh content!

Sunshine and bloom  
Can not relieve the gloom,  
Dismal and dense as hell's—  
Can not expel despair  
Out of the soul—where'er  
Slavery dwells!

Fair is the wreath!—  
Be it but gorse—wherewith  
Freedom her brow enwreathes!  
Balmy and soft the air—  
Though from the arctic—where  
Liberty breathes!

Guide us, O God!  
From the oppressor's rod,  
Out of our sorrow forth,

Out of the lion's mouth,  
Out of the cruel South,  
Into the North!

Teach us our way,  
Pillar of cloud by day,  
Pillar of fire by night!  
Into the goodly land,  
With an almighty hand,  
Guide us aright!



## STARVING.

WHAT is this so clammy and cold  
Here at my side! Pale — waxen and pale, —  
My baby — my baby! Its pitiful wail  
I remember now! To my shriveled breast  
How it famishing turned! Poor bud, in its nest  
Dead — dead! and but three days old!

Little heart, that no more shall beat!  
Little blue lips and half shut eyes!  
Little pale hands, that are petal-wise  
Folded together — and nails like wild,  
Frost-bitten blue bells! O my child! —  
My baby blossom, that oped so sweet!

Opened as sweet as the blossoms of June!  
Perished as quick as the blossoms of March  
Under the drip of the sleeted larch!  
Cold! — O cold as the seaweed is  
Swashed in the grey rocks' crevices!  
Opened so sweet, to be closed so soon!

Opened so sweet, to be closed too soon!  
Is it too soon? Oh! better be dead  
Than live to be with a drunkard wed!  
Better be dead, than live to curse  
Him whose child at your paps you nurse,  
By earth and stars and sun and moon!

Dead, my baby!—dead! It is well  
That they culled so quick my baby bud:  
Else were my hands besmeared with blood;  
And my baby's heaven forevermore  
To my guilty spirit had shut the door—  
Baby, from thee!—from thee—to hell!

Death! I could kiss the skeleton lips  
Could press to his naked ribs my own,  
Skinny bone to the naked bone!—  
Devils! I'd kiss your lips of flame,  
And drink your breath as it sulphurous came,  
Could memory die with my soul's eclipse!

Starved, my baby! The want that sapped  
All the milk from my withered breasts  
Emptied my veins; and a fire infests  
Brain and blood, and clamors to feast  
On my frightened heart, like an unclean beast;  
And my tears hath the tongue of the fever lapped!

Hark, to the tread! I know it well:  
Thy father's, my baby! Ah, what surprise  
Will appear in his bleared and drunken eyes  
As he looks on thee! But he shall not shirk,

He shall take the reward of his devil's work —  
Come in, my dear, I have news to tell !

Not that I starve in a ragged bed,  
Helpless, deserted, despairing, so  
Like a maniac, — darling, for that you know :  
She who was once your happy bride,  
Standing so proud at her husband's side —  
Look at your bride, and your baby dead !

What ! do you shrink from the ghastly and lank  
Wreck that you see in my tattered vest ?  
Shrink and shudder ! May fiends unblest  
Haunt you, whether you wake or sleep,  
Till your eyes, like mine, can no longer weep,  
And you drink the fever, as I have drank.

Why dost thou pause ? Thou art not afraid ?  
Eyes must glare with fever and pain,  
As the flashing grates of a blazing brain !  
Fearest thy wife ? What fear of her,  
New from her travail she scarce can stir,  
Else had she brought her baby aid.

Come, come in, my beloved ! — my spouse !  
Your bride, it is true, is haggard and thin,  
And the bones are piercing her sallow skin,  
Unsightly and loathsome ? A-hunger thou sayst,  
Thou hungry must bide, or ever thou stayst  
Thy hunger with aught thou findest in the house.

Yet wait ! Sit down at the table there,  
I will bring thee a dainty and delicate dish,  
As tender and toothsome as husband could wish !

There, monster, behold! — my baby dead!  
There is nothing else! It is meat and bread!  
Eat it, and take my curse for prayer!

Ha! 'Tis the devil of madness reels  
In your drunken eye! You are crazed and wild  
Like me! 'Tis the finger of God, my child!  
Ha, foam at the mouth! Your slaver and spume  
Will lessen! Let famine your blood consume,  
And hell pour on you its fiery seals!



### NOT A WORD.

TO THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, CHICAGO, 1880.

YOU have met in your convention,  
Office seekers in contention,  
In a platform have concurred;  
And with wrangle and debate,  
You have named your candidate,  
But of all the landless thousands  
Of the workingmen, what mention?  
Not a word!

In your platform give you token  
How the negro's chains were broken!  
Shout it loud! You shall be heard!  
How you whipped the rebel horde;  
How to peace the land restored;  
How the Union reconstructed;  
But for labor you have spoken  
Not a word!



Yes, you faced the shock of battle,  
That the negro might with cattle  
Of the field no longer herd.  
Have you voiced a clarion call  
For the Anglo-Saxon thrall?  
For the toiler, whom the nabob  
Uses as his tool — his chattel?  
Not a word!

With what wealth the land you gifted,  
How its credit you uplifted,  
Till its paper is preferred,  
And its bonds are bought and sold  
Everywhere at par for gold —  
That you tell, but of the taxes —  
To whose shoulders they were shifted,  
Not a word!

But too ludicrous for laughter  
Is your shout to roof and rafter  
In your lunacy absurd,  
That the dollar you have made —  
Gold and paper — one, in trade!  
As if labor had not done it,  
And there could be said thereafter  
Not a word!

You proclaim, in rhetoric splendid,  
How the railroads you extended;  
But how voters, hunger-spurred  
Turn, despairing, for their homes,  
To the city's fetid slums! —  
Driven from their patrimony,

Which to robbers you have vended,  
Not a word !

Gone is all the land and water  
Yet, though the horse-leech's daughter,  
Clamors like a ravenous bird,  
Crying drearily — "Give ! give !"  
Though the poor that still must live,  
To the struggle for existence  
Summon Pittsburgh strike and slaughter,  
Not a word !

Statesmen be ye ? and civilians ?  
Couriers of thought ? Postillions  
Who impetuous have shirred,  
In advance, where lies your task ?  
Not a word ? — and yet you ask  
To be trusted with the guidance  
Of the fate of fifty millions ! —  
Not a word !

O the fall ! — the retrogression !  
When the dragon of secession  
From the blue drew down a third  
Part of all the stars of Heaven,  
Brave as Michael, with the leaven  
Of your courage, all the angels  
You infused. Now, 'gainst oppression,  
Not a word !

Not a word from you can waken,  
When Monopoly, the kraken,  
Slavery's kith and mate, hath stirred

All corruption's depths, and holds  
Wedged amid her shiny folds,  
Land and water, — judges, law, and  
Legislatures — all are taken! —  
Not a word!

Ware! — the people's trust is ending!  
Ware! — for judgment is impending!  
You have lamentably erred  
If you think to stave it off  
Or to scape it with a scoff  
And a sneer about the commune?  
What shall bar the bolts descending?  
Not a word!

Dumb! — as if with silence smitten!  
Dumb! — as if by dumbness, bitten!  
Ah! your doom is but deferred!  
When the fatal hour is come  
You shall then perforce be dumb!  
You shall plead in mitigation,  
When your sentence once is written,  
Not a word!

Shade of Lincoln! Mighty master!  
On the cliffs of alabaster  
Are thine eyes with sorrow blurred?  
Tell us, thou of honest life,  
That the truest statesmanship  
Is the simplest justice, and that  
Wrong is breeder to disaster,  
Speak the word!

That a state on robbery grounded  
Shall in ruin lie confounded ;  
    But the basements if we gird  
    With the adamantine might  
    Of imperishable right,  
    Then, in equity symmetric  
Will the dome rise — star surrounded !  
    Speak the word !



## HIDDEN GREAT.

THE great unheeded walk amid  
    The city's whirling maze  
Unheeded as the dead they thrid  
    Its devious, peopled ways.

They pass away, and then our eyes  
    Are opened, and we see  
Still radiant through the closing skies  
    The risen Deity.

Small greatness in you blind old man  
    The Grecian courtier sees,  
But Homer's name comes ringing down  
    The echoing centuries.

Small greatness sees the populace,  
    Beneath Will Shakspeare's hat,  
Though England's mistress hear his plays,  
    And nightly laugh thereat.

And yet the world for heroes seek  
Expectant of the birth,  
Of massy minds, God-sculptured, dropped  
Upon the waiting earth !

The hungry herd a hero seek,  
And offer praise and laud,  
Where'er a vender cries his wares,  
His pottery glazed and flawed !

And o'er their broken teraphim  
They saddened wail and sore,  
"Ye've taken away my gods from me,  
And now what have I more ?"

The true meanwhile live, all unknown,  
Neglected and forgot,  
The hero comes unto his own,  
His own receive him not.

Phillips and Emerson ! who could know  
That in our Athens were  
The world's first living philanthropist, and  
Its first philosopher !

But is the picture less the same  
That no propitious chance  
Has set it in the showy frame  
Of gilded circumstance ?

Yet Genius toileth not for nought,  
And still it strews along,  
The massy rocks of granite thought,  
The boulders huge of song —

That yet through all the centuries vast  
Shall lie above the sod,  
To mark what way our glacier passed —  
The footsteps of the god !

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### MIDNIGHT WORSHIP.

**I**N solemn night when through the blue abysses,  
The vestal moon slow moves with silver censer,  
And earth withdraws, and Care the soul releases,  
To feelings more exalted and intenser.

•

When beaming forth their candelabrum golden  
Of seven branches 'neath the sapphire arches,  
The Pleiades go forth as Levites olden,  
That bore the tabernacle in their marches.

My thoughts as acolytes are burning  
Their midnight tapers, and toward the altar  
Within the veil are reverent lips upturning  
To join with chorus unseen their midnight psalters.

Here turns my heart to Thee. Thou that receivest  
Worship from angels, and from every creature.  
Thou all my being with love inweavest,  
Till I shall bear each lineament and feature.

My soul is priest and king, — more than the olden  
Levites that bare their ark upon their marches,  
Or Pleiades with candelabrum golden,  
And seven branchèd, in the sapphire arches.



## EL MONTE—HYMN.

THE Lord — a mighty God is He :  
 A tower of strength his name,  
 A refuge where his saints may flee,  
 And his protection claim.

Behind the adamantine wall,  
 So beautiful and strong,  
 No peril shall their soul appall,  
 Nor foe can do them wrong.

Impregnable their fortress is ;  
 For what can ere displace  
 The bulwarks of his promises —  
 The gateways of his grace ?

ONE at the portal ever stands  
 To hold it open wide ;  
 And blood is flowing from his hands,  
 And from his wounded side.

Look up, my heart ! Thy fears above —  
 Above thy troubles rise !  
 Thy refuge is a Father's love —  
 A Saviour's sacrifice.



## THE WATERS!\*

EARTH born they spurn the skies — and soon from  
 those  
 Summits sublime, adown the vale there flows

\* Unfinished.

The headlong torrent ! 'Tis the shameful race

Of violence, which of its own motion throws  
Itself into the abyss, and seeks its place

Down in the depths — to hide its misbegotten face !  
And lo ! from the affrighted plains there comes

The cry of terror — for the ramparts burst  
At the wild onset of the mountain gnomes

That sweep in hordes, like the fell race accursed,  
Which once for Rome implacate Scythia nursed !

Through the vast swamps they rush — a maddening  
mass —

Foaming and seething and crashing — like the first

Onset of battle : — The forests where they pass  
Bending, as to the scythe, or to the tempest, bends the  
grass !

The burdened river frets beneath its load  
Foaming and champing as a midnight steed

Through the Huzz forest of witches or by imps  
bestrode, —

Or maddened bison, when the swarming breed

Of gnats voracious, cause his flanks to bleed : —  
So foams and fumes the river — as it had

Itself become a monster — such as feed  
Amid its shiny shores — and stung and mad

It groans and writhes afar through vista and colon-  
nade ! —

The driftwood on its arching spine is tossed,

With floating forests his back is knobbed and bossed,  
And the huge trunks he tosses in his wrath

Like the straw floats by the behemoth tossed  
Upon the Niger ! Woe unto him who hath

His frail plantation near the Titan's path ! —

A brush from his huge shoulders — and the wall  
Gives way at once — The mammoth smites  
Them to the gulf — fields, mansions, all —  
With a wild cry of anguish — helpless fall!  
Or if not thus : the river leaps the dyke  
With jaws afoam and bristling and tawny mane ! —  
Then prone he wallows on the enameled plain,  
And buries in his slime the growing cane !  
He laps with cooling tongue the tender rice  
Like a behemoth — as if he would fain  
Devour the worlds — then gorged he palpitating lies  
While his huge flanks with horrible rhythm fall and  
rise.

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## IN LOCO PARENTIS.

1868.

KATE, with her great blue eyes and golden hair,  
And cheeks like two ripe peaches, came one day  
To me at hour of noon, and laid her fair  
White hand in mine, and stole my heart away.  
For, from the fountains of those azure eyes,  
A wealth of love gushed beaming into mine,  
Through smiles like sunbeams in midsummer skies,  
And tears that trembled like the beads on wine.

The fragrant rose lips parted, and she said,  
“ You are to be my teacher-mother now,  
Because my other — other — mother’s dead.”  
I answered not, but stooped and kissed her brow,  
And when her hands clasped mine convulsively,  
I gave their pressure back — I could no less —

And then I seemed to feel, I knew not why,  
Come over me a mother's tenderness.

"The parent's place." I held the darling, and  
Recalled anew the lesson of the law;  
And at each pressure of the little hand,  
More clearly I the new relation saw,  
And yet? — I twined my fingers with a curl,  
And scarce controlled my utterance as I spake,  
"Yes, you shall be my own dear little girl,  
And I will love you for your mother's sake."

I looked up, and I saw a gentleman —  
A stranger, and I felt a blush like flame  
Suffuse my face, and awkwardly began  
To make apologies, but ceased for shame.  
She spoke: "Why papa, is it you? Why this  
Is my own teacher-mamma!" and he, while  
She emphasized her period with a kiss,  
Stood with a serious and embarrassed smile.

. . . . .  
Yes, I am very happy in his love  
And hers; but in the darling that hath drawn  
Its life from mine, all else I rise above,  
And waken to a new and holier dawn.  
O teacher! thy responsibility  
However felt, is from thyself apart;  
A mother only can a mother be;  
A mother only knows a mother's heart.

## ARABIA.\*

LAND of the prophet, from whose rugged summits  
Three worlds diverge, and radiate three races ;  
The mother of philosophers, whose plummet  
Dropt into the abyss of thought, leave traces  
That ever circling, give to other sages  
Motive and theme, through the unending ages.

Mother of prophets, who on thy bosom didst  
Nurse the three greatest, Moses, Christ, Mahomet !  
Mother of constellations who createst  
The heavenly leaders, star and sun and comet —  
Star may chase star, brother may wrong brother,  
But all must reverence thee, the common mother.

The scorn of Sarah, outcast and a beggar,  
Dying of thirst upon thy hard enamel,  
Amid thy wilds, the hunted son of Hagar  
Grew to a king, the lord of man and camel,  
To-day a sovereign upon the olden  
Throne of the Jew, sits Ishmael's son the Soldan !

And thou wast nurse to Moses, when from Pharo  
He fled for shelter to the tents of Jethro, —  
Boundless deserts weaned him from the narrow  
Conventionalities of courts, and in thine ether  
His soul grew pure like it, more transparent, purer :  
And on thy rocks his manhood, firmer, surer !

From thy free air he caught its inspiration !  
The court of Pharo with its petty scandals,

The aimless life controlled by freak and passion —

What were they to the hero, when his sandals  
Trod on thy holy ground, before the burning  
Bush that consumed not, like his own heart's yearning!

Yes, 'twas a rugged nurture which thou gavest,

Such nurture as make men struggle, endeavor;  
Exposure, hardship, these are what the bravest  
And best are nursed on, men that perish never,  
Men of vast grasp, and infinite resources,  
Who move as move the planets in their courses.

So luminous, so pure and steadfast, Moses

Grew 'neath thy nurture; he, who else were leman  
Perchance 'mid Pharaoh's maids, and lapped in roses,  
Became the leader of a band of freemen! —  
A mighty prophet, in both word and wonder,  
Who talked with God amid thy Sinai's thunder.

And thou wast nurse to Israel, when the surges

Of the Red Sea tossed him from its baptismal  
Roughly upon thy borders, while the dirges  
Of Pharaoh's host came shrieking from the dismal  
Spray shrouded billows — ever higher and wider,  
And ever dissonant with death scream of horse and  
rider!

Thou watched o'er him from the sapphire arches

Where watched the angel from the fiery pillar  
As Israel rested from the desert marches!

Still were his camps — but thine above were stiller! —  
The hosts of worshipped Sirius and Aldebaran  
With richer ritual than the sons of Aaron.



Thou sawest all the miracles — the manna  
That fed the people — Aaron's rod that budded —  
The smitten rock that made green a savanna  
In the desert — the flaming cloud that brooded  
Awful o'er Sinai, when the law was given  
And with an audible voice God spake from Heaven !

And through the vista of the ages beameth  
A godlike form, like that which 'mid the burning  
And fiery furnace walked, its splendor gleameth  
Soft as the day star through the mist of morning !  
A dove descending from the eagle's aery —  
The Lamb, Immaculate — the Son of Mary.

Land of the Phoenix ! That was then no fable  
Which the old poets feigned. But poetic  
Conception which was all unutterable  
Except in symbol, or by the magnetic  
Transmission of ideas — that thought creation  
God's gift to genius, which is inspiration.

Thought is self-crystallized in words, in science,  
In arts, religion, custom, institutions :  
First aids, then trammels ; and from the alliance  
Which cripples it it breaks ; new evolutions  
Of thought create new forms ; anew to sever  
Themselves ; and this forever and forever.

That is the fable of the Phoenix, Moses  
Embodying his thought in Judaism ;  
The ages pass ; the riper time discloses  
Within the system its essential schism ;

It sings its own death song : and dies, its bosom  
Already with a richer thought a-blossom.

As the rough shell that within its heart enfoldeth

The perfect pearl, pure as the gate of heaven,  
As the rough cave within its bosom holdeth

The stone which flashes starry splendor from heaven,  
As the cloud that when some fair star illumeth  
Its dark abysses, into glory bloometh,

So shone thy rocks afar like polished opal : —

As hagged nurse, thou with an impulse tender,  
Didst give a shelter to the holy couple

And to the child ; and something of his splendor  
Is thine ; and lights thy crown with its auroral  
Outflashing, and blends the sunlight with the laurel.

Thou hast a freedom, not of grants and charters,

But whereunto thy sword hath shown thee worthy  
For thine were other crowns than those which martyrs

And scholars bear ; upon thy forehead swarthy  
Flashes the circlet of the Amazon natal —

And birthright, wretched, from the bloody hand of  
Battle !



#### PUENTE HILLS.\*

THE course of the Puente hills  
Is like the moon's before she fills,  
But many a dimple, many a knoll,  
Marks where the wavy outlines roll,  
Up from San Gabriel's sandy bed,  
By beckoning morning eastward led,

\* Unfinished.

To the bright rivals of her ray  
The fountains of the San Jose.  
From cool pellucid pools amid  
The tangled grass and sedges hid,  
Their liquid sunlight they distil  
By crystal thread and gurgling rill,  
Into a lakelet, clear and broad,  
A mirror, fleckless and unflawed, —  
Save as the wood duck guides his barge  
From bloom to bloom, from marge to marge,  
Or wild swan dips his wing of snow  
To touch the mate that floats below,  
Or blue crane wooes the brilliancy  
Beneath him of his matchless eye :  
Or brow to cool or thirst to slake  
Bends stately weed or braided brake.  
Entrancing ! It doth not surprise  
When bursts upon the lifted eyes  
As if had been transformed to stone —  
By some strange witchery wrought thereon —  
With charms that still the dells might haunt —  
To rock — the enchanted elephant !  
The watchful guardian of the springs  
Where nightly he his shadow flings,  
As if some witch or jealous fay,  
His amulet had stolen away,  
And left him helpless till the spell  
Was woven that upon him fell,  
A spell that mortal cannot break,  
That doomed him never to awake !

So high his crest, that well the view  
Rewardeth him that climbs thereto —

The hills indent with dells and coves ;  
Pomona, and its orange groves ;  
The woody mesa spread below  
The gorge of San Antonio ;  
The mountain's awful dome uplift  
Above the welkin's opal drift ;  
And Cucamonga's cragged head  
With granite bossed and helmeted,  
And vineyards bursting at his feet  
Their fragrant wines and balsam sweet —  
And the long spur outstretched oblique  
That marks the mouth of Lytle creek.  
Nor pauses there the eye but seeks  
Reposing on the serried peaks,  
San Bernardino, lofty, high,  
His naked forehead to the sky,  
Pure and unutterably fair  
As clouds that float in summer air.  
The San Gorgonio pass — the tall  
Turrets of San Jacinto's wall —  
The valley Santa Anna — seas  
Of green about her villages ; —  
And the four spurs of Temescal ;  
And many a lonely sheep corral ;  
And many a ranch and many a grange,  
By hillside spring or mountain range :  
So high the crest, that where we stand  
The sheep seem but as grains of sand ;  
And yonder flies, as we divine,  
Are a stout herdsman and his kine :  
And on the valley's dimpled arms  
Is Spadra with its checkered farms,

Its homes, — eggs in a grassy nest,  
Or swans upon a lakelet's breast,  
School, smithy, store ; and quaint hotel  
Squat as a tortoise in its shell —  
Or like a lazy Tyrolese  
Half flat upon his face and knees,  
To catch the sunny warmth dispread,  
With peasant hat to screen his head,  
A happy peasant ! He reclines  
Amid a greenery of vines,  
And sparrow's chirp, and linnet's lay  
Are floating in the fragrant spray  
Of orange and acacia :  
And none can well the fare disdain ;  
Who once hath dined there comes again ;  
And none can e'er forget who sees  
The face aglow with charities,  
The gentle and the loving eye,  
The patience and serenity  
Of the dear dame, who sits and waits  
Until the angel opes the gates !  
And none who meets can e'er forget,  
And none can leave without regret,  
And none who leaves will elsewhere see  
A nobler man whoe'er he be  
Than him who keeps the hostelry !  
Close to the hill as if it were  
Cut out of a projecting spur  
A noble mansion is, wherein  
Goodness shall find her kith and kin !  
The bluff good nature of its lord,  
Her grace who queens it at his board ! —

The open doors ! Ah ! happy he  
Who shares their hospitality.

This crest so high in early spring  
With thousand flowers is blossoming,  
So high the crest, the wild geese skim  
Just o'er it as the air they swim ;  
So close you see their fat beneath  
And less you fright them fear to breathe.  
Two canons, one from either side,  
Behind the sleeping mammoth hide,  
And tortuous wind, by crag and peak,  
Like lizards playing hide and seek.

Here end Puente's hills as if  
Their pile of grassy knob and cliff  
Were emerald links — a chain inwove,  
And this the porphyry seal thereof —  
This — signet of the earthquake king —  
And they his enameled, jeweled ring.

By the canon walls entombed  
The shadows were of night, but soon  
All the forest and coppice assumed,  
In the weird light of the moon,  
Infinite change of forms grotesque —  
Bird and beast and arabesque.

And all along the solemn mountain range  
The kneeling spurs were bowed with reverent head  
Toward one hoar shrine, irradiant,  
Immaculate in snowy vestiture,  
And mounting to the ether and the stars.



## FLITTING.

WE all are birds in cages, flitting, flitting  
From upper perch to nether, up and down,  
And down and up again. This perch our home,  
And this our toil, or farm, or shop, or office,—  
Flitting and flitting through our little space  
We never pass the wires. The very world  
Is but a cage, hedged in with glistening stars,  
And hung with cords invisible—it swings  
By winds ethereal moved, and in it we  
Find our frail pinions and our vision pent.



## THE YELLOW FEVER—1878.

## THE POET.

TO Rachel's cry, that comes from glade and valley,  
Give back, O Earth!—the bitter wail of anguish!  
Wail! wail! for never read can keep the tally  
Of them that perish and of them that languish.

From marsh and tank the spectre has arisen!—  
From poisoned lands and still more poisonous waters!  
From putrid ships—from hospital and prison!  
Till more the dead than pitiless Battle slaughters!

From slimy swamps and fathomless morasses  
Where hideous caymen sleep in noisome hollows—  
Where the dark river breaks through his crevasses,  
When Terror leads and Desolation follows.

Wail! wail! O Earth! thy smitten sons and daughters!  
Wail! wail! with Rachel's bitter cry of anguish!

Sob ! sob ! O sea ! and all thy mourning waters ! —  
For them that perish, and for them that languish !

THE DEAD RESPOND.

Not so, O poet ! though the cry of sorrow  
Sad Earth gives forth, the jubilant Grave rejoices :  
Yours you may love to-day : but we to-morrow  
Shall see their smiles and hear their loving voices.

Yea, though a thousand fever fiends beleaguer  
You would not dread nor shrink from their consuming,  
O loving ones ! if you but knew how eager  
And lonely watch we, and await your coming !

Yea, you that yet on earth would fondly linger,  
Dreading the grave and shrinking from its portal,  
When once hath Death but touched you with his finger,  
Shall live, like us, transfigured and immortal.

And we, your dead, who dwell the darkness under,  
When they who suffer long — the sick and ailing, —  
When *these* have passed to their repose, we wonder  
At your distress, and pity you your wailing.

For wheresoe'er the fever comes our angels  
Do wingèd haste to win you from your sadness ;  
And have — could you but hear them — glad evangel  
Upon their lips — the voice of joy and gladness.

Ah ! if the jealous earth would but surrender  
Our darling ones ! small matter where they place  
you !

We that have gone before you, with our tender  
And loving arms would speedily embrace you !

For Sereneness smiles at foolish passion,  
For gaud and show, which pride hath made habitual,  
The solemn funeral rites — the long procession,  
The rich sarcophagus — the pomp and ritual, —

At them who would the various ways to Hades  
Wall in with all punctilio observant,  
And would be horrified to have a ladie's  
Remains contaminated with a servant.

Ah, who, when life no longer burns and flashes,  
Can long distinguish Sarah's bones from Hagar's?  
Or who can tell by raking o'er the ashes,  
Which is a millionaire's and which a beggars?

The Pestilence presents his poisoned flagon  
And Death distils his vintage amethystine  
And Hope is on the threshold fallen as Dagon  
At Dawning in the door of the Philistine!

Come! we have waited long and you are weary!  
Come! come! and join us in our peaceful slumber!  
Come, while the fever chants its miserere,  
Come to the hosts that mortal can not number!

For ours are quiet glades and cool recesses  
Beneath the waving grass and polished marble —  
Beneath the brooks that nestle in the cresses —  
Beneath the cataracts that coo and warble.

O happy we! who from our toils have rested!  
Our peaceful eyes the welcome morn uncloses!  
By strife and clamor never more molested,  
Through the long day the weary soul reposes!

Sweet is the calm that hath nor change nor ending !  
Sweet are the halls beneath the silent shadows !—  
Sweet with pale light illumined — far transcending  
The glories of a thousand Eldorados.

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## EUGENIE.

1879.

SHE paceth through her stately halls,  
In sable vestiture arrayed,  
As if she were a ghostly shade,  
And glided forth from charnel walls.

But half ejaculated prayers,  
And wringing hands and sobs suppressed,  
And eyes all tears, and heaving breast,  
Reveal the mortal form she bears.

Despair smites all the jarring chords :  
Her heart is agonized with pain :  
And grief she can no more restrain,  
She gives to incoherent words :

“Wail, wail ! wind of the South !  
Tremble, stars of the Southern skies !  
As ye glance where the fallen soldier lies !  
Kiss, ye dewes, the pale, cold mouth  
Of my brave, slain son !—  
Napoleon !

“Dead, dead ! Slain in the wild !  
Left to suffer and die alone !  
And the heavens above him smiling shone !

Christ ! could nothing save my child ?

O my brave, slain son ! —

Napoleon !

“Woe ! woe ! me the discrowned !

Childless mother and widowed wife !

With a burden forever on heart and life !

Him they pierced, but mine the wound !

O my brave, slain son ! —

Napoleon !

“Yestreen — only yestreen —

He a babe in his dimpling charms !

How he hung to my neck with loving arms !

He ! thy son, — discrownèd Queen !

O my brave, slain son ! —

Napoleon !

“True man ! Death he defied !

Daring, — scorning the stirrup, — leaped

To the saddle, and like a tempest swept,

Bearing down the savage tide !

O my brave, slain son ! —

Napoleon !

“Prince born was he ? The heir —

Rightful heir — of the matchless name

Of Napoleon ? And ancestral fame —

Sceptered glory — lieth there !

O ! my brave, slain son ! —

Napoleon !

“Woe ! woe ! Sorrow and woe !

Never mother so hapless as I !

If the merciful God would let me die,

Happy, happy would I go  
To my brave, slain son!—  
Napoleon!

“O thou! mother of God!  
Mary pitiful, pity me!  
In the depths of my grief I turn to thee!  
Let me pass beneath the sod,  
To my brave, slain son!—  
Napoleon!”

And still she paceth to and fro,  
A shadow 'mong the shadows—still  
Her moanings break their bars, and fill  
The night with unavailing woe.

Nor hers alone are tears and sighs:  
Ah, lady! though thy lips were dumb,  
Thy woes were heard; to heaven from  
A myriad bosoms do they rise.

Thou art remembered in the prayers  
Of those who at the altar kneel:  
For all who have a heart to feel,  
Have felt thy grief and made it theirs,

As every billow gives response,  
If one have sobbed a secret grief,  
As to the wind that stirs a leaf  
Awaken all the woods at once,—

As, trembling, pass from hill to hill,  
The pulses of the shuddering earth,  
Until they all the world engirth,  
Thus through all hearts thy sorrows thrill!



## THE REAPER.

I COME for the grain! — the grain!  
And I grasp the stalk with my claws,  
And clip them clean with my jaws,  
And strew them along the plain!

For the grain it is mine! — is mine!  
And I watch from the barn, as it grows  
From the earth upshooting, and blows  
To zephyr and shower and shine.

It ripens to be like the sun,  
And I watch it color and grow  
To shimmering gold; and the glow  
Of the ripples that over it run.

I know it is mine! — is mine!  
And for me it ripens! — and then  
I feel the madness of men —  
Of men that are maddened with wine.

Though now for the first appears  
The gleam of my form divine:  
I dwelt in the forest and mine  
For a hundred thousand years!

My thews are of steel! — of steel!  
And my bones are oaken, and stout,  
And they will never give out;  
And weariness never I feel!

The horses that toil for me —  
They pant and tremble and sweat !  
And the men — their foreheads are wet,  
And they ache from shoulder to knee.

These men — they are breath ! — but breath ! —  
But mortal, and born to die !  
But brother to Time am I —  
The brother of Time and Death !

We laugh at the host — the host !  
That tumbles our tramp beneath ;  
And the sound of our crunching teeth  
Is the music we love the most !

Ha ! sweeter than poet's rhyme  
That sweetheart singeth or saith,  
Is the crumble of bones to Death,  
And the crumble of granite to Time !

Worlds and men are for them,  
And they fill the æons with slain ;  
Mine is the ripened grain,  
And I level it stock and stem !

For grain and man and star  
Must perish — the kin of clods !  
But I am one of the gods,  
And this is my avatar !

## MY CALVES COME RUNNING HOME.

TO A. H. H. EL MONTE, JULY 7, 1880.

'TIS eve, but many a fay with ray  
On ray still tints the leaves,  
And still inlacing light and spray  
His busy shuttle weaves,  
The ribbons ripple down and dip  
Amid the daisy foam,  
Where gambolling as mountain roes  
My calves come running home,

For day is done : the setting sun  
Glints through the pillared wold,  
Whose lichened aisles and viny halls  
Are hung with draperied gold.  
Ah me ! beneath such canopy,  
If love with love could roam !  
Through fragrant ferns and mosses, when  
My calves come running home.

At morning go my calves afield,  
At morn go I to plow —  
At morn's first blink when bobolink  
Is singing on the bough.  
We sing our lay of love all day,  
And still I plow the loam ;  
And still we trill the song until  
My calves come running home.

At morn they trip through dewy drip  
And balmy clover stars ;

At eve they through the barley skip  
And amble through the bars.  
My fancies fleet through dreamlands sweet, —  
Dear Margaret Macomb, —  
Through leas more fair than be where  
My calves come running home.

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## LOVE'S RESPONSE.

SAN ANTONIO CANON, CAL., JULY 29, 1878.

THE long, long day, in eons long ago,  
The long, long day came breezes from the Sea  
Love-laden to the Mountain, breathing low :  
“These are the offerings of the loving Sea —  
To thee, O Mount, to thee.”

All day she watched him with love-hungry eyes  
And bosom throbbing and panting ; while the hot  
And palpitant plain was tremulous with her sighs ;  
Yet all day long the Mountain heeded not,  
And cared not or forgot.

Nor cared when even came and worn and faint,  
She fell asleep, from cark and care at rest,  
When gentle skies bent low to her complaint,  
And dropped fair roses on her azure vest  
And half-uncovered breast.

But when night came, and troops of marshalled stars  
In golden harness stood about the throne  
Of the proud Mountain : Sirius and Mars,  
And princely hosts in heaven widely known,  
Mailed in resplendence shone : —

Then knew he what poor offset for the lack  
Of love, are mountain heights and thrones and  
crowns ;

Then knew that kings with armies at their backs  
May envy well the happiness of clowns  
Amid the unfertile downs.

Then love awakened love : and evermore  
By day the Ocean breezes landward flow :  
And Mountain breezes nightly to the shore  
Bear loving messages, as long ago —  
In eons long ago.

The long, long day, in eons long ago,  
The long, long day, came breezes from the Sea,  
Love-laden to the Mountain, breathing low :  
“These are the offerings of the loving sea,  
To thee, O Mount, to thee.”

Now, all night long, in a continuous flow,  
The long, long night, come breezes to the Sea,  
Love-laden from the Mountain, breathing low :  
“These are the Mountain’s offerings to thee,  
To thee, O Sea ! to thee !”



HASSAN BEN HASSAN.

HASSAN BEN HASSAN, who was newly wed,  
Unto his beauteous young bride spake and said :  
“There is no lovelier wife than you to day  
Of all the women in Circassia.

You will be happy in your later years,  
Your daughters will be chosen by viziers,  
In Stamboul famous, and in Ispahan,  
And one shall be the favorite bride of the Sultan.

“Hers shall it be, to sit in sumptuous state,  
While round a hundred maids obsequious wait ;  
Hers to recline in the seraglio halls,  
On marble pavements, spread with Cashmere shawls,  
While vocal fountains in the sunlight play,  
And gold-fish sport beneath the falling spray,  
And music lulls, and dark eyed odalisques  
Dance at her beck beneath the odorous tamarisks.

“Hers shall it be, arrayed in rich attire,  
To wake the monarch’s soul to fond desire ;  
Hers through the silver nargileh to breath,  
The fragrant fumes, whose curls with hers enwreath ;  
Her lips more tempting than the iced sherbet,  
Her eyes, more lustrous than her gems of jet,  
And through their lashes languidly invite  
Her lord and love to dalliance and delight.”

The years passed by, and sons and daughters stood  
Perfect in manhood and in womanhood.  
But though the maids the sovereign’s halls might  
grace ;

Inferior maids were chosen for the place.  
Silent and swift the years have passed away,  
And now, ben Hassan and his wife grown grey,  
Around their home behold, with gladdened eyes,  
Their children’s children, beautiful and healthful rise.



But when the messenger of the vizier,  
Or the Sultan, came dangerously near,  
Ben Hassan took his children, and in dread  
And consternation, to the mountains fled.  
"Ah wife," he said, "our own too well we prize  
To wish to have them fair in stranger eyes!  
Let name and fame be theirs to whom they come;  
But us! Great Allah! spare us still our Love and  
Home!"

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## THE CONVICT CLERK.

HE stood before his plate-glass door,  
A merchant prince was he,  
And back and forth he paced the floor,  
As proud of his degree.

And well he might be. Goodly wares  
And wondrous to behold,  
Rose, — piles and piles, from shelves and stairs,  
And counters — fold on fold;  
All beautiful, and some were worth  
Their weight in virgin gold.

And Flanders lace, and Indian shawls,  
And muslins and delaines,  
Hung like old tapestry on the walls, —  
And satins and gros-grains.

So, bland as sunshine on the woods,  
Where with the flowers he lurks,  
The merchant smiled upon his goods,  
And smiled upon his clerks.

For, oft as opes the plate-glass doors,  
The busy hive bestirs ;  
And corps of clerks wait on the corps  
And corps of customers.

And who is this that enters now ? —  
This lady, fair and tall,  
With eye serene and placid brow,  
Like Eve's before the fall ?

It is the deacon's wife. We saw  
Her bent with reverent head  
In church, on Sunday last, to take  
The sacramental bread.

And when the pastor's faltering tongue  
Told how the Crucified,  
Forgave the penitent thief who hung  
Beside him as he died.

The story sorely smote her ears ;  
And suffocating sighs  
Burst from her troubled breast ; and tears  
Suffused her lifted eyes.

Why shrinks she now ? To so much worth  
What sudden pain is given ?  
Her brow is now as Eve's when forth  
From Eden's garden driven.

She speaks. Her angry words are brief :  
" I beg to tell you, sir,  
You have in your employ a thief !  
I can not trade with her !

“It is a shame — a burning sin  
And shame to give her work!  
I saw her last a prison within,  
I see her now a clerk!

“You knew it, did you? But you learn  
She is reformed and good —  
A Christian — and is here to earn  
An honest livelihood?

“A leman’s lie! Its falsity  
Is patent through and through!  
And, if you keep her still, I will  
No longer trade with you!”

Man! man! A thousand crimes are his! —  
Their fruit a thousand wrecks!  
His crimes a thousand are!  
But unto woman, woman is  
By far the sterner sex,  
The sterner sex by far!

Poor human nature! Ah! how weak  
And fragile at its best!  
The merchant! — will his virtue break? —  
Or will it bear the test?

Ah! now before his plate-glass door,  
No merchant prince is he!  
In agony he treads the floor,  
Then stoops from his degree.

The poor — poor girl, in shame, to shame  
Was pitiless driven forth!

O Christ ! That thus they make thy name  
A scoffing on the earth !

Yet who shall judge ! By Him above,  
Alone, our hearts are known :  
And yet we know the Lord is Love,  
And Love will claim his own !

Poor girl ! Perhaps the Voice will say  
To thee, amid thy sighs :  
“ Fear not ; for thou shalt be this day  
With me in Paradise.”



“ WAIT AND HOPE.”

SO speak the folded buds upon the rose,  
That promise, when the emerald censers ope,  
Beauty and fragrance : “ ’Till the South wind blows,  
Wait and Hope.”

And so the morning star, with glowing feet  
Chasing the darkness up the eastern slope,  
While waves of light against the horizon beat,  
“ Wait and Hope.”

Not to the darkness turn thine eyes away,  
But ever sunward, like the heliotrope !  
The night forever fleeth from the day !  
Wait and Hope !

## EARLY PIETY.

EL MONTE, CAL., 1880.

I WOULD not choose my son another portion,  
Were but one choice conferred on me of heaven,  
Than early piety — the soul's immersion

In purity! And, what better could be given?  
The choice of Solomon! Gift, richest, fairest,  
Supremest, most enduring, and the rarest!

To have the memories of a life all wasted,  
Or worse than wasted, croaking from the rheumy  
Marish of age himself, unsightly, blasted,  
Riven and cursed, a ruin such as gloomy  
Despair forbodes from Urim and from Thummim,  
May God in his great love avert it from him!

Thou purity! To be amid the reeking,  
Insufferable filth of earth an angel, —  
Walking with robe unsoiled — and erect, speaking  
As Christ once spake — the beautiful evangel  
Of justice, by an upright life to utter —  
To be a lily springing from the gutter!

Oh! is it but an idle dream? — the vagrant  
And misty phantom of imagination?  
Or must the loveliness of youth be flagrant  
With burning lust — the crucible of passion!  
And can Omnipotence — the wholly Gracious —  
Only awaken piety from ashes?

Alas! — alas! It is not that the crudeness,  
And bitterness of greenness need the action

Of time and sunshine, to develop goodness  
And bring the unripe apples to perfection !  
That is the law that Nature's self discloses  
And that our finite being presupposes.

But God avert from him the faith abhorrent  
That crime in youth is growth — not only very  
Excusable — but has indeed for warrant —  
That God and nature make it necessary !  
Pah ! — of all sickening twaddle, most pernicious  
Is this that virtue must a-first be vicious !

No doubt to rise from fall is very noble,  
But nobler is it never to have fallen ;  
The soul that never finds in sin its double  
And counterpart — in which the evil pollen  
Can ever sprout — is of a better species  
Than that which woos it with unholy wishes.

The character I do not undervalue,  
Which strife with sin solidifies and fixes,  
And men may pass from brothel and seraglio,  
More rugged for the seams and cicatrices —  
'Tis claimed as true — I grant it may be possibly,  
And Vice defends herself quite plausibly.

The cant of dowagers and dowaged graces  
May designate that virtue, soft and spooney  
That soils not equanimity nor laces,  
Nor scouts at honesty and matrimony, —  
Some people fancy snakes, and some there are lick  
Their lips at assafoetida and garlic,



I own a liking for a milder diet —  
The innocence of women and of maidens,  
The hush of rustic life and Quaker quiet,  
Music that gentle passes to its cadence :  
Commotion for commotion's sake, the usance  
That makes excitement custom is a nuisance !



## JUNE.

A GLORY apparels the corn ;  
The meadow lark carols the morn ;  
The dew glistens over  
The grass and the clover ;  
'Tis June — and the Summer is born !

The radiant Hours adorn  
With clustering flowers the thorn ;  
The soft breezes hover  
The grass and the clover ;  
'Tis June — and the Summer is born !

And Meg with her kirtle betorn,  
And wreaths from the myrtle beshorn,  
Is chasing the plover  
And partridge to cover !  
'Tis June — and the Summer is born !

A maid, and the heiress of Lorne,  
She flyeth the terrace in scorn,  
To trample, the rover,  
The grass and the clover,  
'Tis June — and the Summer is born !

The shepherd is blowing his horn :  
She laugheth his wooing to scorn :  
    Nor leaves, for a lover,  
    The grass and the clover,  
In June, when the Summer is born !

Her dress is bespattered and worn ;  
Her tresses are scattered forlorn :  
    She sleepeth : above her  
    The grass and the clover !  
Ah, June ! When the Summer is born !  
Ah, Shepherd ! that nothing can warn !  
Ah, vows ! that in passion are sworn !  
    Ah, Love ! to discover  
    The grass and the clover !  
She smiles ! and the Summer is born !

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POMONA.

DEDICATED TO MRS. E. PHILLIPS.

WHEN the poets and heroes of Grecia were dead,  
Her temples deserted, her deities fled,  
Pomona, the lovely, skipped over the main  
To the wilds of the west, for a refuge and fane.  
    Pomona ! Pomona ! Pomona !  
    The Pride of the Plain !

From San Bernardino the Dawning looks down,  
And flings to the darling his sceptre and crown,  
And the Maids of the Morning are eager to gain  
A glimpse of Pomona, the Pride of the Plain !  
    Pomona ! Pomona ! Pomona !  
    The Pride of the Plain !

And the strong Cucamonga with granite hath barred  
The gate, where he standeth as warder and guard  
To the fountains of crystal that treasure the rain  
For Pomona, Pomona, the Pride of the Plain!

Pomona! Pomona! Pomona!

The Pride of the Plain!

And the monk, San Antonio, vainly hath hid  
His eremite cloister, the mountains amid.  
Though so holy and saintly, he cannot refrain  
From a glance at thy beauty — thou Pride of the Plain.

Pomona! Pomona! Pomona!

The Pride of the Plain!

And the far San Jacinto and stern Temescal  
Shall haste to acknowledge them vassal and thrall;  
And their cañons be crowded with many a wain  
For Pomona, Pomona, the Pride of the Plain.

Pomona! Pomona! Pomona!

The Pride of the Plain!



### SPADRA.

DEDICATED TO MRS. E. L. MARTLING.

WHEN around the mountain parapets the storm  
clouds rally,

And the trumpet of the tempest pipes and trills,  
As the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley

Is our Spadra in the shelter of the hills,  
From the strife and din, of the storm shut in,

Like an oriole asleep among the roses,

Or a babe at rest on its mother's breast,  
In security and beauty it reposes.

As Alfalfa in the beauty of her greensward alley,  
When her bosom to the Summer throbs and thrills,  
As the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley,  
Is our Spadra in the shelter of the hills,  
With her homes serene in their arbors green, —  
Fairy isles amid the laughing barley billows, —  
And the crystal play of the San José,  
As it ripples in the shadow of the willows.

When above the sleeping elephant the stars keep tally,  
And the dew upon his rocky brow distils,  
As the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley  
Is our Spadra in the shelter of the hills,  
From the silence deep of his dreamless sleep,  
In her peril he would waken at a warning,  
And his phantom guard keepeth watch and ward,  
Till the meadow lark is carolling the morning.

From the turreted Sierras when the fierce winds sally,  
And the Winter worketh ruin as he wills,  
As the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley,  
Is our Spadra in the shelter of the hills,  
From the strife and jar of the world afar,  
Like an oriole asleep among the roses,  
Or a babe at rest on its mother's breast  
In security and beauty it reposes.

## THE MINER.

UP in the mines, in the cañons gray,  
I have been working for many a day,  
And bring these specimens to the assay.

Maybe I've struck a workable lead ;  
See that sparkle in there like a bead,  
Nearly as big as a cardamom seed !

"Mica?" Oh, I know better than that !  
Gold, if anything is, that's flat !  
Leave it to any one ; bet you a hat !

Stranger, I do consider you're sold,  
What I know, I know, and needn't be told :  
You can't cheat me in the color of gold.

"How does it pay?" That's hard to tell :  
Some stop digging after a spell !  
Others are doing remarkably well,

Passably well. For I must confess  
There's very few have any success  
Like the placer days of old Queen Bess.

Tennyson, he is an Englishman,  
Who gets out gold if any one can,  
And shows the color in every pan.

And there's Longfellow, who, by reports,  
Lit on a vein of paying quartz  
That just turns out the handsomest sorts.

Holmes and Lowell have struck it thick,  
And are working away with spade and pick,  
And bring out nuggets at every lick.

Some are making it pay! Why, sir,  
Up in the mountains, where we were,  
There was a Quaker — Whittier —

Every thing on sea and land,  
Field and forest, and rock and sand,  
Turns to gold at the touch of his hand.

Yes, there are some that make it pay :  
What do you think of my mine, I say !  
I can't stand and talk all day.

"Just a little gold," you say,  
"A little color among the gray,  
But hardly enough to make it pay !"

Back I go, through gorge and glen,  
I'll just go to mining again,  
I am sick of cities and men.

Back I go, from the city slums,  
Back to the pine trees' scented gums,  
Back where the bee in the sagebrush hums, —

Where the dark-eyed doe the cienega crops,  
And the bear in the gray of the morning stops  
To look at me through the chaparral tops.

Why! I'd rather starve in the mines,  
Camping out there under the pines,  
Where the grace of the morning shines ;



And from the mountain's snowy crown,  
Flows a river of crystal down,  
Like the stream from the great white throne ;

Rather starve where midnight brings  
Thoughts of higher and better things  
Than live king among you kings !



## CORN.

CORN!—

Of the summery sunshine born!  
How it flashes and smiles in the morn!—  
In its beautiful glint  
Yellow and golden,  
Like coin of the mint,  
Burnished and molden!—  
Or as the lichens creamy,  
That shimmer and shine  
Upon the weird and dreamy  
Ruins above the Rhine!  
But better than golden  
Coin, or than olden  
Castles, lichen'd with legend and story,  
Is yellow corn,  
Of the sunshine born,  
And radiant with glory  
Brushed from the burnished plumage of the Morn!  
  
How in the furrowed lands,  
Where the plow his screed hath writ,

From patient tiny hands,  
The wee maiden droppeth it,  
Grain by grain,  
Like a fairy dropping rain ;  
And the smiling husbandman  
Follows after with his hoe,  
Covering over, row by row,  
Working, working, as he can, —  
For he holdeth laziness in scorn, —  
Working hard, as he must,  
But his trust  
Shall have recompense in usury of corn.

How in its pride it stands,  
Ranked, in the low alluvial lands,  
Or, on the uplands growing,  
In the summer breezes flowing  
Like the waves of a tropical sea,  
Or the nodding of tropical birds,  
In its green,  
And its sheen ;  
Or like mellifluous words  
Sung to a low, sweet melody ;  
Over the hillsides winging,  
As if a god were singing,  
And all his fancies, springing  
Into glad life, would write  
The ineffable delight  
Of joyous being,  
For mortal seeing,  
In the bright

Leaves of the beautiful corn !  
Bright as the hieroglyphic  
Traced by the beatific  
Creatures, by summer winds on summer clouds up-  
borne !

O, the glory of the corn !  
Shooting upward from the plain,  
Shooting up, as it were borne  
By a generous disdain  
Of a mean and lower growth,  
To refuse, as ever doth  
Every soul of noble birth,  
To abide upon the earth !

Still it groweth fair and tall,  
With a grace imperial,  
As the canes in southern brakes,  
Or as lakeside tamaracks,  
Till the highways are inwalled  
With its pillared emerald.

O, the glory of the corn !  
In its radiant apparel,  
Rich with emerald and beryl,  
Like to those by ladies worn  
In royal courts, with facile  
And dainty undulations, as they move  
To the suggestion of caprice or love !—  
So princely is it decked with scarf and tassel !

When the ear is in its milk,  
Then the corn,

Droops the tufts of shining silk,  
Radiant, like the beards unshorn  
Of knights enchanted  
Over their midnight wassail,  
In some elfe-haunted,  
Spell-entrammeled castle :  
Or as the moss that floats  
In spicy winds, and glasses  
Itself in blossom-banked lagoons and lucid moats  
Of bosky and tangled morasses,  
In solitudes  
Of Southern woods,  
Where sound of human footfall never passes.

O the glory of the corn  
In the glory of the morn !—  
As the glory of the Mist  
When her robes of spotless lawn,  
And her flashing neck and wrist,  
Hath the Dawn  
Jeweled with rosy knops and sprays of amethyst.

How it lights the fields afar  
With a luster like the spar,  
Alabaster fair, that paves  
Grottos of gem-lighted caves  
In the realm of faery ;  
Or as lily-crested waves  
Disporting on a summer sea.

In the dusky and russet autumns,  
All along the fertile river bottoms,

And under shadows  
Of fringing poplar palisadoes,  
The sun rejoicing poureth down  
Ripples of light from his golden horn,  
Upon the crisp and brown  
And tremulous corn !  
Till every husky fold,  
And every wrinkled leaf,  
Is covered with molten gold,  
That breaks like billows rolled  
On a fringing coral reef !

And when in barn and bin,  
The grain is gathered in,  
And piled in masses lies  
In cribs and granaries,  
Then do swains and maids begin  
To strip the husk away,  
And many a rustic play  
Its race coeval with the labor runs :  
And many a jest  
Gives toil a zest,  
And serves the more to redden  
The blushes of the maiden,  
Simple and coy and young,  
Who finds a ruddy ear among  
The golden and the bronze !

Of all God's gifts to man,  
Ere man from Eden was a waif forlorn,  
None was there better than  
Beautiful corn.

Nor was it held misdeed  
Upon the toothsome grains to feed ;  
And whoso took thereof,  
Took naught to waken love  
Of evil, or that could to sinfulness mislead.  
Unlike that baleful fruit,  
Whose inconsiderate pursuit  
To disobedience betrayed  
Our earliest mother Eve, and made  
Her heed the unloyal question  
And cunningly contrived suggestion  
Of Evil incarnated in the brute !  
Nay, thou dost only bless,  
For thou wast altogether good,  
Thou, lithe embodiment of healthfulness,  
And queenliest of all the cereal sisterhood.



## POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

1880.

AS if, in grief of chains and modest shame,  
Thy soul alarmed had fled, and left in haste  
The immaculate alabaster, as the chaste  
Spirit's expression : — thus thy form remains  
Type of the soul, sainted and free from pains ; —  
The record of its sorrows all erased, —  
Uplifted from the terror that abased  
And crushed it to the earth ! — the dread of stains  
Unutterable ! Ah me ! I could desire  
That thus might I, transfigured and uplift



By touch Divine, in crystallizing fire,  
Forevermore be pure, as is the drift  
That on the Alpine summits still is higher —  
Nearer the skies ! — if God would grant the unspeak-  
able gift !

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## THE TRAIN.

SILENTLY through the blooms the railway train  
Is moving ; visible although envailed  
By the blue drapery from the mountain trailed ;  
And yet so distant that our ears we strain  
And stay our steps, and hush our breath in vain  
To catch the rhythmic pulsing of the wheels.  
Thus on the spirit's vision, when the seals  
That shut the sense are broken, looms the chain —  
The silent caravan of shades that glide  
Through the eterne — death-led — and not in gloom  
Or grief, but like the retinue of a bride,  
Passing in matchless beauty all the bloom  
Of Californian plains ! But near — O, near ! —  
Near, and serene and blest, be ye to us most dear !

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## WHISPERS.

AND the breezes have whispered to me  
Of an immortality —  
Of a wonderful book that saith  
That Christ hath abolished death,  
And ushered eternal morn ;  
And I from the breezes have caught

The report that an oracle saith  
That Christ hath abolished death.

And well do I know if a man  
Be dead he shall live again  
And Death shall open his den,  
And Decay shall withdraw his ban,—  
By a light from the world unseen  
I know that life shall be,  
And immortality —  
Bought by the Nazarene !



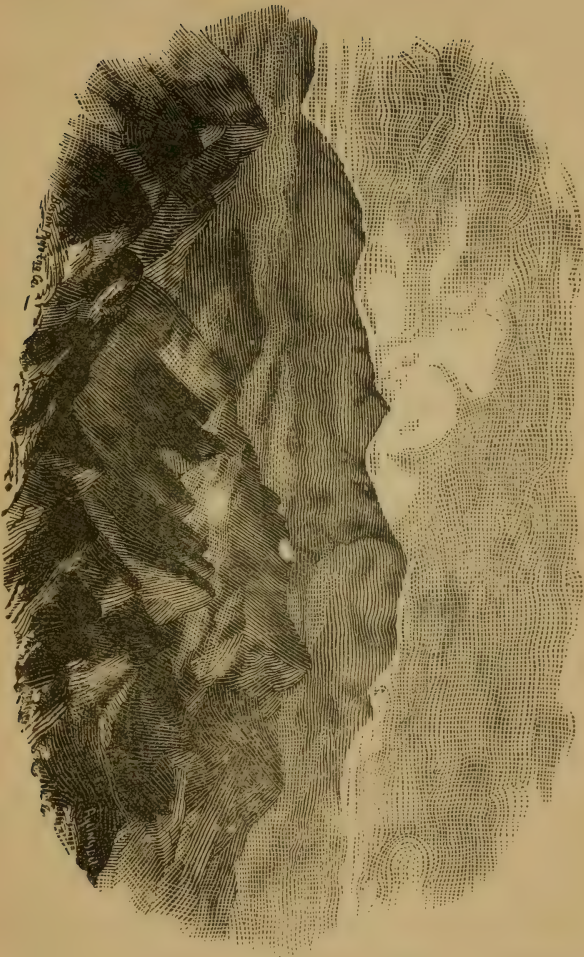
MOUNT SAINT ANTHONY.

O NOBLE browed, and pallid browed, whose eye  
All patience, still upturneth to the stars,  
And through the abysmal of eternity  
Watchest the wheeling of their crystal cars.

Temptation can not reach thee now, nor pass  
The perils of the cañon to the height  
Where pearly gateways, and the sea of glass,  
Through vistas endless flash the blinding light.

Thou hast no more a longing to return  
To the low earth from whence thou didst arise ;  
Dead to the world, thy passions do not burn  
Fresh at the thought of passion-lighted eyes.

Yet untold anguish thou didst bear at first,  
And purgatorial fires thou didst endure,  
In the far eons, ere the earthquake burst,  
And bore thee heavenward, transformed and pure :—



"FACE OF MOUNT ST. ANTHONY."



When in thy crypt thou wast recluse from all, —  
Hid in the covert of thy saintly cell —  
By spurred Sierras — with a buttressed wall,  
Stern, adamantine, and impregnable.

The knotted veins upon thy forehead speak  
Of suffering ; and the wrinkles that are wrought  
Into thy flesh by chiseling Pains, that wreak  
Their passions on thee, mid the lines of thought.

Because against temptation thou wast proof,  
And from the world fled to a hermit's cell,  
God hath enlarged thy cell, and all its roof  
Is tracery, inlaid of gold and shell.

Because thou fledst the amorous dalliance  
Of mortal loveliness, a rosy cloud  
Of angels thine enraptured soul entrance  
At eventide, and to thy vigils crowd.

Because thou grudgest not thy penance hard —  
Thy couch, the granite ; and thy drink, the snows—  
Glimpses of bliss superne are thy reward,  
And Love, such as in seraph bosoms glows.

So watchest thou, from passion all withdrawn,  
With face immovable, fixed upon the skies, —  
Watchest and waitest till Immortal Dawn,  
Sandalled with light, athwart the ether flies.

So watchest thou the hosts whose crystal cars  
Course the blue heights on wheels that flash and  
burn —

Watchest until the golden gate unbars,  
Thee to admit into the halls eterne !

## DEATH.

[This poem was written but a short time before the author's death.]

'TIS evening and the shadows fall;  
    Along my weary way I pace:  
I travel toward yon mountain wall;  
    My roadway stretches to its base.

Its toppling cliffs appalling frown:  
    And spectral mists, as phantoms fell,  
And giant crags are looking down,  
    Gloomy, severe, and terrible.

Now are its outlines grim and black  
    Against the starred and azure heights, —  
A harbor island's rugged back,  
    Thrust dark against the city lights.

Dark, dark upheaves the mountain bar,  
    Terrific, 'twixt the sky and me!  
Nor can I tell if near or far  
    Its adamant wall may be.

Yet shall I tread yon heights sublime —  
    Grim be the gates, but fair the way,  
And I shall sleep, to wake and climb  
    The cañon, at the break of day,

For, Oh! I can but hope that when  
    I reach the wall — I can but hope —  
Some shaded pass — some watered glen —  
    Upon my gladdened eyes shall ope, —



Some cañon, whence my feet shall climb,  
Through darkness and the veiling mist,  
Far, far above the plains of time,  
To walk serene the amethyst.

That I, on sinless wings upborne,  
Shall reach the peaks, that in the blue  
Signal their splendors to the morn  
That comes in bursting glory through!

That with the purer atmosphere  
My spirit shall be all aglow,  
And shall behold — O clear and near! —  
The plains, the groves, the homes below.

That I upon some holy crest  
The awful presence shall adore;  
And rest in converse with the blest,  
Upon the heights forevermore!



FINIS.

O GENTLE — gentle Sands, that from the reach  
Of lofty hills come down to kiss the Sea,  
And still can smile when in his passion he  
Casts you with slime and kelp upon the beach: —

O gentle — gentle Sands, that let the Waves  
Write all the story of their wild unrest  
Upon the tablet of your patient breasts,  
By Love scarred deeper than the burin graves: —

O gentle — gentle Sands, that front the Seas  
When in their wrath they break upon the land,  
And dare the fierceness of the surge withstand  
With soothing touch and whispered melodies : —

O gentle — gentle Sands, that all the marge  
Of the encircling ocean, with the light  
Of hearts translucent, gladden and make bright —  
So womanly your spirit and so large :

O gentle — gentle Sands : — It is a thing  
Most beautiful, thus broken and crushed to lie,  
To make the world the happier thereby !  
To bear the wrong : — to suffer, and smile, and sing.





# THE LIFE OF DR. CHARLES JEWETT,

By WM. M. THAYER,

Has been received with the most remarkable interest. The demand for it up to the time of preparing this circular (some two months since the first edition was issued) has, with scarcely a day's exception, surpassed our ability to supply the books, one edition after another being called for more rapidly than we have been able to turn out the books. Out of the many hearty commendations, we give a few extracts.

From Judge Crosby.

"LOWELL, Mass.

"I read your book on Dr. Jewett at once, but have too long delayed telling you how much I have admired it. As a biography it is unique; it reads so much like a novel; is dramatic and keenly discriminating. You have given the doctor great force of character, great breadth of intellectual power, and inimitable philanthropy. What irrepressible zeal for right and righteousness! What elasticity under disappointment! What bravery and strategy, as well as ability, to meet the foe in all outward demonstrations, as well as to rout him in every new hiding-place! You have made him the most perfect Yankee on record, *semper paratus* for every labor and every turn of tide in life's voyage. He was a remarkable man, and your delineation of his character makes you also remarkable. Your work has been admirably done, and must give joy to all friends of the temperance enterprise; and, more and better than all, will be a great comfort to Mrs. Jewett."

From Hon. Neal Dow.

"PORTLAND, Me.

"I have this moment finished reading Dr. Jewett's memoir. It seemed to me, as I was reading, that I was living over again the many pleasant profitable hours that I have passed in his company. It was with moistened eyes that I seemed to be listening to his

dear voice again, and drinking in lessons of love to God and devotedness to God's will, and patience and persistence in God's work. It is an admirable book that you have written, all the more skilfully done, that you have everywhere in it put the doctor forward to speak and to act, so that we seem to be seeing and hearing him throughout as he was in his lifetime.

"In looking back now, I am oppressed with the thought that I did not love and revere him enough — his great intellectual power; his wonderful self-abnegation; his entire devotion to God's work, which he made his life's work; his abounding affection to his friends; his love for all mankind, and the sweet simplicity of his manners and his singleness of heart! Dear friend, we shall never look upon thy like again."

From Rev. L. Griggs, D.D.

BRISTOL, Conn.

"The 10th of last month I received a copy of your memoir of Dr. Jewett. I have read it aloud to my family, and we all have been deeply interested. There is not a dull page in it. I am aware you had a good subject; but a house may be full of good things, and all in vain, unless there be a good cook to use them. The material was abundant and excellent, and the use made of it has been most judicious and happy. You must have known the doctor most thoroughly, and loved him like a brother.

"The volume you have so skilfully prepared, and the publisher has sent forth in such good paper, fair type, and substantial binding, will not only serve to perpetuate the name and memory of our departed friend, but also greatly subserve the cause to which his life was devoted. I hope arrangements are made for canvassing every part of the wide field in which the doctor labored."

From Zion's Herald, Boston.

"We have heretofore announced the preparation of a Life of the late Dr. Jewett, by Rev. Wm. M. Thayer. The work is now completed, and neatly published in a stout 12mo. of 464 pages. Dr. Jewett has left no peer in the field to which he was divinely called. His addresses were not dramatic performances, but were crowded with thought, were full of instruction, and always enlivened with the rarest wit and humor. His life was full of incident. The writer has availed himself to the utmost of his materials, and has made a peculiarly interesting and profitable volume."



## From Geo. D. Chamberlain.

"CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass.

"I never quite seemed to realize that Dr. Jewett was dead until I took the book in my hand and sat down to read it. As I read along, it came to me, as never before, the loss which the cause of Christ and humanity had suffered in the death of this noble worker.

"I wish the book could be placed, not only in every Sabbath-school library, but in the hands of every young man, that they might learn therefrom the traits of character which make a man truly great. It certainly must stand very high in our temperance literature, and could but grace *any* private library."

## From the Christian Register, Boston.

"Here looks out on us the face of the genial, witty, clear-headed, true-hearted doctor, just as he looked when he passed through all these States, a power for righteousness. A model New Englander, rising in the world by force of character, and never willing to rise alone; dowered with gifts that made it easy to learn, to teach, to act, and to enjoy; a child of the sun, himself luminous; a knight without fear and without reproach. His friend and biographer has allowed the incidents of his life to tell their own story, utilizing to the best result whatever could be reached in letters, newspapers, and the memory of survivors. . . . We can only hope that in thousands of families this volume will give out the bright, good man's contagion of healthy, happy humanity, and his hearty hatred of all that degrades our kind."

## From the Christian Mirror, Portland, Me.

"Nobody who ever made the acquaintance of Dr. Jewett failed to find in him a most genial Christian gentleman, witty, unselfish, and enthusiastic to the great reform with which he had identified himself. It does one good to trace out a life like the one here exhibited, giving us new faith in our race and in the power of moral truth to mould the characters and history of men.

"Mr. Thayer has done well in deriving his material for this work so largely from the words of its subject himself. The doctor was full of anecdote; and one scarcely knows which most to admire in his speech, the power of his logic, or the skill with which he graced it with humor and fancy. Every page of the

memoir is aglow with anecdote and incident, making the book throughout as interesting as a novel. It ought to have a wide circulation among the friends of temperance, and do much to carry forward that great work to which its subject was all his life so ardently devoted."

**From the Evening Press, Providence, R. I.**

"Dr. Charles Jewett was the great apostle of the temperance reform, and probably the ablest lecturer, as well as the most interesting, ever identified with that cause in New England. He was well known and highly respected and beloved by thousands in this State, in Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, Connecticut; in New York, Illinois, Minnesota; in fact, his labors were confined to no particular section. He had an endowment of peculiar and effective gifts, and he consecrated them all to the service of humanity. He was keen in wit, wonderful in impersonation, and carried his audiences captive by his brilliant appeals.

"The compiler of his life has, in this volume, portrayed the life of his friend with fidelity and truth. He has embalmed our old friend, Dr. Jewett, in type, and thousands will recall the man, his nature, and work, while they read. Of such men the Scripture saying is pertinent: 'Their works do follow them.'"

**From the Sentinel, Franklin, Mass.**

"A careful reading of the life of this wonderful man, by Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, revives in the mind of the writer, as it doubtless will in the mind of other of his contemporaries, the whole history of the great battle of fifty years against the demon of intemperance. I have read some works of history, romance and biography, but can truly say this work has been, almost from beginning to end, more fascinating than anything I have ever read. The story of his eventful life has been portrayed by a master's art.

"Mr. Thayer has done great service to a good cause, and honored in the very felicitous and skillful preparation of this book one of its noblest advocates. It deserves a place in every public and Sunday-school library no less than in the family circle.

"Apart from the specialty to which Dr. Jewett devoted his life, this work portrays elements of his character which make it very attractive and useful to all, and especially to the young. It is the best boys' book that Mr. Thayer ever wrote, to our knowledge, if not as good as any man ever wrote."

**From the Register, Sussex, N. J.**

"The author traces Dr. Jewett's precocious boyhood, his early hardships and his struggles for an education, his success as a physician, his pioneer life in the West, his great work for temperance, his wit, humor, and tact, in all the relations of his varied and busy life, making a book as exciting as the most thrilling novel, and yet elevating and inspiring."

**From the Reporter, Medfield, Mass.**

"Dr. Jewett's life was intensely useful and interesting. Mr. Thayer's work leaves nothing more to be desired. Whoever commences it is sure to read the volume through without skipping a line. It is very handsomely printed on thick, tinted paper, and adorned with a wonderfully good likeness of Dr. Jewett."

**From the New Jersey Herald, Newton, N. J.**

"The author has traced with a master-hand this active and varied life."

**From the Apollo, Belvedere, N. J.**


"The book is written, printed, and bound in fine style, and is selling at figures within reach of all."

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*The Life of Dr. Charles Jewett is written, with the co-operation of his family, by his intimate friend, the well-known author, WILLIAM M. THAYER, and embellished with a fine steel portrait of Dr. Jewett, and other illustrations. Extra large 12 mo., 464 pages.*

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